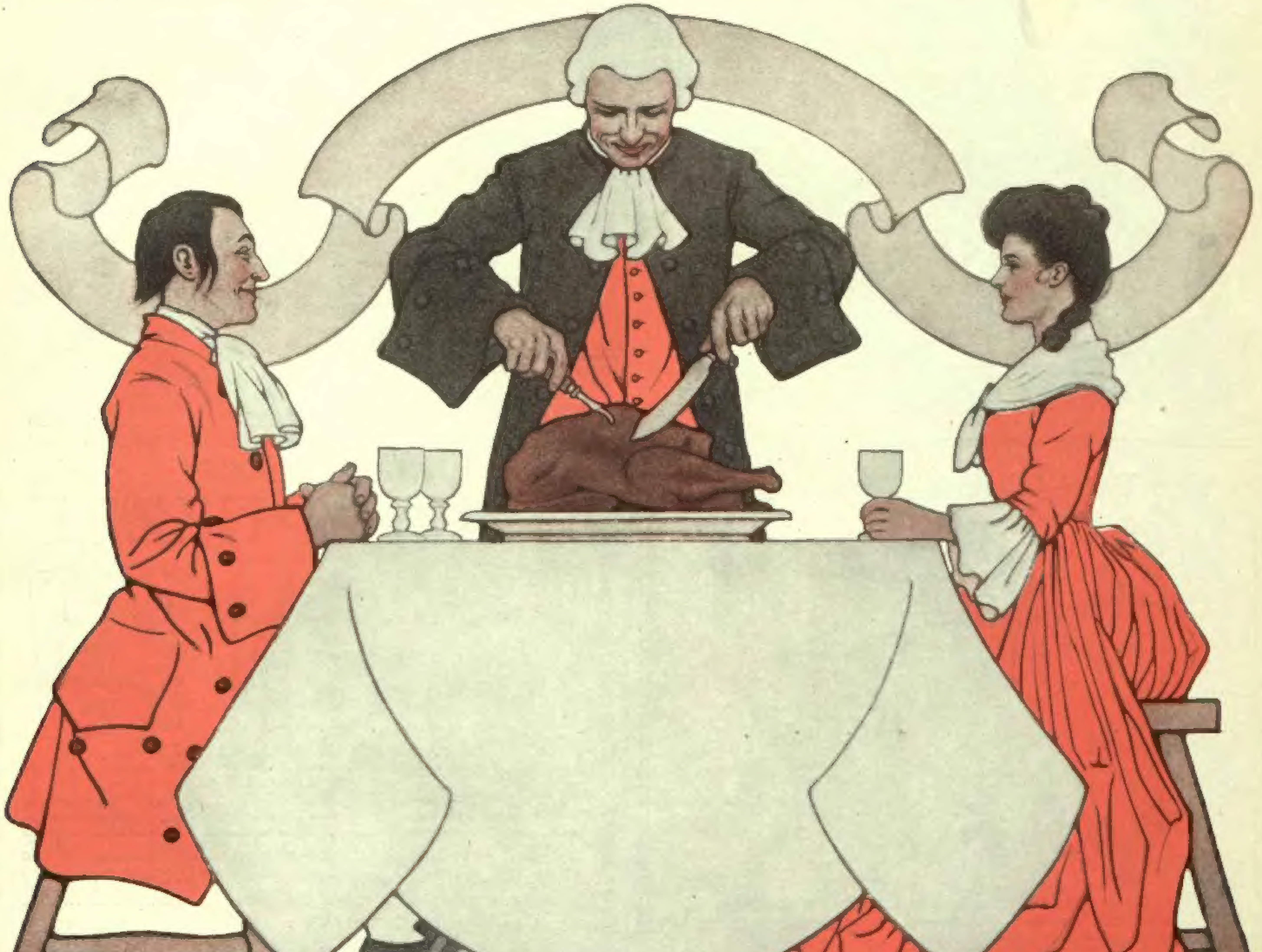
# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

NOVEMBER 21, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY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# THANKSGIVING NUMBER

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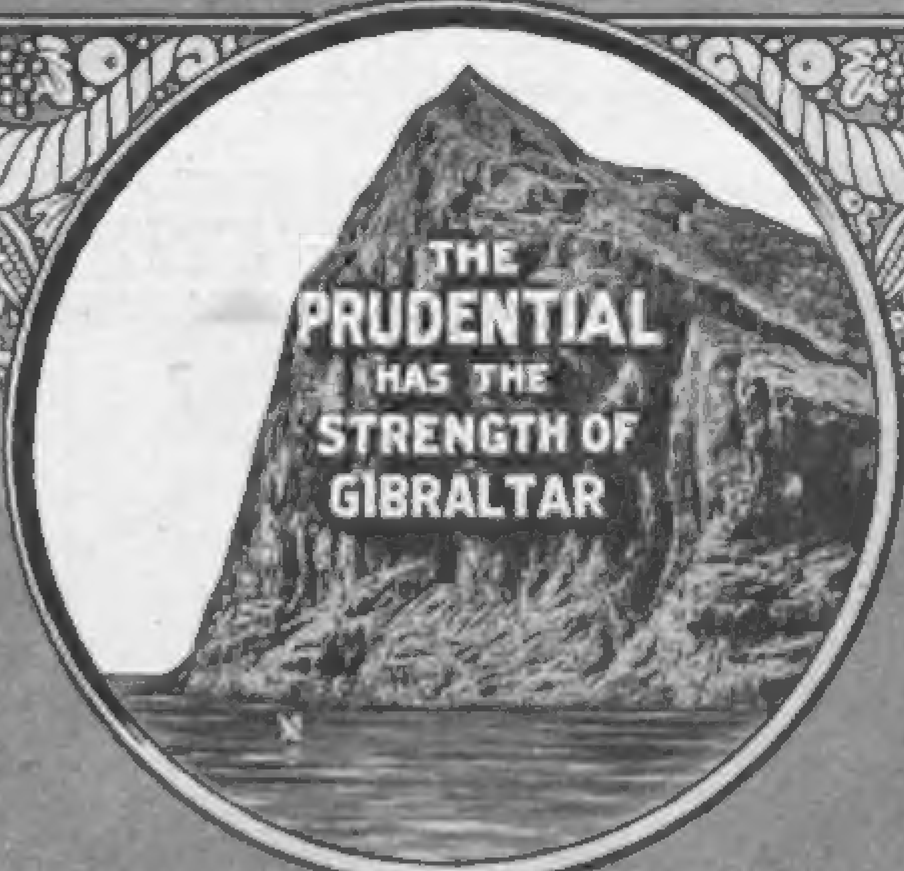

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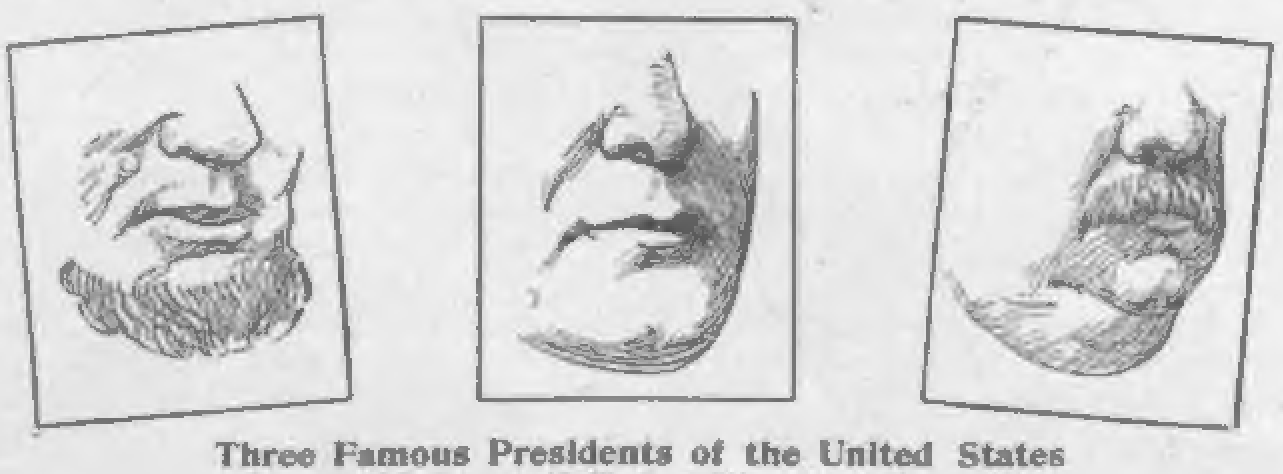

Three Famous Presidents of the United States who could be satisfied with no other than

**Williams' Shaving Soap**

It falls to the lot of but few men to be President of the United States, but every man can enjoy Williams' Shaving Soap, and no man who values comfort, luxury and safety, will be satisfied with any other.

**Our Offer**

To any one sending us the correct name of any **one** of these Presidents, with a **2-cent stamp** to cover cost of mailing, we will forward, post-paid, a most useful and ingenious pocket novelty, called the *Triplet*, a key-ring, letter-opener, paper-cutter and screw-driver combined, and an article that every man and boy will find many uses for every day.

**Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. 37, Glastonbury, Conn.**

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"Please send me another Triplet. The one I received is just the thing I needed. I ride a bicycle, and the Triplet is splendid for tightening screws and nuts. The reason I want another is my brother is in love with mine, and offered me a quarter if I would get him one."

"About two months ago you sent me a Triplet. I have used it constantly until a few days ago, when I lost it. I feel as if I had lost my best friend."

"Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps for 5 Triplets. It is the nicest and handiest pocket novelty I ever saw. I want to give some to my friends."

"I received the Triplet from you last week, and would not take a dollar for it."

"Received the Triplet some time ago, and would not be without it. Just like your shaving soap, the best thing out."

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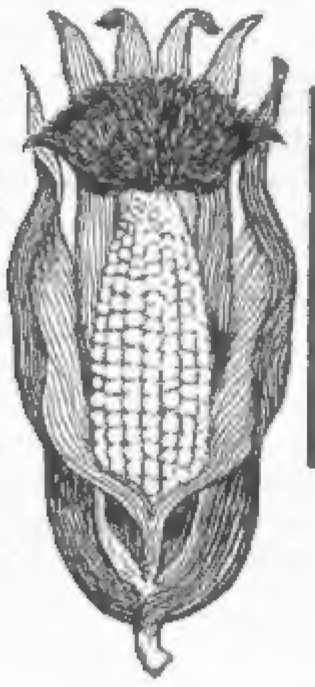
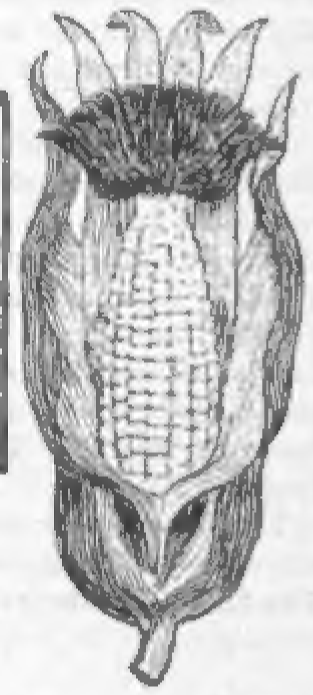
# For Good Crops—Thanks





## BY CLARENCE H. MATSON

IN ONE of the largest weekly papers of general circulation among the farmers of the West there is now appearing an advertisement, prominently displayed, which reads:

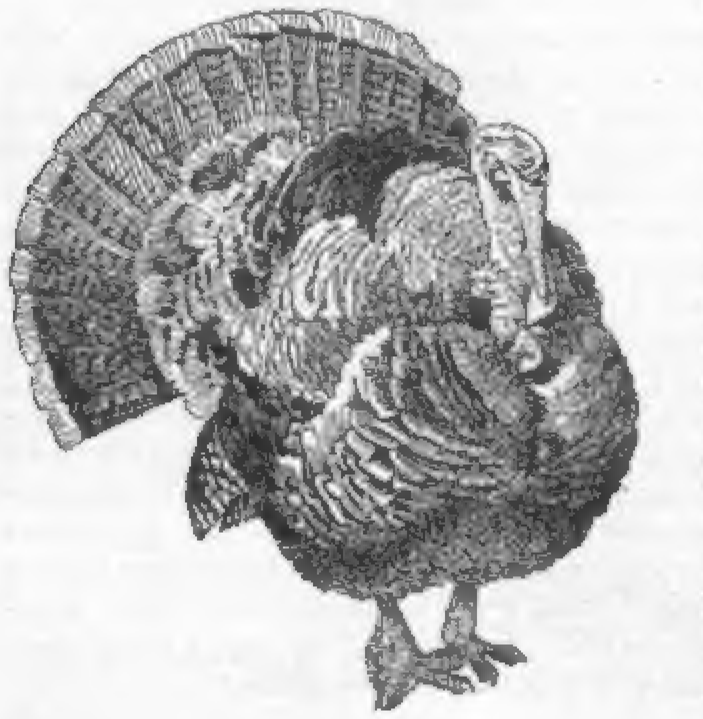
> FIVE TO TWELVE PER CENT. DIVIDENDS.
>
> Many people are satisfied to place their money in the bank where it pays a ridiculously low rate of interest. It is very kind to help other people to make money, but would you not rather have a little cream yourself? If so, we will send you our list of Eastern manufacturing companies paying five to twelve per cent. Blank & Son, Boston, Mass.

This advertisement is directed to the farmers of the Western States. It is an appeal from the East to the West for aid in the present financial stringency. The farmers have fat bank accounts and they are asked to loan some of their surplus funds to help out Eastern industries. Western bankers say that they are daily flooded with requests to discount Eastern commercial paper, and considerable Western money is flowing East in response to these requests.

This is not the first time the East has asked for Western money, but conditions are somewhat different now from what they were before. When the financial stringency of a decade ago came upon the nation the East held a mortgage on the West. The East wanted its money, but the West could not pay. Crop failure followed crop failure, and the East foreclosed its mortgage. Some of the securities would not bring more than a fraction of their face value, and general hard times ensued throughout the country.

To-day conditions are entirely different, and this difference will save the country from a repetition of the financial difficulties of a decade ago. Now the West is out of debt. No one has a mortgage on it. The banks are overflowing with deposits and the fields are rich with munificent crops. The East is not coming to it for funds as a creditor this time, but as a borrower, and the West has the money to lend.

The big crops of the West are the financial salvation of the country to-day. They will keep the country from "going broke" as it did a decade ago. Big crops cure that panicky feeling. They will tide over the stringency until our finances assume a normal condition, and real prosperity will then be more prevalent than ever. This may be the optimist's view, but a little consideration of present conditions and a comparison of them with those of ten years ago will demonstrate that it is a logical conclusion.



A few months ago the statement was made in these pages that the payment of Western mortgages had caused a flood of uninvested capital in the East; that this had brought on speculation, and when the flow of money from the West ceased the East would find itself short. This statement was criticised by some financial authorities, but present conditions have proved its truth. When crops began to improve in the latter nineties the West began to pay off its judgments and mortgages. Little by little at first, and then in greater quantities, the money was sent East. By 1900 millions of dollars had been poured into Eastern financial centres, and two years ago the West had practically paid both the principal and interest of its debts and was accumulating a bank account of its own. Of course there were, and still are, some Western mortgages held by Eastern investors, but the great bulk had been paid off by 1901. All these millions upon millions were not called for again by the West; even the customary capital "to move the crops" has not been asked for—the West had money of its own. This flood of money in the East had to seek new channels of investment, and much of it went into promoting new industries, but it was cheap, and much more went into wild speculation and stock gambling. The East was suddenly and unexpectedly "flush." It did not realize where all its money came from, nor that the supply would some time cease in a measure, and it went in for overspeculation in a great degree. In the mean time, the West concluded its debt-paying and the supply of money from that source stopped. A few months ago slight flurries in speculation centres began to be felt. Money was not so plentiful as it had been. Interest rates began to advance. Too much wealth had gone into permanent investments from which it could not be withdrawn, and the Wall Street speculators found themselves confronted with a serious financial stringency.

### The Growing Wealth of the West

IT HAS been said that Wall Street has lost its grip on the business of the nation to such an extent that a crash in "the Street" would not be known outside of its immediate circles were it not for the newspapers, but this is true only in a comparative sense. It is a fact that Wall Street does not dominate the business of the country to the extent that it once did, and it is even true that a financial crash there is not felt in the prosperous West through adverse business conditions. But trouble in Wall Street shakes the confidence of capitalists and has a tendency to drive ready money to cover. This makes it difficult for legitimate industries to secure the capital on which to carry forward their business. The great fall in Wall Street securities has caused the hilarious optimism of a few months ago to give place to a feeling of pessimism, and this in turn has prevented Eastern industries from obtaining the funds they need. That is why the East is asking the West to loan it money.

Ten years ago the conditions that exist to-day in Wall Street and through the East generally would have produced a panic and hard times throughout the nation. At that time they would have tightened business conditions, mortgage foreclosures would have followed, and as the crops were light and the farming classes had little money, trade would have been excessively dull. Now there are comparatively no farm mortgages and a slump in the stock market does not revive them. Wall Street's troubles do not affect the wheat and corn fields, railroad tonnage keeps up, and no railroad receiverships will follow the financial stringency. The only trouble is that confidence is shaken. Confidence is a very necessary article in the business world and a very good thing up to a certain point. But when men begin to capitalize confidence it brings trouble. Too many speculators have been turning confidence—other people's confidence—into capital, and now that something has happened to diminish the confidence of the business world their capital is diminished with it.

But the hard times of a decade ago cannot come again now because the West is in shape, not only to care for itself, but also to pull the East through its difficulties. There may be some local financial disasters, but there will not be the widespread hardships that prevailed during the middle nineties. Western banks are overflowing with deposits. For instance, on June 9 the deposits in the Kansas banks were approximately ninety-one million dollars, or a trifle more than sixty dollars for every man, woman and child in the State. During the summer several millions were withdrawn to repair the damage caused by the great floods of the first of June and to handle the great wheat crop of the State, yet during the four months from June 9 to October 9, on which date the banks again reported, the deposits increased to over ninety-eight million dollars.

And other Western States are in almost as good financial condition as Kansas, although they have not the big wheat crop Kansas has. Nearly all have corn, however, and corn is really king in the West. Even Kansas, with the greatest wheat crop ever produced by a single State, worth sixty million dollars, has a corn crop of still greater value standing in the fields as yet untouched, and Iowa, Illinois, Missouri and Nebraska all have still more. Only the returns from the wheat and other small grain crops have yet commenced to reach the banks. The corn still stands in the fields, a vast reserve that will in the next twelve months add millions more to the bank accounts of the farmers. The returns from the wheat crop, too, are only partially realized. I recently made a personal investigation of conditions in the Kansas wheat country, and found little more than fifty per cent. of the grain threshed, and less than forty per cent. marketed in the Western counties which produced the bulk of this year's crop. Yet with these great resources just coming in, the bank deposits in most Western farming communities are greater than ever before, and are daily increasing. In Kansas, too, the reserve is above forty per cent., or, in other words, the banks of Kansas had forty million dollars of their deposits on hand on October 9. That is why the West is prepared to loan money to the East.

It is the industrial world that is calling for money from the West. St. Louis, itself a Western community, has needed funds for carrying on the preparations for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, but the greatest

demands have come from Eastern industrials. A prominent Western banker told me recently that a big Eastern manufacturing concern had just sent him a draft that was not due for ninety days for two thousand dollars on a Western merchant, and asked him to cash it. The merchant was rated at thirty thousand dollars and the paper was as good as gold, yet it was offered to the banker to discount at his own figures. The manufacturing company explained that money was hard to get in the East, but the company had to have it to carry on the extremely prosperous business it is doing. Another banker said that offers of this kind from the East are now of daily occurrence with him. A short time ago one of the largest packing-houses of the country, a corporation worth many millions, attempted to float three hundred thousand dollars' worth of commercial paper. This company usually made its loans in New York, but on this occasion New York did not want to take the paper. Chicago was not in shape to handle it, and it remained for Kansas City to buy it with the Kansas money. These are instances of how the East is borrowing from the West.

The encouraging feature about this demand for money is that it is not needed to cover business losses, but to conduct increased business operations. When the farming class has money it creates business in all other lines. When crops are good the railroads are kept busy hauling the farm products to market, the farmers purchase the output of the factories, the railroads haul these products back to the farmers, and the round of business activity is good. It is to carry on this business activity that industrial enterprises must have funds.

The financial troubles in the East are not nearly so bad as some people imagine. They are really only on the surface. The farms are the real foundation of the national wealth of America. On the prosperity of the farms—and the mines in a minor degree—is builded the prosperity of the factory, the railroad and the tradesman. The speculator is only on the surface, and it is really only the speculator who is disastrously affected by the present financial situation. The cheap money produced by the payment of great numbers of Western mortgages from 1897 to 1901 produced an abnormal condition in speculative circles, and now speculation is just getting back to normal conditions again. The water is being squeezed out of the stock and the "undigested securities" are being thrown off. Capital is very easily frightened and is disposed to be extremely cautious. Legitimate business enterprises in general are not seriously injured—except that they need money on which to do business—and as soon as confidence is restored conditions will be better than before, for the wild speculation and the inflation of securities of the past two or three years will by that time have been abated.

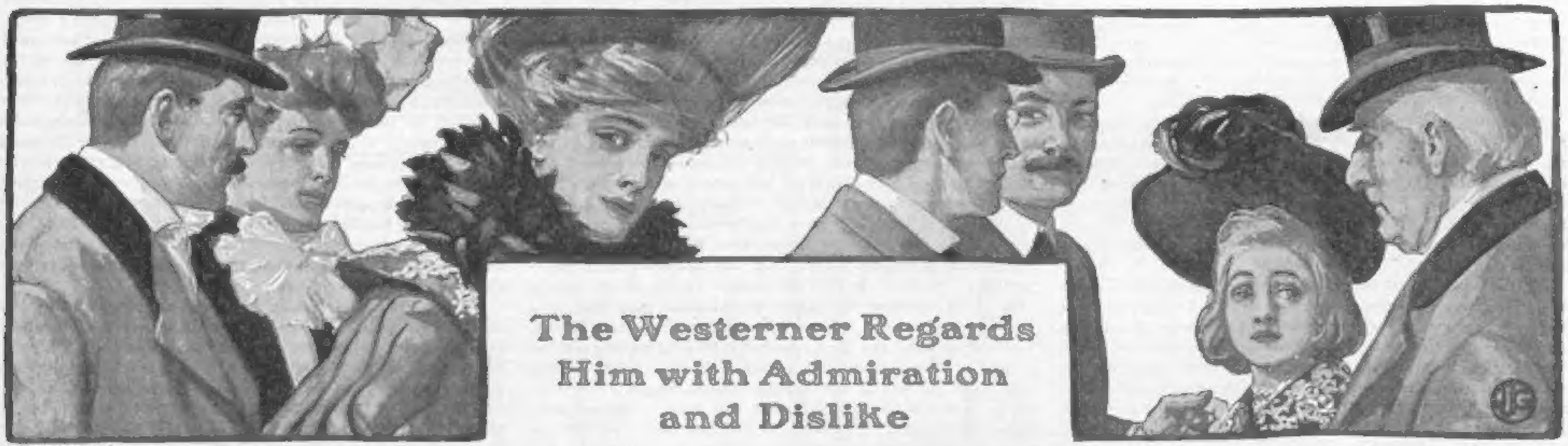
If the West were compelled to supply all the requests made upon it for funds it would perhaps run short, but this will not be necessary. The main thing is to supply sufficient money to tide over the stringency and bring about a restoration of confidence, and this the West can probably do, unless some unforeseen emergencies arise. At the same time Western bankers are exceedingly careful in their loans. Hard times are not so far behind them that they have forgotten caution. There is the possibility of a crop failure ever before them, and though they are now in good shape to go through such a failure with no serious embarrassments, it might cause trouble should they send too large a portion of their funds East. Therefore no Western money will come East for mere speculative purposes, but only for those lines of business that are certain to yield fair returns.

Seven years have brought about a remarkable change in the Western farmer. Eight years ago he was mortgage-ridden and so deeply in debt that he sometimes almost despaired of ever getting out. To-day he owns many broad acres of rich fields free of incumbrance. In many instances there is a piano in the parlor and a rubber-tired buggy in the barn. His mail is delivered daily at his door, and a telephone connects him with the rest of the world. His children go to college, and there are books and magazines in his home. And in addition to all this he has a fat bank account and is now lending money to his former creditors. He has in reality been responsible for the prosperity of the whole country, for when the farmer has no crops to exchange for the produce of the factory, the factory must stop and the railroad must sidetrack its rolling stock for want of traffic.

If seven years of good crops have brought to the country the widespread prosperity of recent years, what will not a few years more of the same kind bring? Is not the nation simply assuming normal business conditions now that the West has discharged its obligations to the East, and the East has got over its period of wild speculation caused by being unexpectedly "flush"? Will not the balance of trade from now on probably be in favor of the farms as long as they yield good returns?

There is, of course, the possibility of a crop failure for one or more years, but this possibility is much more remote than formerly. The farmer of to-day is more of a student than was the farmer of a decade or two ago. He is studying his business. He does not go at it in the hit-or-miss sort of way he once did. He studies his crops and his soil, and consequently he is far more likely to get results than formerly. And if he continues to have good crops, is there any plausible reason for expecting a financial panic?

# The New York Business Man



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## The Westerner Regards Him with Admiration and Dislike

## By Opie Read

*Londoner (in New York) to New Yorker:* I understand that America is getting to be a very great country.

*New Yorker:* Aw, seems I have heard something about it, but really cawn't say.

THE countryman believes that the great creative forces of New York came from the country. In his opinion the native is a little fellow with a neck so small as to make his head appear too large. The little neck is stiff with conscious and contented superiority, and the head that seems so large is none too big for crowding conceits and jostling vanities. The countryman is broad in his prejudices; the little New Yorker is narrow in his dislikes.

With a blusterous air of pride the Chicago man will tell you where he lives, but the New York man seeks silently to show you. Indeed, he fancies that every one must know by looking at him. He does not essay to know more than other men, but to *be* more. Knowledge is commendable if it should happen to live in New York. If not, it is provincial and is to be tolerated with a cool smile. In professing ignorance of the country at large there is a sort of wisdom, and to sneer at the West is culture. Is not this the most unprovoked of all treason? Yes, but the barbarian was permitted to speak his opinion of Rome. To the real man of the world and not to the average man of a small island, to the man who reads the world's books and who knows that the fleeting mortal is but a shadow, soon to be merged into the great shade of eternal night, to this estimator of life's great nothing communities lend but small importance to the individual. Out of the desert came Gautama, not out of a Babylon; and the philosophy of Greece was not born in Athens, but in a Greek colony that had reared its modest head within the shadow of the pyramids.

Ignorance of a foreign country is never reconciled with a sort of superiority of caste, but ignorance of America is often viewed with a kind of complimentary surprise.

The other cities of America may be colleges, but New York is the university. Its graduates are self-possessed. The university teaches restraint, the suppression of enthusiasm, and this is the New Yorker. "Is he a man of cultivation?" was asked at a dinner-party. And the answer was satisfactory: "Cultivation! He has lived in New York twenty years."

To the New Yorker the Westerner may take off his soft hat, not in awe as the recipient of this courtesy supposes, but because he has been told that it is polite. Yes, takes off his slouch hat in deference to the plug, but in this civility there is more of enmity than of reverence. I remember hearing a man of affairs in the West declare that he never met a New Yorker that he did not feel in some way not to be explained that he was in the presence of an enemy. Even a New York drummer, said he, seeks to "pity" you into buying his goods. Other cities have their territories, but all territories belong to New York.

The philosophical idea of empire was that to be homogeneous it must extend from east to west. In this way fewer race prejudices are encountered than if the empire should stretch from north to south. But in this the New York man has reversed the ancient truth. He is more courteous with the Southerner than with the Westerner, though the West was his brother during the Civil War. New York society has never accepted a leader from the West. But a marshal of the Four Hundred was a Southerner. This has a cause, and the cause lies in the fact that the South has age. And besides, the Southerner's talk is soft. He does not disturb a drawing-room with a Western "r." He does not talk through a nose frozen in a prairie blizzard. He may not say anything when he talks, but to the New Yorker this is a conversational virtue. He says, "Oh, come now, don't be so rude as to spring an idea! Let us be gentlemen." Old Sam Johnson said that the most nearly perfect gentleman was he who bore upon him the mark of no profession, and in New York the tradesman has come near to acquiring this distinction. In other cities they may not talk business in the drawing-room, but they *look* business and they keep you constantly afraid that you are to be requested to buy something. You are in luck if you escape being dunned for something you already owe. But in New York gentility holds in front of you the shield of her culture and her refinement and you are safe. "I was in New York to see about some obligations that had begun to threaten my commercial existence," said a man from Nebraska, "and greatly to my surprise was invited out. I reckon it was because I owed so much. Well, at several receptions I met the men I owed but they didn't say a word about it. For a time I dodged them, on the stairway and in the hall—never like to meet a man I owe—but they smiled so genially and so gracefully shook hands that I said to myself: 'Hanged if they haven't forgot it. There is no use in my staying here.' I thought, however, that I'd better make sure, so at the dinner-table I remarked to the broad-shirted man on my right that I hadn't forgotten our little financial affair and he looked surprised. 'Forgotten it as sure as I live,' said I. 'It is a fact that these worthy gentlemen don't care for anything but for culture and society.' So I went home and three days afterward they closed me out. I thought then, and I think now, that it is rather an odd way of doing business."

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**Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of descriptive papers by Mr. Read on American Business Men.**

It is too much to expect that the perfectly poised man should be unconscious of his graces. It is the plow horse that hangs his head. The race horse is self-conscious; the man of mettle feels it. No man ever surprised himself with his own bravery, though perhaps we all of us have been surprised by sudden and unlooked-for fear. The practice of constant politeness, the polish of action, lends a certain dignity to the mind, and this is one of the characteristics of the New York man. Like the disciplined soldier he is never found off his guard. Or is it that he believes so thoroughly in himself as to attribute virtue to his failings and his mistakes? It has been observed that the most cultivated and refined man, placed under certain stress, is, after all, but shortly removed from barbarism. Royer Collard said that wisdom consisted in tracing ignorance as far back as possible. If gentility consisted in tracing politeness as far back as possible the New Yorker would be forced to take off his hat to the Virginian, with his slow and old-fashioned talk, with his mind fired only by memory of the past. While the New Yorker was jabbering the harsh Dutch of shrewd bargain, the James River man, in his barge rowed by slaves, in silken hose and ruffles, graced with his polite tongue the language of Dryden and playfully discussed the latest gossip that slowly on shipboard had sailed from the court of Charles I. But even respectability must be progressive, and the spirit that can woo trade, can, after a time, win fair woman and establish an aristocratic family. In vast wealth there must be respectability, and it is the New Yorker's money rather than his moral worth that makes him feel supreme. The fact is that he is not particularly moral. In this respect he cannot compare favorably with the average householder of Cheyenne.

Mind you, this is not merely an estimate of my own, but is gathered from the spirit in which the New Yorker is held throughout the Western country. His life is too fitful and too feverish wholly to be sound. He drinks too much champagne, and this is as bad for the morals and worse for the body than the reddest liquor that ever babbled from a mountain "jimmyjohn." He may surprise you with an athletic sport, but he is not a man of endurance; his blood is anæmic and he soon wears out. He impresses you with having been reared in the shade, a sprout in the cellar of life. He has not the American's abiding sense of humor, but like the Frenchman, who can never comprehend the word humorous, he has a sort of wit, a gleaming diamond dust. His limitations in the matter of character-drawing render him an indifferent story-teller. But when the stories have been told, laughed over and forgotten, his salad is remembered. He is not a bad sort of a friend if once he succeeds in committing you to memory, and forgives a debt with as much magnanimity as he forgets an obligation. "In the mind of the average Englishman, England is great not because she really is but because she produced him," remarked a wise old British growler. And New York is great because she produced the New Yorker. He does not meet a stranger out at the toll-gate and say, "Well, sir, what do you think of our town?" He declares that this would be like Chicago. The fact is that he cares not for what an American thinks of his town, but if some little duke should of his own accord speak of the great majesty of the mighty burgh, he has it printed in his newspapers. He talks of provincialism, but is himself the most provincial man in America. No man without travel was ever able to overcome the effect of having been reared on an island. The Englishman may know more but he is not so broad as the Russian. As a viewer of the affairs of the nation, the New Yorker has not so comprehensive a sweep as the Philadelphian. The mayor of New York means more than the president of the Republic, and the native Knickerbocker cannot understand why the entire country does not regard it in that light. What are politics but the affairs of New York? What is the embodiment of political economy but the custom house of Gotham? What is money but the golden blood that flows through the veins of Wall Street? Where lies prosperity — in the grain fields, the smiling meadows where the cattle graze? No, along the woe-worn stones of Misery's Alley. Here arise the winds of distress, the country's colic; here there is never a calm, for human greed is never satisfied. But in this black gulch, if we may believe the echoes from the caverns of despair, a new order of gentleman is developed.

The South accepts him as a relentless force in kid gloves, and the West looks upon him at times with mortal hatred and then with a sort of worshipful awe; and that great financial queen bee, the Treasurer of the United States, appears honored by his society and inspired by his confidence.

To say, "Mr. Treasurer, I have frightened your country to the crumbling verge of a crisis, and now if you want to keep out of straits help me out," is a wise financial warning.

As a phase of the many-sided New York man he is interesting, but is he a business man? He may think so, and the West, which he so mercilessly crushes on wheel and in boot and keeps during months at a time hung high up by the purple thumbs — the West may believe so, but by all the precepts of commerce and by all the rules governing the care that must be taken in the turning of a card, he is a gambler. Ah, but his gambling is so magnificent as to attain the height of most astute generalship. In his notice of us, poor shiners of pennies, there is generous condescension, and we accept his act of robbery as the sincerest flattery. You — of the West, understand — are waiting for a chance to get at him. And when that chance comes along, as it does about every four years, you are revengefully thankful enough to put your arms around the blue-skinned neck of haggish Fate and upon her dried peas-pod lips implant a rhapsody of kisses. Ugh! That's what you say in your cool contemplation of the act; it is what you always say except on certain occasions when you are bartering with the old hag, when an entire beet-sugar crop is about to be employed in the sweetening of your revenge. Is it not a glory, a chance to snatch this man's political scalp? In the passion of truth's inspired blank verse, written with oozy labor and committed to the mind after many midnights of despair — boldly delivered at the mule-colt show — you tell America that it is time to toss the Wall Street man into the air and to let him come down the best way he can. As a New Yorker he has shown his indifference to the country of Kit Carson, and as an emphasis of all other offenses the Wall Streeter has shown that his regard for the land of Washington is estimated upon the basis of what it annually yields to him.

The poet thought that the greatest study of mankind was man. Previously man had arraigned himself for scrutiny, and since then, of course, his nature has been constantly kept under the microscope. But the great universities are compelled to acknowledge that in him they can find nothing new. That he has reached the noontide of "degenerate development" is believed of the East by the West, not indeed by the educated or the thoughtful, but by him who fancies that all wisdom lies in a sort of keenness of observation, and that to discover the first symptoms of bots in a horse is of greater service to humanity than the discovery of wireless telegraphy. The "cultivated" ignorance of the New York man and the Western ruralite's inspired lack of thought may blend one of these days and bring forth a surprising harmony. In mere words and dress for occasion, America, accounting for size, is the most homogeneous of all countries, and yet in antagonistic traits of character it is most cat-and-doggish, with the soft mew of the Boston man heard between. The native Westerner has his opinion of the Bostonian. It is this: He will pull your last tooth with frost-covered forceps. "Here," cries the sufferer, "warm that iron." "I beg your pardon, sir, but we have only one more to pull." With his Ancient and Honorable Artillery the Boston man ceased to be an American so many years ago that the Westerner remembers him only as a refined echo. Quiet of manner, with a sort of musical mouth-smack expressive of his appreciation of the world's highest grade of pie, the Boston man, unlike the New Yorker, has ever been ready to talk. This pleases the Westerner. He would rather be called a liar, would rather it were proved on him, than to suffer the Gothamite's contempt of silence.

Ah, and when by some stroke of fortune the Westerner moves into new New York and, as nearly as alien flesh and blood can, becomes a New Yorker, he recants in softened tones and attempts with easy gesture to show you where *he* is from. But after all, it is not by gesture and neither is it by word that the New Yorker so charmingly illustrates the refined power of his town. It is by a spiritual essence. And this essence can no more be set forth in language than with a reporter's notebook you could catch the soliloquy of an Æolian harp.

# SAILS

## By George Horton

Full-bosomed sails, tireless and fleet; tall daughters
Of solitude and of the wide, gray waters!
Bow and pass on, as joyously you keep
Your stately minuet upon the deep!

Oh, let my soul fare with you, if you run
Across the embers of the dying sun,
Across the ashes of the day, and soon
Are ghosts that glide beneath the ghostly moon:

Or, if white priestesses, ye hail afar
From dawn's fair temple and the Morning Star!
Oh, when I watch the sails upon the sea,
How the old wander-love awakes in me!

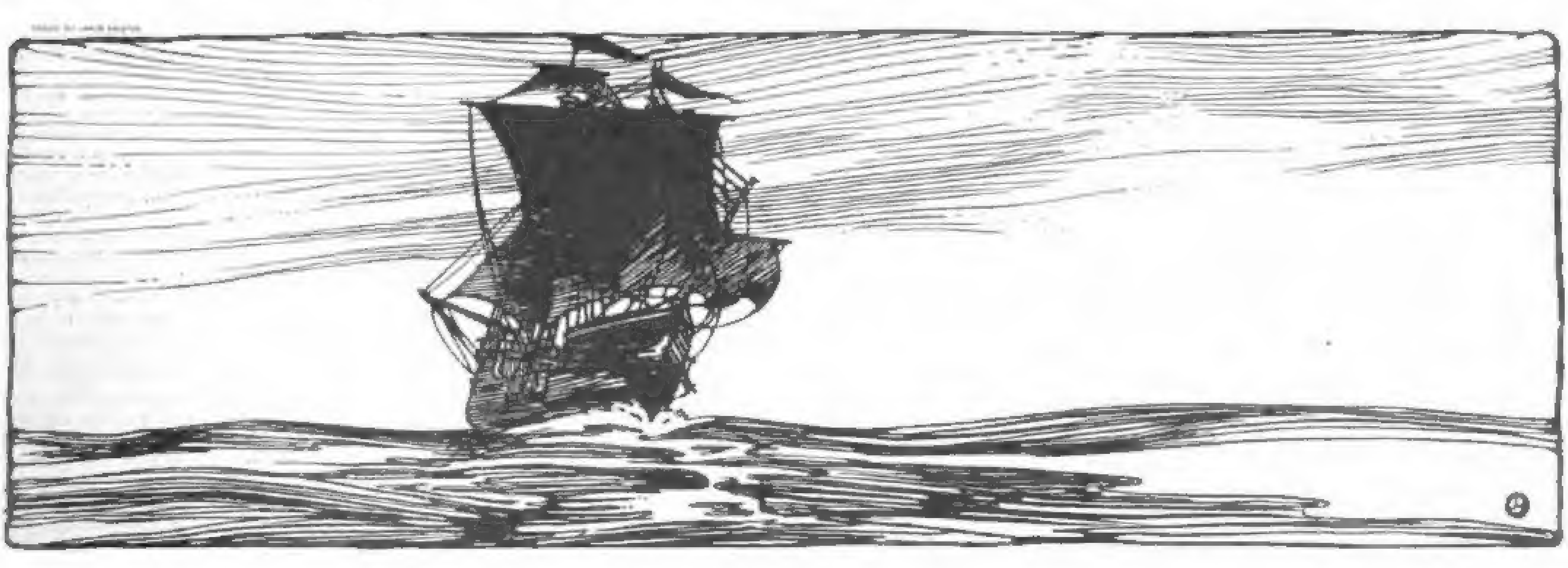
To lock my door, to say no man good-by,
And drift far out into the sea and sky —
Oh, God! To leave this vapid life behind,
To bare my bosom to the brave, wild wind.

To taste the sweet, salt spray upon my lips,
And cry, "Hail, sisters!" to the passing ships.
Who hath not felt this vague, yet fierce desire,
The legacy from some old Viking sire,

That lived in days when souls were free and brave,
And knew wild joy upon the bounding wave?
For there is in us a divine unrest,
An ache for wings, however unconfessed;

A voice that whispers, "Catch the rising breeze
Away! Beyond the Gates of Hercules:
Why sit ye here, a slave to petty care,
When the sea beckons and the winds are fair?

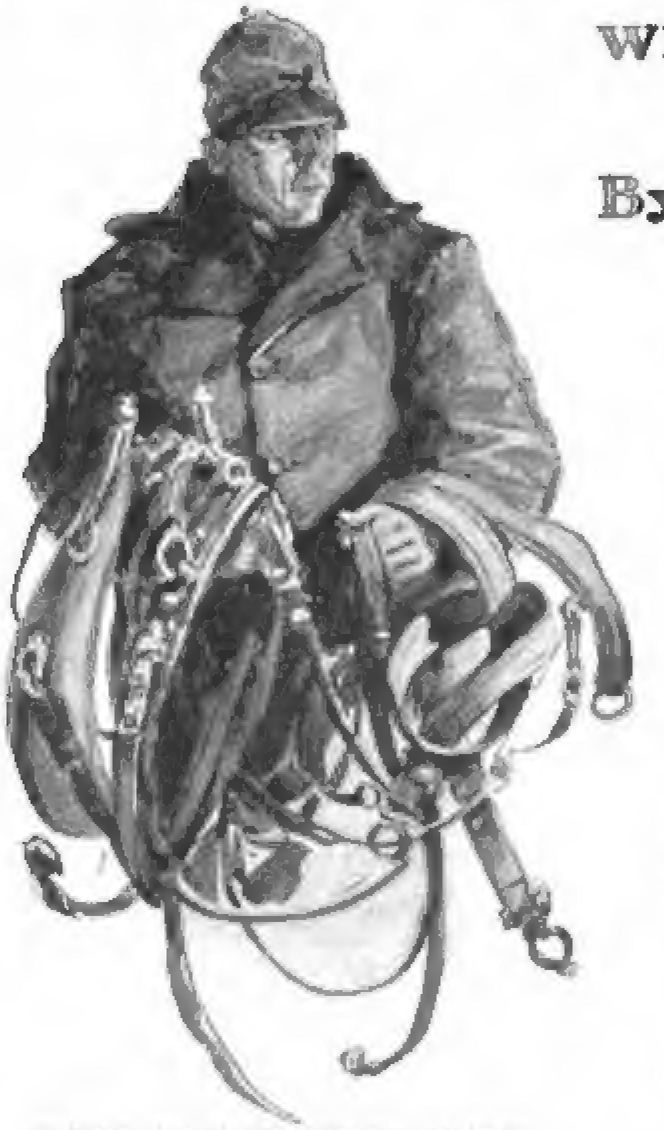
Breathe deep the sea-wind, and be glad and bold,
One with the glorious vagabonds of old!"
And this I feel most bitterly in me
When I behold the sails upon the sea!



# The Generosity of Miser Flinton

## What He Heard in the Song of the Wolves

### By Arthur E. McFarlane



"I SH'D 'A' THOUGHT 'TWOULD BE ONLY GIVE AN' TAKE"

THE business of going up and down the land looking for stories is, after all, when you compare it with work, a trifling and undignified sort of occupation. So, when we found that Hennings, the superintendent, had betrayed our calling to that whole snow-piled spruce-camp, we entered the shanty sheepishly, and felt that "when we were at home we were in a better place."

But that chopping-gang was not merely friendly; it opened itself wide. It saw wherein we were hungry and desired to fill us with good things. And when, a few minutes later, there stomped in with the stable hands a large, battered man, roving of eye, gray of temple and red-bossed of cheek-bone, they all roared at him at once.

"It's up to you, Mike! You've got a spielin' stunt ahead that'll keep you goin' till mornin'!"

"Tell 'em about the time you were caught up the Wantchee with the wild man," shouted a little fellow.

"I will not," said the Irishman; and deftly jerking a stool from under a fat teamster, he tranquilly seated himself and stretched his huge driving-boots to the fire.

"Then tell about Dutchy trappin' the bear."

"Nor I won't tell that, nayther!" was the even more settling response.

"Then, what will you tell?"

"Ah-h, divil take ye — am I a stor-ry-book, to be opined whin an' where ye plaze? And I'll just take time to say grace on it before I decide on annything at all!"

He went into sphinxlike meditation, placating himself with tobacco, while they filled up the stove again. But in the end he lifted his head with promise.

"Well, I *will* tell ye somethin', now, and it'll be a yarn wid a morral in it — one that had ought to be of great binifit to all of ye. I'll tell about the time I fair made a gin'rous man of Miser Flinton."

His audience took this announcement somewhat dubiously. It was plain that they preferred the tales they had heard before. But he ignored them altogether, and without further preface or preparation sailed in.

"Ye see, I'd been *over* foor or five year' thin, but I'd been doin' farm work, and that was my fir-rst winter in the bush. I hired with Big Rory MacKinnon and Flinton's was nixt camp to ours — eight mile nearder the sittlemint by the River Road. And though I paid no hade to it, no doubt but I heard spake of him an' the sort of ould piece he was, from the beginnin'. But not till the ind of that fir-rst wake, whin they sint me out to the sittlemint — La Poulette's it was — for more pork an' ax-handles, did I raly mate an' begin frin'ship wid him.

"For at the sittlemint I was kep' waitin' the most of two hours for the last of me stuff — wid me twinty-foor mile to go. And whin I did get started back on the fir-rst hill I snapped a girth, which delayed me a lot more. It had been stormin' since noon, and now, wid nightfall, it begun blowin' cold and colder — a rig'lar blizzard-warnin', as I knew even thin.

"I was falin' that I'd had quite enough of it mesilf, to say nawthin' of the tame, whin we come in sight of Flinton's. And as that lift a third the way still, I decided 'twould be wisdom, not to say marcy to man an' baste, to go no furder till mornin'. Bein' country-bred, I didn't wait on ceremony but driv' shtraight for the stables. And, as it chanced, one of the hands was just comin' out.

"'My two extry won't crowd ye, now?' sez I, castin' them loose.

"'Well,' he answers, puttin' back his cap mighty hesitatin', 'we got room for them, all right. But, blame it, the old man's here!'

"'The ould man's here?' That samed a quare spache. 'And what's that got to do wid it?'

"It was the ould man that answered *that* for himsilf. For I hadn't only throoped my bastes inty the warmth of the stable, and they were just shakin' the snow aff and grabbin' out for stray wisps of hay in full contint — wid all the Flinton horses whinnerin' thim a wilcome — whin the dure darkens of a suddint and a voice squakes out: 'Ye were wantin' to buy ye accommodation for the night?'

"'Buy it?' I sez, knocked flat.

"'Why, I reckon maybe fodder and bacon cost somethin' where you were brought up?' sez he again, swingin' his lantern to and fro and smilin' hard as nails through his little slits of eyes.

"S'truth, I didn't know what to say! It was somethin' the like of which I'd niver heard before, nor niver did again, nayther! For, thank God, this is a land that breeds few misers, laste of all in the bush. Indade, there's only one country in the wor-rld that breeds fewer!"

"That's dear ould *Ire*-land!" chanted ten choppers at once in a Mr. Dooley chorus.

"Oh, ye putt more truth inty that ivery time!" said the story-teller serenely, and went on.

"But there I was, widout three copper pinnies on me and too new on my job to think of runnin' a bill again Big Rory. 'Well, Mr. Flinton,' I sez at last, 'up here in the bush where min are bein' storm-stayed away from their own shanties all the time I sh'd 'a' thought 'twould be only give an' take.'

"'"Give an' take?" Oh, aye, "give an' take!" With me doin' all the givin'! It's that kind of "give an' take" that keeps me poor.'

"I started throwin' on the harness agin. 'So you think right to turn a man and tame back out into a night like this?'

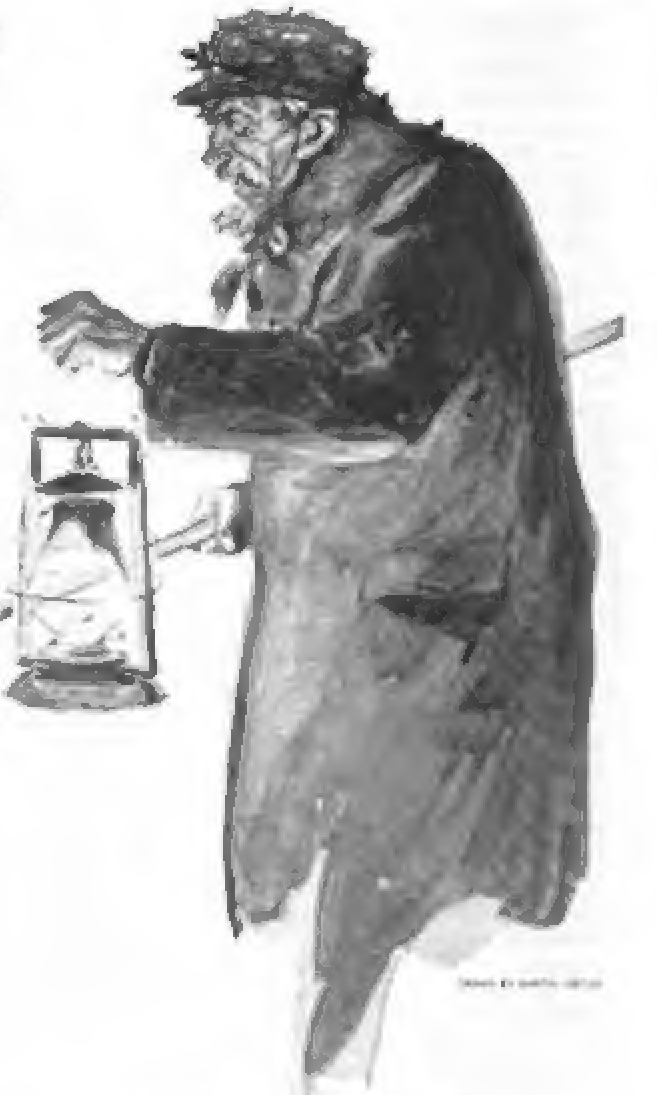
"'Rowdy dowdy! I'm not turnin' ye back. I'm quite willin' to accommodate ye. But I've been feedin' other people's men for nothin' for long enough. And ye're a good husky-lookin' feller. I don't think ye'll damage — I don't think ye'll damage at all!'

"'I'm not thinkin' of mesilf,' I sez (but by the well o' truth I was, too!), 'but of my animals. And I'll tell ye this, ye ould divil, that the lumberin' man that'll do to horses what you're doin' to-night will sweat blood rememberin' it, some time or other!'

"'P-r-r-r!' he shouts after me; 'I'll wait to see it!'

"Now, in the ritrybution business I've got to confiss that too aften I've niver been able to see just where or whin it arrived. A bear, wid intintions to rob, climbs a hunderd fut up a fixed bee-tree, finds a big oak chunk hangin' in front of the intrance-hool and gives it a Saint-fly-off-wid-ye fling. Shtraight back again it pendulums, and kerthump, it knocks him kiltin'! But a man's life in the main is a lot too windin' and complicate' for anny such immejit come-backs. And that night as I driv' the remainin' eight mile home — me an' the tame alike froze half to death — I might be thinkin' out the most sufferin' sort of reward an' punishment for ould Flinton, yet in the bottom of my soul I filt that, in his own sinse of the wor-rd, he would 'wait to see it.' But this time, just as it fell, he *did* see it! And, by the one draw in tin thousand, I was there to put the p'int in the lisson for him!

"That come about not more'n a year later, too. I was still doin' the light-supply haulin' between camp and La Poulette's; and that winter Big Rory'd turned his two four-year-olds over to me. Mambrino strain, both of them were, and it was a horse lover's luxury only to sit on the bobs an' watch their fetlocks flicker. That twinty-foor mile into the sittlemint and twinty-four out again — they'd do it inside the day widout sweatin' lather enough to shave ye!



"WITH ME DOIN' ALL THE GIVIN'!"

"Manewhiles, I was learnin' a lot more about our neighbor. And County Kerry landlords and Cove o' Cork corn-factors were nawthin' till him! In *his* sarvice man and baste starved togither. But only one thing I'll stop to stand on, and that because it comes inty the stor-ry. That nixt Daycimber he let McGoongle, one of his ouldest hands, die of blood-poisonin' sooner nor bring in a docthor to him. And thin what'd he do but ship him out of the bush 'C. O. D.,' as ye might say; for he gave notice to his widdy that 'twas no part of his conthrack to pay burial expinses! I don't nade to till ye that wan an' all of us put hand in pocket for her, Big Rory headin' the list; but that wasn't gettin' it out of ould Flinton. 'Twas well for him he had no callin' to do on *us* thim wakes follyin'!

"That was 188—, one of the quarest winters I'll iver see. Fir-rst there was a long hard freeze, thin right in Januar' two wakes of rain and a thaw that bruk up iverything like spring itsilf. And comin' afther *that* again there was fut on fut of snow, wid just cold enough to hold it. And altogither 'twas a mix-up that samed to get ivery wild thing in the bush runnin' loose and mad wid hunger. A dozen different choppers were treed by bobcats. And the wolves, gin'rally no more thought of in the shanties here than the foxes and fishers, come out and ran the roads, a thing they won't do by ordinar', once in a lifetime; and tamester after tamester was given a chase for his life by thim!

"And whin I made my second Feb'uar' trip to La Poulette's — it had been the fir-rst day you could call cold in wakes — they had a wulf stor-ry to tell me there that crowned all. For the Sathurday before, and just on the other side of Black River, a pack had got one of Lazenby's drivers. He'd been bringin' out fresh mate, which no doubt they'd scinted, and whin his camp found what was lift nixt mornin' they sid you cud hardly tell which had been man and which the bafe! I tell ye, now, that made a most horrid imprission on me. For there I was, startin' back through almost the same siction — save that I was *this* side the river instid of *yon* — and me wid a foor and hind quarter in my cargo, too!

"'Twas after five, an' comin' on night alriddy before I got away. And, while the moon was still down, through that bush road 'twas like one long tunnel. I kep' imaginin' that I cud see trees fallen right in front of the colts an' branches just goin' to catch their heads, and things flyin' at me like big bats. And whin the moon did begin to rise an' it was a little lighter, the graveyard *quiet* of it all begun to give me the creeps. With that dipth of snow pillowin' iverything except for the *whiff-whuff* of the colts' hoofs 'twas so still 'twas like silence listenin' to itsilf. And before long I was fancyin' that *I* cud hear it, too! Now it was a sort of trillin', as if thim bush tunnels were big shells pressed again' my ear. Now it dwindled, murmurin' into nawthin', and now again it samed to swell loud as the '*brill* of one of thim tree-grasshoppers.

"A sicond time I was startin' to tell mesilf what thricks imagination was playin' wid me whin we spid out from a last half-mile stretch of spruce. And thin—well, and thin the inside of my mouth dried up as I opined it! For that sound wasn't like anny from a seashell or a tree-grasshopper *now!* It was a '*yar-yar-yar-r*,' keen and ravenin' and intirely onmistakable! The colts give one lepp forward and I gripped to the leathers as if it was my grip on life itsilf.

"We were nearin' the river thin. And in another mile we wud dip down almost to it at a desarted cove they called Kit's Bay. The road touched its windin's all through the rist of the way. But that was the only place where, for the scrane of shore-growin' cedars, you could raly *see* it. And *there*—though I saw no sign of thim as I flew past—I could make certain the pack was as yet on the other bank. Just past there, too, the line from Sawyer Station turns in. The snow was new bruk; some one was ahid of me, which might mane comp'ny. For thim two raysons, and for another as well, I begun to get some sand back into me. I stiffened mysilf in my sate and talked to the colts—though that unstoppin' '*yar-yar-yar*' talked to thim a lot more to the pur-rpose! And tin minuts after we swung out of the bush again.

"There, in the moonlight ahead, was a man an' horse an' cutther. I knowed that ewe-nicked, piebald mare and cast-off bunk-sleigh in a jiffy. They were Flinton's. For the last month he'd been down at Saginaw, and to-day, beyond a doubt, he'd just come in from the Station.

"Beyond a doubt, too, he'd heard about Lazenby's man; and the yap o' the pack was in his ears as plain as it was in mine. Indade, and he didn't same to hear me for it! He'd jerked the harness from his baste, and wid the over-check in one hand and a fut-and-a-half of ould ar-rmy revolver in the other he was thryin' to mount her. I whipped down alongside of him. And alriddy I'd made up my mind he was goin' to take midicine.

"He wasted no time wid words, but just pushed his gun inty my mitt and started to tumble over the side board.

"I let the colts jump and dropped him sprawlin'. 'So *here's* where we mate again, is it, Mr. Flinton?' I sez.

"'All saints, man—who are ye?' he guthers. He'd loosed his mare and wid one plunge she passed us, peltin' down the road.

At that instant, too, the '*yar-yar-yarrin*'' samed to double in loudness. 'All right!' I yells; 'get in—get in for the minut!'

"In he fell, and I saw that now he knowed me. And as the colts jumped forward and he flattened himself cowerin' under the blankets, I didn't nade to be told what his thoughts were gaggin' to swally.

"'Get in for—for the minut',' he sez, half whimperin'; 'now, what do ye mean by that?'

"'I might mane annything,' sez I between my tathe.

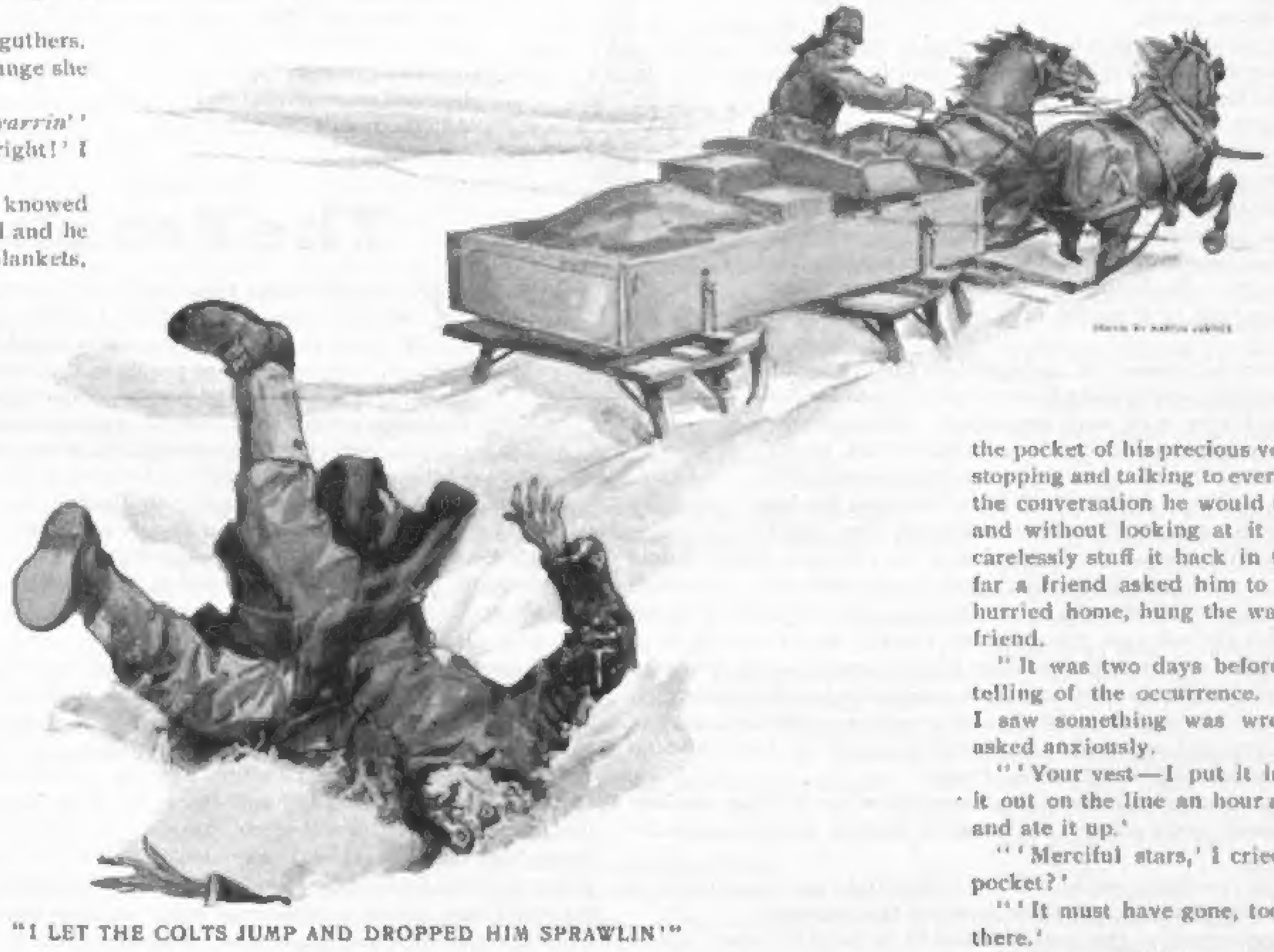
"From over the river that runnin' yelp come on faster an' faster. 'Lord—Lord!' he creaks out, 'they've pulled up almost even now. But they ain't crossed yet. An' when they do they'll lose *some* time on the ice.'

"'Maybe. Maybe,' I sez; 'but they're travelin' faster nor we are!'

"For a space he lay bitin' at his fingers, thryin' not to go back to his fir-rst quistion. But he had to come to it.

"'What—what was you thinkin' of doin' when they begin catchin' up on us?'

"'I'll throw over the fir-rst of my quarters of bafe,' I sez.



"I LET THE COLTS JUMP AND DROPPED HIM SPRAWLIN'"

"'But it wouldn't—it wouldn't take them long to snatch that up, now?'

"'Then I'd throw out the other quarter,' sez I. 'And I'm bound to tell ye, Mr. Flinton, that it wouldn't take thim long to snatch *that* up, nayther!'

"Oh, that hit him all right! He started up on his ilbow and give me a luk that was like a wulf at the throat in itsilf. Hiven forgive the ould sinner his thoughts! But not only did I have his gun but I was thrice his strength, and too well he knowed it!

"'Ye'd hang for it!' he sez; 'ye know ye would!' Hilves an' handles! but he belaved that murderin' wor-rst of me widout one momint's hisitation!

"'Hang for what?' I asks, pullin' in the colts.

"'Divil take ye!' he shrieks, 'what are ye doin' *that* for?'

"'So we can argy at aise,' sez I.

"'Ye ravin' lunytic! Ye drunken thug an' jobbernowl—who wants to argy *now?*'

"'*I* do,' sez I, chucklin' in spite of all, but lettin' the tame have their hid again; 'or I shud say I want to give ye the chanst to make yer last will an' testymint—at laste a par-rt of it!'

"'Will ye go on?'

"'There's poor McGonagle's widdy ye'd like to provide for, wud ye not?'

"At that momint we shot out of another tunnel, and once more that '*yar-yarrin*'' fair doubled in loudness. But for all that I fetched in the colts again. 'I don't ask ye for any writin',' I sez; 'the money itsilf'll do. And well I know ye've got the grane paper on ye!'

"He hild back, wrigglin' an' writhin', and I hild in the tame.

"'Man!' he froths, 'do ye wan't to be devoured yerself?'

"'Better that than I shud fall aught short in my jooty,' I answers, sthraight from the copybook. 'Come out wid yer wallet, now!'

"One sicond, two siconds, three. Thin, 'How much do ye want?' he groans.

"'How can I tell ye that, ye fule,' I sez, 'till I see how much ye've got?' And I sint the colts ahid again. 'Just fitch out the wallet and begin a-countin'!'

"'I kape it sewed up in my waiscot,' he sez; 'I'll do what's right when we get to the shanties.'

"'Ye will not!' sez I; 'here's my knife—wid my other hand touchin' yer weepin', ye mind. Now, go on and rup ye up!'

"And, bedad, if I'd been askin' him to do the hari-kari he couldn't ha' took on more over it!

"But opin an' count he had to. And whin he'd begin pullin' up I wud, too. 'S'truth!' I sez, 'as ye drive yer bargain, so do I drive the tame!' All the same, they were makin' time, though! The snow-scud from their heels wint over our hids in a stiddy pelt. I had to fend it aff wid one glove while I tuk the money wid the other.

"And whin his pur-rse was dthrawn dry—an' just two hundert an' twinty-eight dollars, no less, had been in it!—'Now,' I sez, 'for lack of witnesses I'll betther be one mysilf. Did ye par-rt wid it quite free an' wilcome?'

"'*What?*' he screeches, 'ye dare ask me that?'

"Just as it chanced once more, too, right there the road dipped down to the river again. And this time the yelp of the pack rose like runnin' yer finger up a fiddle-string.

"'Blister yer soul!' crackles Flinton. 'Then I'll say it: it was give to you free an' welcome.'

"'Which I might well have sane for mysilf,' says I, fallin' none behind of him in politeness. And on we lepped again.

"We'd only another mile or so to go, and niver once did I let a wulf git eyes on him. From the top of the nixt hill we cud see his shanties.

"'Ye'll hear about this to-morrah,' he says, grindin' what tathe he had.

"'Now, faith,' I answers, 'if ye're willin' to thrust yersilf widin the swape of threescore MacKinzie ax-hilves, ye're aven more inthrepid than I thought ye! As for yer money, the Widdy McGonagle will have it by the wake ind. Attimpt to take it back and I'll put the matther wid Big Rory. And him I'll back to fight ye an' yer baillies through all the coorts in America!'

"Wid that I made the turn at his shanties, and wid one twist an' fling sint him rowlin' inty the nigh snowbank.

"Nor he niver did get that money back, nayther, though the thryin' afther it he done wud make foor stor-ries more!"

"Well," said Billy Johns, the cook, giving the fire another stir, "that's considerable of a story alone. But I want to say, Mike, that there's one thing appears to me mighty peculiar about it. After bein' scared cold by nothin' at all—when you *did* have somethin' to scare at you seem to 'a' took it pretty cool and collected!"

The big spruce-chopper regarded him with a face full of earnest reflection. "That, my frind, may be because a man's always a hape sight more scared by his fule imagination than by the actyal rayality. But, in addition, as I mintioned at the time, there *was* somethin' ilse: I told ye that I begun to get the sand back inty me afther catchin' a glimpse of the river at Kit's Bay—the only place, ye'll remimber, too, where you raly *cud* see it. Now, for the two wakes follyin' that Januar' thaw—whiles ould Flinton was down at Saginaw—there'd been no *ice* on the Black. And I knowed that onless the cold of that day itsilf had shelled the river over, there wouldn't be anny *thin*. 'Twas only a flyin' luk I got, but 'twas enough to show me fifty yard of inky current, runnin' as swift as it run silent! And 'twas safe wagerin' that it was a fifty yard no wulf wud thry to cross aven for a dinner of man wid bafe on the side. . . . But just as to whither Mr. Flinton knowed the river was like that, o' coorse I wudn't go so far as to take my Bible oath!"

And after that conclusion, for almost two seconds and a half there was a profound silence.

# Undigested Securities

WHEN Opie Read, the veteran humorist, lived at Little Rock, in the early days of the Arkansaw Traveler, which he afterward made famous, he had a love for fine raiment which his resources never allowed him to gratify with more than one gorgeous garment at a time. One summer he had a beautiful white waistcoat with red rose-buds on it, which was his pride and delight. The rest of his clothes were indifferent, but the waistcoat was a joy.

One day a man came in and handed him a ten-dollar bill on an advertising contract. Mr. Read immediately sought the local bank and got it changed into one-dollar bills, which, with four he already had, he rolled up and tucked into the pocket of his precious vest. He then walked about town, stopping and talking to every friend he met. Casually during the conversation he would draw the money from his pocket, and without looking at it unroll it abstractedly, and then carelessly stuff it back in the pocket. Before he had gone far a friend asked him to go on a little hunting trip. He hurried home, hung the waistcoat in a closet and joined his friend.

"It was two days before I got back," says Mr. Read in telling of the occurrence. "My wife met me at the door. I saw something was wrong. 'What has happened?' I asked anxiously.

"'Your vest—I put it in the wash. The laundress hung it out on the line an hour ago, and a stray cow came along and ate it up.'

"'Merciful stars,' I cried, 'what about the money in the pocket?'

"'It must have gone, too. I didn't know there was any there.'

"'But why didn't you look?'

"'My dear, I've been looking in your pockets for money for five years, and have never found a cent. I gave up six months ago.'

"I hunted up the owner of the cow and demanded that the beast be killed and my property rescued. He refused on the ground that he was a poor man, that he had just bought the cow and that all his money was in her. My obvious reply was that all of my money was in her, too, but it failed to move him.

"I went over and abused the cow roundly, she gazing mildly at me. I searched her ribs and even thought I could detect a slight hump, but that was all the satisfaction I ever got. My beautiful vest and my hard-earned roll were gone. It happened too soon.

"If it had been now I could have told the cow to cough up, but the expression hadn't been invented then. I have never fully recovered from the blow."

# COMBINATION AND THE WORKINGMAN

### By Charles R. Flint

THE standard of the highest public achievement is to produce the greatest good to the greatest number. In the industrial world this result is accomplished through the adoption of the most economical methods of production, and the ultimate result is low prices to consumers. Restriction of output by combinations, whether of capital or labor, is against public policy. The destruction of fruit for the purpose of keeping up prices is a simple example of waste, the result of which is a largely increased price to the consumer. A striking example of restricted production was shown in the construction of the Westinghouse plant in England. At the outset, the English masons, under the trades-union limit, laid 350 bricks a day. The American contractor, Stewart, took over American masons and laid 1800 a day, and at the end of six months he increased the number to 2500 a day.

Labor organizations which reduce the output of machinery, or which restrict the output of operatives in any way, are acting against their own interests and the interests of the people at large. Though the trades unions of Europe have been seriously restricting production, the wage-earners of the United States have generally been intelligent enough to recognize that in order to maintain the present high scale of wages they must make up for the great difference between the wages received by them and those paid in the densely-populated countries by producing more. The result has been that our exports of manufactured goods from the United States have more than trebled within the last ten years, while there has been no large percentage of increase from those countries in which wages are over forty per cent. lower than here, but where, by reason of trades unions, production is largely restricted.

One of the reasons why labor organizations have been provoked to act against their own interests in restricting output is the stupid system adopted by so many manufacturers of lowering the rates on "piece-work" as the employees increase production. The wise manufacturer standardizes quality and arrives at a fair price for piece-work by actually timing the operation by an average workman; then the best man earns what he produces above the average man, and the inferior man, falling below the average, receives what he is entitled to, but no more. In many manufactories an increased output by an employee means an immediate reduction in his pay per piece, which is most discouraging to the employee, and which generally results in his failure to turn out all the work that he could produce if properly rewarded; or it results in a restriction of output through a trades union.

A marked illustration of this fact was shown in an important factory in the West where the work was almost all piece-work and where the earnings averaged $4.50 a day. The men struck and new men were employed. Although the piece-work prices were reduced twenty per cent., to the surprise of all, at the end of the week it was found that the new men were earning an average of $9 a day. The employer stated to them that he had been deceived by his old employees through their failure to turn out the amount of work that could have been reasonably produced, and the new men consented that the price per piece should be reduced one-half. They are now working contentedly, averaging $4.50 a day. By standardizing quality, and fixing the price per piece by timing the operation, the condition referred to would have been avoided. *When the price per piece is once fixed it should be held to, so that the workingman feels that he has a certainty in receiving proper compensation for extra effort.* The final result is that the workmen feel that they are getting a fair chance; it encourages extra effort; it means continuous employment, and it removes a serious cause of misunderstanding between employer and employed; it means a larger business and an increased output, which results in a substantial reduction of cost.

The greatest good to the greatest number will never be accomplished by leveling the best workman to the grade of the poorest, inasmuch as that tends to restrict production to the capacity of the poorest workman.

Likewise against public policy is restricted production by large trusts for the purpose of sustaining prices. The result is waste and loss, which is borne by the masses.

At the beginning of the great movement of the consolidation of industrials much apprehension was felt as to whether the effect of centralization would not be to make the so-called trust superior to the natural laws of supply and demand. Time has shown, however, that those industrials which were not wisely organized have been discredited and have not invited investment; that unwise inflation has resulted in lower aggregate prices than would have obtained if the capitalization had been conservative from the beginning. Trusts which have advanced prices have excited competition with equal quality. Trade follows the price and the lowest price makes the market. The public are protected by natural laws.

The use of capital and machinery makes work more effective and accomplishes the greatest production through the least labor. In England, before the invention of the spinning-jenny, there were 5200 spinners and 2700 weavers. Ten years later there were 105,000 spinners and 247,000 weavers. In 1830 there were in the United States 801 cotton factories with $40,000,000 capital. In 1880 there were 756 factories with $208,000,000 capital. In 1900 the result of this change was that three times as many spindles were operated by each laborer, the product for each spindle was one-fourth greater, the product per dollar investment was doubled, the consumption of cloth was doubled, *wages were doubled*, and the number of persons employed more than doubled. In 1880 the weaver could buy ten yards of cloth for his week's wages; in 1890 he could buy at least 150 yards.

In the countries of large capital, and particularly where capital is most concentrated, wages are higher and the condition of the workingman beyond comparison better than in the countries where capital is small and not concentrated. Economy of production, one of the principal benefits of consolidation, requires the selection of intelligent workingmen and the payment of good wages, by which alone can good work be secured.

Our fathers worked harder, earned smaller wages, and most of the comforts now enjoyed by the workingman were considered luxuries by our ancestors. Where capital is small business is not progressive, products are dearer and wages lower, with more laborers seeking employment than there are places to fill.

There is to-day living in the mountains of the Southern States a population exceeding that of New York City. Their ancestors were of good birth, and started on equal terms with other American settlers. Coal and timber exist in tremendous quantities in their mountains, but these people do not utilize them. They are without the benefits of capital and the consequent benefits of combination and resultant machinery, railroads and commerce. The introduction of capital and modern industrial methods into that portion of our country is raising the standard of living and giving to those people pleasures and benefits of living of which they knew but little.

Industrial conditions would not be bettered by government control. Government control in the past has tended to corruption. When the contest in trade has been transferred from the mart to the lobby of Congress the effect has been to debase the standards which should prevail at the centre of government. At present the best conditions for this new and rapidly-developing country arise through the impulse given by individual enterprise, and the best results will come through free and unrestricted development without government interference. "Let every American pull his own weight."

# The Promising Pecan

ONE of the most remarkable agricultural awakenings of recent years is in regard to the possibilities of pecan cultivation. "Few investments," said Dr. William C. Stubbs, Director of the Louisiana University and Agricultural College, "promise larger profits in the future, especially to a young man, than an orchard of well-selected pecans, properly cared for up to the time of bearing." Although every one is familiar with pecan nuts, few consumers thus far have had the pleasure of getting nuts grown from grafted trees. Over ninety-five per cent. of the pecans on the market are grown from seedling trees, and it is learned that the best varieties of cultivated pecans are selling at times at no less than $2.50 the pound, nor can the supply at all meet the remarkable demand which has recently been created for this nut. Although $2.50 is an exceptional price, the best varieties seldom bring less than fifty cents, and $1 the pound is a common market rate. These prices are in marked contrast to that brought by the ordinary seedling pecan, which sells as low as five cents the pound.

The opportunities in pecan orcharding have so awakened interest in this tree that adventurers have gone into the swamps and open lands along the Mississippi and Missouri and have brought out thousands of young seedling pecans, pig nuts, bitter nuts and even fig trees, and have delivered them to unsuspecting purchasers.

The widespread interest in this tree has caused the Government and a number of the States to take the matter up, and there is now at hand a scientific era in the cultivation of the pecan which gives absolute promise of creating a new and very profitable industry throughout the alluvial part of the lower Mississippi, up the Missouri nearly to Kansas City, in parts of the Ohio Valley, in Indiana, in Florida and other Gulf States, including south-eastern Texas, and in a number of other sections throughout the United States.

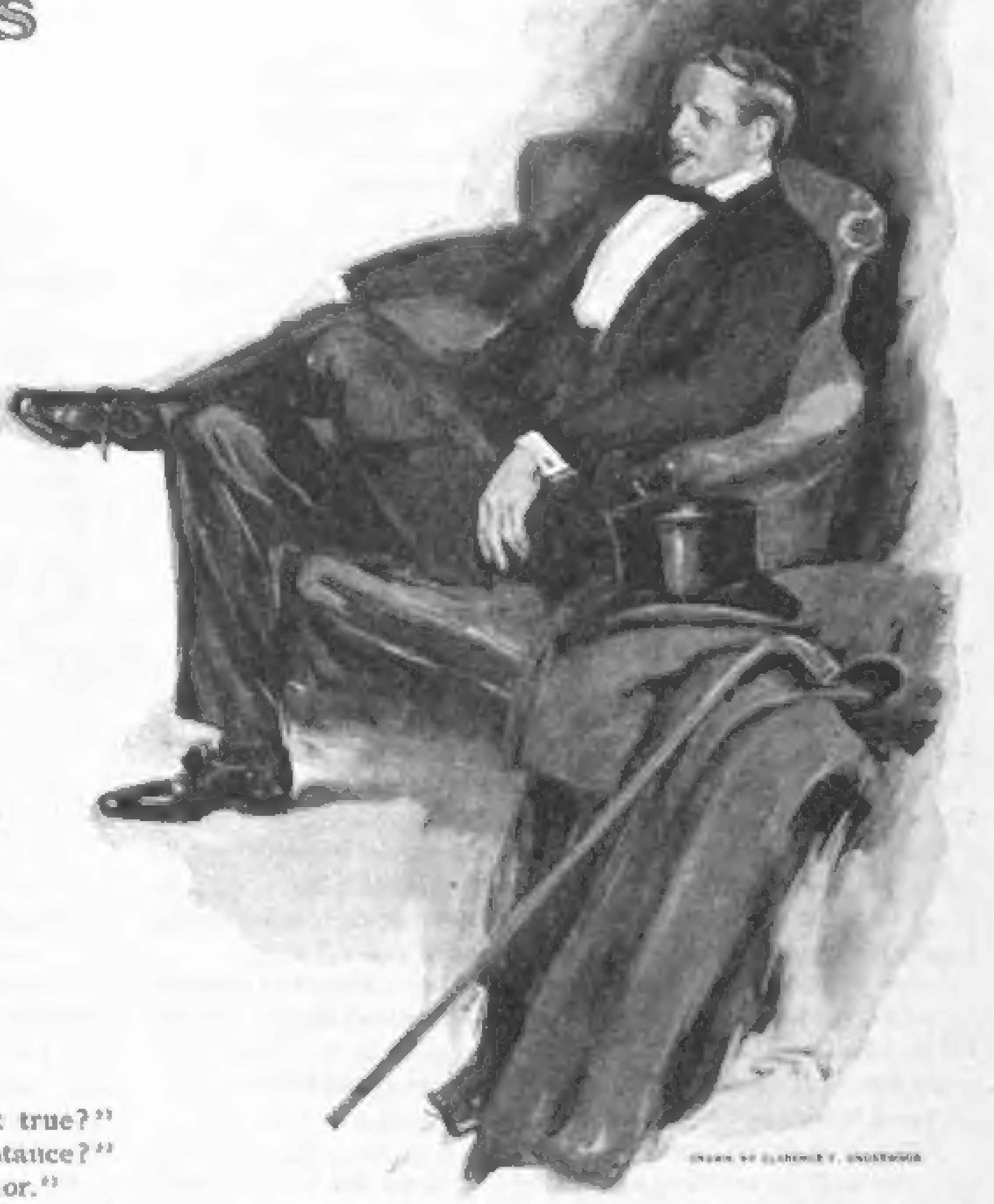
Hitherto there have been many mistaken ideas in regard to the cultivation of the pecan. It has long been supposed, for example, that the tap-root of the tree must not be removed in transplanting. It was seriously accepted by practical men that the removal of this root would render the tree useless except as an ornament. Experts have now shown that pecans with the tap-root removed have been so heavily loaded with nuts that the branches have broken down, and Dr. Harold Hume urges farmers to lay aside this superstition which has operated to retard the transplanting and extension of the pecan tree.

It has also been found difficult hitherto to bud and graft the pecan, and it has been so difficult to work over old trees that it was believed by many that it was not to be accomplished successfully. Agricultural experts have now devised methods and appliances through which they are enabled to give assurance that the oldest and most unprofitable seedlings can be made to yield soft-shell and highly marketable nuts. Included in these newly-perfected devices is a budding-knife so constructed to meet the peculiar horticultural demands of the pecan scion that instead of making it a question of great difficulty to prepare the tree which is to be budded or grafted, the work can be readily accomplished by a mere novice. Although there has been failure in most of the attempts to work over old trees, the agricultural scientists now announce that with carefully-selected buds inserted by the new method every section of bark will unite and the tree will soon be yielding nuts commanding a high price.

# The Retroactive Wager

## A Point of Honor that was Decided Out of Court

### By Hamblen Sears


DRAWN BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

GARDNER SAT LATE THAT NIGHT IN THE CLUB WITH A MEDITATIVE CIGAR

"AS A RULE, John, I'm not given to making bets about a lady, especially in a club, even if ——"

"Oh, don't put on your company airs, man. You make a bald statement that any woman is glad to run at fifty or more to the hour ——"

"I do."

"And I say I'll bet you an even three hundred that I know one you can't get to go twenty miles in two hours."

"And I say 'stuff,' Johnny. They don't make 'em."

"Well, Stanley, I repeat ——"

"Is she near here?"

"She's coming to visit the Braveurs, I think, about now."

"She's a — she's well bred and all that?"

"Good Lord, man, she's beautiful, high bred and, as you say, I think she's game."

"Who is it?"

"Miss Eleanor Marsten."

The curtain, moved by the night wind, stirred behind them as they sat on the Naugatuck Club piazza. Neither took note of it as they smoked in silence.

"All right, then; as I don't know her I'll call your little bluff."

"Good! It's a go, then. This is the tenth of July. If on August 10 at — let's see, it's nine o'clock now — if at nine o'clock on the night of August 10 you have not carried Miss Eleanor Marsten twenty miles in two hours, or less, in your darned old filthy-smelling engine, you, Stanley Gardner, pay me three hundred here at the club at five minutes after. If, on the other hand, you do, I present you with a check for the same amount."

"Done," said Gardner, as a rustle behind them which they took to be the wind gave the only sign of the hasty movement of a slight figure that moved across the room and out upon the back lawn.

"So, Mr. Stanley Gardner," breathed the soul of the girl as she almost ran toward the Braveurs' house, "so Mr. Stanley Gardner, whoever you may be, you bet that I will ride in your — your unmentionable engine! — that I will ride with *you!* We'll see! we'll see, Mr. Stanley Gardner! Oh, to think of it!" And she stopped on the dark lawn and put both hands to her face — "To think of it! — the insult — the dirt-commonness of two men betting about me in a club — in a *club!*" A small foot came down upon the unoffending grass — "Oh, it is dreadful! dreadful!"

Mrs. Braveur looked up from her book as the girl entered the library.

"Did you get your cloak — Eleanor!" she cried suddenly. "What is the matter? Have you seen a ghost?"

"No, dear, not exactly. I ran over the lawn and left your respected husband talking."

"Jim ought to be ashamed of himself for letting you come over alone."

"Oh, I don't need a man to look out for *me!*" said Miss Marsten meaningly. "All men are beasts, I think."

"Eleanor!"

"Dear Lucy, I don't refer to your Jim. He hadn't the least idea I was going to run away. In fact, I suppose he's waiting there for me now."

"I'm glad you don't include poor Jim among your beasts," and Mrs. Braveur looked pensive for a moment.

"They are beasts — dreadful reptiles!"

"Why, Eleanor Marsten!"

There was a moment's pause.

"Lucy, who is Stanley Gardner?"

"Stanley? Why he lives at the club a good deal, sometimes at his sister's, Mrs. Winthrop; he's ——"

"Is he a decent person?"

"Dear child, what do you mean? Stanley is a hard-working, wealthy bachelor, and he's certainly no beast. He's a very good catch. I like him very ——"

"You *like* him?"

"I should say I did!" laughed Lucy, looking up at her husband as he came in and laying her hand softly on his sleeve. "If I hadn't seen Jim first there's no knowing what might have happened."

"Jingo!" said Braveur. "What I've missed!"

"Jim dear, that isn't nice!"

A servant stood in the doorway.

"Talk of devils," muttered Braveur, as Miss Marsten straightened and Mrs. Braveur looked up quickly. "Halloa, Gardner!"

"Am I too late to come in for a moment?" asked the visitor as the introductions took place. "There's an avalanche on the way over from the club." And in walked three other men. It seemed warm in the house and they all moved to the piazza, where Gardner found himself seated by the young woman he had just met.

"Ever been to Naugatuck before, Miss Marsten?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, but not in the last three years," said she. "Not since the club was built."

"It's a great addition, isn't it?"

"Is it?" asked she doubtfully.

"*Is* it? I should say it was. You don't see the advantage of it."

"Well, no," and she spoke slowly as if weighing her words. "Such a place collects a lot of clubmen who — who rather spoil the quiet life here, I think."

"Heavens! You don't like us, then?"

"You? I spoke of ——"

"I'm one of the ——"

"Oh, do you live there? Well, you see, men are such dreadful things ——" And she looked straight at him in the half light, clasping her hands over her knees.

"Heavens!" said he.

"They're such drinkers and smokers and card players and — and gamblers, aren't they?"

"It wouldn't do for me to contradict," and he smiled at her.

"Do you gamble?" asked the soft-voiced maiden.

"You wouldn't believe me if I said I didn't."

"You wouldn't tell me, I'm sure, if it were not true?"

"Are you so sure after three minutes' acquaintance?"

"Oh, but men are such staunch followers of honor."

"Miss Marsten — my first confidence" — and he leaned toward her as the others talked on — "men are beasts."

"That's just what I said!" cried she suddenly.

"Just what you *what?*"

"I mean — that's the usual verdict, isn't it?"

"Are you a man-hater, Miss Marsten?"

"Do I look it, Mr. Gardner?"

"You look — you look — Miss Marsten, it won't do for me to give you my second confidence, at all events not after three minutes' acquaintance."

"The beasts flatter now and then?"

"The beasts — dear me, that's a terrible name for us."

"You used it first."

"Only generically."

"You're an exception yourself, then?"

"Every one likes to think he is — he is ——"

"Without conceit, say?"

"Did you have wormwood for dinner, Miss Marsten?"

"I had something afterward that would make any woman bitter."

"Can't I add some sugar?"

"How ridiculous! Don't you play polo, or shoot, or — or automobile?"

Stanley stiffened for a moment and gave a quick look at the girl's face. It showed only polite and inquiring interest. After a moment he looked out into the night and said he liked all these sports.

"Do you really run an automobile all yourself?" she asked with renewed interest.

"Yes," a little absently.

"I *love* it!" said the girl enthusiastically.

Another searching look at the girl. This was the maiden John said hated automobiles. It was a beastly thing to bet about a girl. He was a cad ——

"Won't you take me out some time? I'm going to be here a whole month," and again the fair head bent forward as she clasped her knees and looked straight at him. Stanley squirmed again. He would see John in the morning and call that bet off.

"Will you?" persistently.

"Why, of course," said he quickly, "if you like it. I shall be delighted."

"Is your — machine fast?"

"Sixty-horse power, good for sixty-five miles an hour."

"Splendid! I want to go. Will you take me?"

"Certainly. When?"

"You don't seem very enthusiastic."

"Of course I am," said he, waking up again.

"How would Wednesday afternoon do?"

"I'll be ready," and he rose with the others to go.

The next day, Tuesday, he came over to tea — to arrange about the ride. Wednesday he came at noon to say that the car was out of order and could not be used — and stayed to luncheon. Thursday he dined with the Braveurs, and Braveur remarked to his wife that he'd never seen so much of Gardner before. Finally on Saturday, urged to it each day, he ran the huge car up to the door with a hangdog look that sent a little thrill through a young person in a long brown coat and big hat who came out at the throbbing of the engine. When she saw the car she shuddered involuntarily and turned white.

"Heavens!" she gasped. "What a terrible looking thing! Only two people can ride?"

"That's all," said he. "Perhaps we'd better — er — put it off."

"But what an enormous one."

"It's a racing machine, Miss Marsten." And he smiled grimly. "These two handles on the arms of the seat are for you to hold on to. Shall I get out and stay a little?"

"No, no!" cried the frightened girl. "I want — I'm crazy to go — go fast!" And in she stepped.

They ran out over the smooth stone roads, making a long circuit; the one frightened but determined, the other more and more miserable, but with a new determination in his face. John should not, could not, know. That was all. And so they had done fifteen miles in a little less than an hour, when the girl gave an exclamation. He looked at her face and suddenly brought the car to a standstill.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously.

"I don't know. I think — I think I'm a little — faint."

"Curse the machine!" he muttered. And then suddenly, "We're right by the Altwood Inn. We'll stop there."

She nodded. They moved slowly forward, turned a corner and ran up to the door of a small ivy-covered house.

"Parton," cried Stanley. "Where's your wife? Miss Marsten feels faint."

"Oh, don't do anything, please," cried the girl. "I'm all right. I ——"

"Get out at once, Miss Marsten," said he sternly, and he practically carried her into the little unused parlor. Once she looked at his face and that disturbing thing called conscience stirred for an instant within her. Protest as she might, however, good old Mrs. Parton brought whisky, tea, little slices of bread, cushions and Heavens knows what. Then at her request Stanley came in.

"Better?" he asked.

"Quite recovered," she answered coldly. "How far did we run?"

"Fifteen in fifty-eight minutes."

"How unfortunate that we did not make an even twenty."

The man turned abruptly to her, but the side of her face told him nothing. He made no reply.

"It is wonderful," said she, without turning around.

"Yes."

"Fascinating."

"Yes."

"Every woman is a natural gambler ——" in the same tone.

"What?"

"Only controlled by civilization ——"

"Miss Marsten ——"

"In fact all women like chance and risks and most of 'em are game." She seemed to be reciting a lesson well learned, as she gazed out of the window. There was no sound in the room for a moment.

"Miss Marsten ——"

"Yes?"

"You have heard those words before."

"Yes."

"You have heard me say them."

"Yes."

"You heard me make a wager about you."

"Yes."

"You heard me bet that I would take you twenty miles in two hours."

She turned slowly around on him.

"Yes, Mr. Gardner, I did."

The sight of his face startled her. He got up and walked across the room and came back standing before her.

"You know, then, that I am a cad, and by ——! I know it now, too!"

"It seems you add swearing to your other virtues," she said coldly.

"I beg your pardon. I—I didn't really know what I was saying," and with an apology he left the room for a moment. When he came back she looked at him with another expression in her face.

"Do you feel well enough to start back?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, oh yes," she answered a little uncertainly. Something frightened her.

At the door of the inn stood a horse and runabout.

"But where is the automobile?"

"We will drive home."

"We will do nothing of the sort!" And her voice rose to a higher pitch.

"We must. The car is broken down."

"Mr. Gardner, that is not the truth."

"I beg of you to drive home."

"How far is it?"

"Not far."

"*How far is it?*"

"Eighteen miles."

"How ridiculous!" cried the girl in a trembling voice, putting her hand quickly to her lips. "I—I will go in the automobile, or walk."

He turned quickly toward her, but something in her eyes made him stop, as she said in a strained voice:

"Are you chivalrous enough this time to consider a woman's feelings?"

Without a word he signed to the man to lead the horse aside, went to the machine and brought it to the steps. He helped her in, got in himself and the car moved slowly homeward.

Twice she spoke in an uncertain voice. Twice he answered quietly but in a way that closed the subject. Neither spoke again till they ran up to the Braveurs' door. Instead of getting out she brushed the dust absently from her lap and without raising her eyes said:

"You haven't been very entertaining coming home, have you?"

"I—I—shall I help you out?"

"Are you angry?" looking now up at him.

"Angry!" cried the man. "How could I be?"

"Are you sorry?" smiling a little doubtfully at him.

He turned to her and something in his glistening black eyes made her hold the look.

"Miss Marsten, if I could ever tell you how I regret the thing—really, if I could in any way—you would not begin to understand even then how thoroughly I've learned my lesson. I—good-night!" he added abruptly, and she stood on the steps watching the monster swing out of the avenue and fly toward the road. And standing there she said to herself: "I wonder if it paid, after all."

## *II*

"YOU answer letters promptly, don't you?" said Eleanor a week later.

"I have been away," and he watched her carefully as she gave him a slender hand to hold a moment.

"Where?"

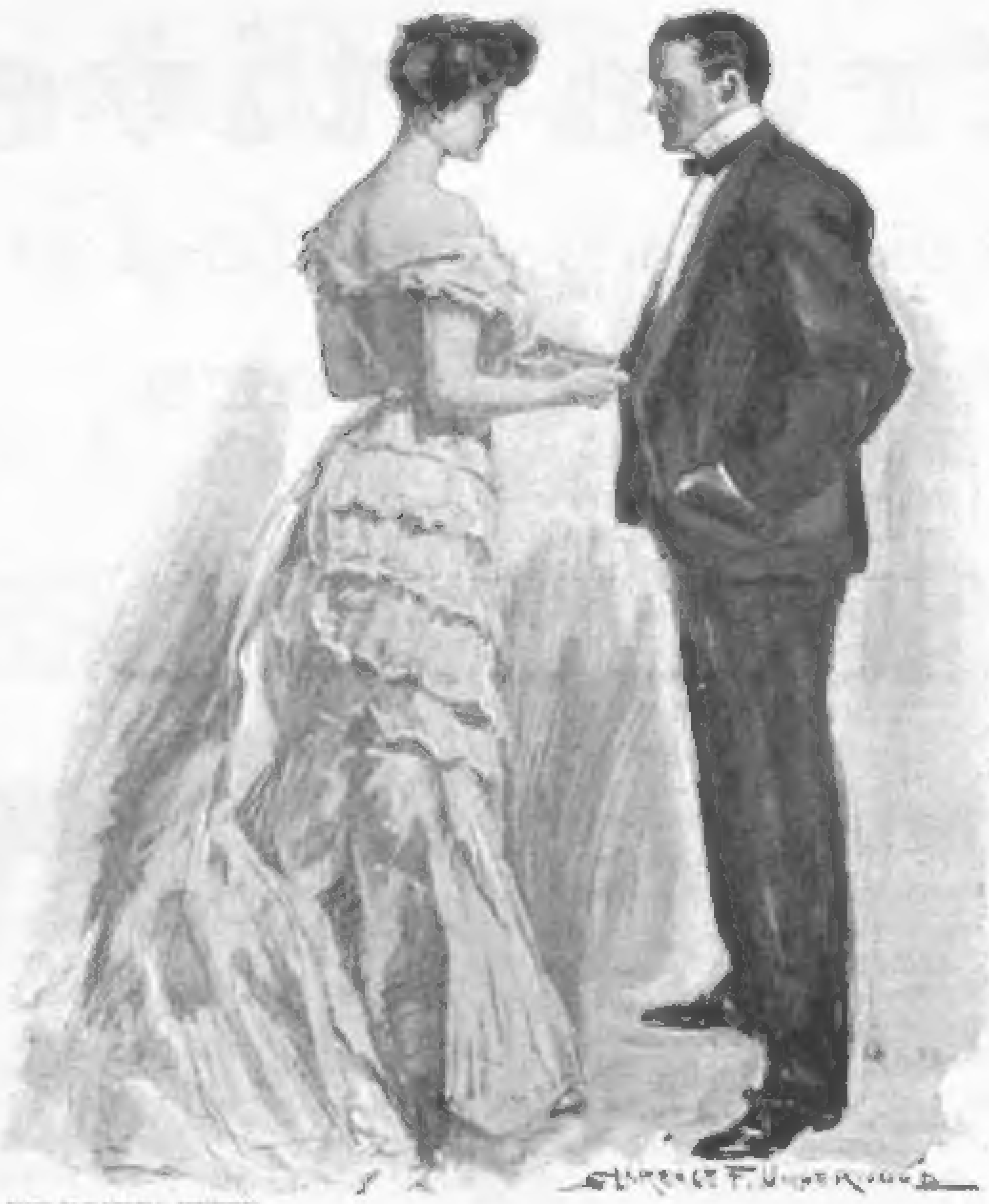
"On a pilgrimage."

"Why didn't you come here sooner when you knew—after ——"

"Because I've been away," he answered quietly.

"Would you have come now if I had not written you?"

"Do you think I would?"



DRAWN BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

YET THERE WAS SOMETHING IN THE MAN'S FACE THAT MADE HER LOOK DOWN AT THE MONEY SHE HELD

"Then you are here against your will?"

"Common politeness—you know ——"

"Your idea of politeness varies."

"Did you send for me to probe ——"

"I didn't send for you."

"I mean ——"

"I wrote for Lucy to say that she would be glad to see you at tea this afternoon. She was so busy she couldn't ——"

He looked around the veranda.

"Is she still busy? Halloa, John!"

The newcomer shook hands, sat down and took his tea like a little man.

"We were discussing the value of having employment, John, when you joined us."

"Ah, were you? You didn't appear to be pushing any job very hard yourselves."

"Employment in others, John." Gardner corrected mildly.

"It's pretty near time for you to get busy on our little matter." Gardner's manner changed immediately.

"Let it rest, John," said he.

"Oh, well, I must have my little fun. Don't you think so, Miss Marsten?"

"I suppose so, though I'm at sea now."

"Well, Stanley"—Gardner made a sudden movement—"it's all right, old man—merely generalities—Stanley, you see, Miss Marsten, made a wager with me to do something or pay up in a month"—an imperceptible shade passed over Miss Marsten's face; "then he comes to me next day and says the bet is off. I say 'no.' He says 'yes.' Then he offers to pay up the bet now and call it off. I am fair. I say 'no,' again. I'll give him the whole month. And now—well, look at him! I can't get any fun out of him. He's mad."

A sudden light appeared in the girl's eyes.

"Did he try to call the bet off?"

"Yes. Low down, wasn't it?"

"Very low down," said Eleanor, the light growing in her eyes and a smile playing about her lips. "And he wants to pay up?"

"Sure! Two days later—willing to give three hundred to 'call the thing off,' as he put it."

"John, if you had any sense of decency you'd shut up."

"Haven't any, old man. Bad sporting spirit, wasn't it, Miss Marsten?"

"Very bad," and she smiled softly.

"You wouldn't do it, would you?" said John.

"Never!" And the girl shook her head.

"May I have some more tea?" interrupted Stanley stiffly.

"Nerves!" said John to her in a stage whisper. "He's trying tannin."

"I think something must be the matter with his nerves, really," said Eleanor.

"Most decidedly."

"Because I hear he is a great automobilist and he only took me one ride, and then stopped before we got half-way and tried to drive home in a carriage."

"Did he really?" said John, looking at Gardner with a grin.

"Yes! And now he won't take me at all."

"The motor's out of order," said Stanley quietly.

"You're an idiot, Stan."

"Why?" asked Miss Marsten blandly.

"Why—why, because —— But I thought you hated motoring."

"How extraordinary! Why, I love it. Every woman at heart loves risks and high speed."

John whistled softly and looked at Gardner again.

"What's the matter with the car?" he asked.

"Diaphragm."

"How long does it take to get another?" asked Eleanor.

"About a week. Are you going over to the polo this afternoon?"

Miss Marsten laughed. "Yes, I believe Jim is driving us all over if there's room. You two are coming to dinner to-night?"

"I'm afraid I can't," said Stanley lamely.

"And you, Mr. Fredericks?"

"Of course. Never decline a dinner with good food and good company."

"You might put us first," said she.

As they went out she turned to Stanley and said gently:

"You came to tea at my request. Would it be straining the influence too much if a dinner request comes from the same source?"

"Would it be too much to ask if the request comes from the heart of the source?"

"Yes, it would."

"Would it be discourteous to say that if the source lies among bitter-root, I'm not man enough to taste its waters."

"Perhaps—maybe the source—how do you know that it does not lie among violets?"

"I haven't yet ——"

"Smelt the violets?"

"Well, that is a little ——"

"Come and make a try—will you?" she asked softly.

"I'm a coward, Miss Marsten."

"So I see," said she, smiling brightly at him.

"You think violets bloom there?"

"How can I tell? Faint heart never picked them."

"Then I'll be brave."

"And come?"

"And come."

With a little involuntary movement she held out her hand to him. He took it, raised it, and then, straightening quickly, dropped it and was gone.

As she stood before the long mirror in her room just before dinner she smiled. She almost laughed. Then a bright little glow spread over her face and neck. She shook her finger at the flushed face in the mirror, gave a little feminine touch to her hair, and ran down to the drawing-room smiling still.

Gardner sat late that night in the club with a meditative cigar. Suddenly there came a telephone call for him to come over to the Braveurs' at once. He hurriedly put on his hat and crossed the lawn. In the library sat Mrs. Braveur in great distress. Jim walked the floor.

"Here he is at last," cried Lucy, jumping up. "Jim, tell him quick," and the young wife's anxious face was full of startled surprise and grief.

"Eleanor Marsten's had a telegram. Here it is—from some one at that hotel in Brenton—what's the name ——"

"Waldemere?"

"That's it. You see it says, 'General Marsten has met with a serious accident. Come at once. An hour may make difference.' I'd like to kick the dodo that sent that tactless thing."

"Where's El—er—Miss Marsten?" demanded Stanley abruptly.

"Upstairs—collapse—crazy—gone off her nerve. But Stanley, here's the point. She can't get there till nine to-morrow morning. She's got to go in to New York and then run down on the other line. So Lucy's got a brave idea. You are to run her over now in your auto."

For an instant he hesitated. "Have you asked her?"

"Asked her, man! Good Lord! She's got two maids trying to keep her alive now. I thought she had more nerve." A telephone bell rang. "There! wait, that's the Waldemere. I'm trying to find out more." In a moment he returned. "Of course the thing's out of order. Well, what do you say, Stan?"

"Why, if Miss Marsten wants to go I'm ready, of course."

"Get here as soon as you can, then. She'll go, never fear. She wanted to drive, or walk, or crawl there a minute ago."

Gardner was gone before he'd finished. Twenty minutes later the huge machine with its two acetylene eyes stopped at the door.

"Don't try too much speed, Stan," called Jim, as he and his wife watched the searchlights spring from tree to tree as they moved out of the avenue.

They were in the road in a few moments. Then he turned to Miss Marsten. "Listen carefully now, please. Hold hard with that hand—so—now take hold of this bulb—that's it—press it"—a hoarse note sounded—"and again. Keep pressing that every few seconds. If anything goes wrong touch my arm. I can't pay any attention to you at all. Can you stand it?"

"Yes," said a voice that vibrated with emotion.

"Will you stop me if I go too fast?"

"Yes. But please go —— Oh, won't you get me there?"

"Never fear, Miss Marsten," he answered grimly. "I'll get you there or bust."

The car jumped forward an instant; then again to a faster speed, and then with a wild whirr it seemed to fly from a stationary position as he pushed the lever forward to the fourth gear. The man leaned low over his wheel with his eyes fastened on the stretch of road that showed before the lamps. The girl crouched against him involuntarily.

A hand suddenly closed over hers in the darkness; lifted it and placed it on the horn bulb. Immediately she remembered and began squeezing it, her eyes fixed on the bright spot of road, too. Everywhere, all else was blackness. Suddenly into the light rushed something, and after it was gone she remembered that it was a cart with one horse.

There appeared to be no wind, no noise, no light nor darkness—nothing on earth but that white streak of road, always the same, into which flew a house, a fence, a tree, a cart that was gone before it could be recognized or placed in her brain. It seemed as if she could not stand the strange silence. There was no world except within the car. There was nothing behind, only always something unknown in front—the strange, fascinating chance of something that might come into that white area and for once be dead ahead instead of on one side. It seemed as if she could not bear it. She wanted to cry out. She did.

"Do I blow hard enough?"

The round-shouldered figure beside her never moved.

She spoke again louder.

Not a change. He sat perfectly still, his right hand on the emergency brake, his left hand on the wheel, his jaw set, his eyes at the mark where the bright spot constantly opened new roadbed.

She touched his arm almost unconsciously.

Instantly the brake went down, the power off, and the hot monster came to a panting rest so suddenly that it threw her forward on the motor.

"Oh!" cried the girl.

"What is it?" asked Stanley sharply.

"Why—why—I don't know—I wondered if I blew the horn often enough."

"What's the real trouble?" he demanded.

"I don't know—I think"—and she turned her veiled face to him—"I think I was lonely. Can't you—er—talk?"

"Talk! Why, good Heavens, girl, if there was the least turn of this wheel—the least bit of slippery road—any kind of man, woman, child, cart—anything coming along, we would"—and he laughed hoarsely—"we'd never know what hit us." She shuddered. "But don't you worry. Keep on blowing the horn. Now, look out!" And the huge monster flew on again through the night, rattling and wheezing, and giving forth a hoarse cry under the pressure of a young girl's hand.

Suddenly a hand grasped hers and held the horn; Stanley straightened in his seat, turned his ear forward, and sat still as they flew along. She did not move and in a moment he released her hand. In a dull way she wondered why he did it—and they flew over a railroad crossing.

A light or two appeared in the black wall which only their lanterns pierced—the crank moved—they slowed down and then seemed to fly through a little village.

Darkness again, and the same dread of the loneliness and the black, silent, hunch-backed figure beside her. The machine slowed—stopped—Gardner got out.

"What is it?" whispered the terrified girl.

"Spark's working bad," he muttered.

"Oh!" said she, understanding nothing.

She watched six minutes tick off on the clock. "Where are we?" she asked.

"Just outside Woodville," he answered from the front of the car. Then as he got in again, "Hold hard, now. We've got a perfectly level road for nearly all the rest of the way."

With a touch of the crank and a word of encouragement to her they were off again. The two bent forward, the horn screamed on through the night, and nothing but the fascination of that stream of light interested her until many lights showed far ahead and he slowed down to a speed that seemed like crawling. She turned to him.

"Brenton," he called to her and before she could even congratulate herself on being through with it they ran into a great court and pulled up at the steps of a hotel.

### III

"WELL, Stanley, you've got five minutes," said John. Gardner merely shrugged his shoulders.

John was celebrating the tenth of August by giving a dinner at the Naugatuck Club to a few people, including Jim and Mrs. Braveur and Miss Marsten. John had been snubbed once or twice within the last two weeks, and Stanley had at last given up trying to do anything but wait till the time was up and then pay and get the thing over with. Something interested him now much more than bets.

"What was that?" Miss Marsten asked, turning with a smile to her host.

"He's got that bet with me that's up at five minutes past nine to-night."

"Tell me the bet," pleaded the young girl.

"Never'd do," said John.

"By the way, Mr. Gardner, the other night when you took me over to the Waldemere on that terribly exaggerated telegram, how far did we go?"

Stanley moved uneasily.

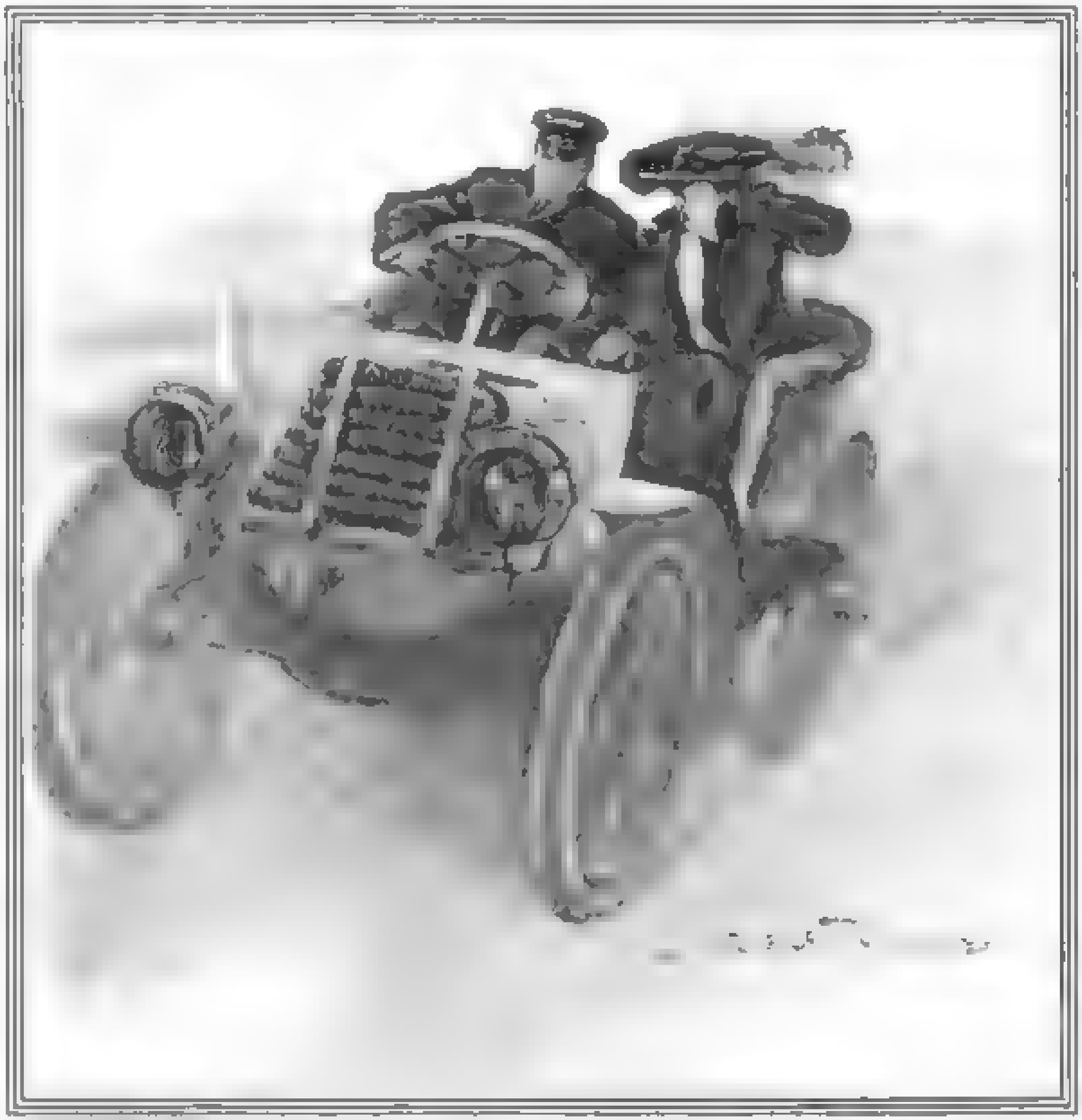
"Why, I don't quite remember."

"Mr. Gardner! You don't remember that ride?"

"Of course I do."

"How far did we go?"

"I really don't know," said Stanley.



THE CAR JUMPED FORWARD TO FORTY-FIVE MILES

"It's a good sixty miles," said John. "Did you go in Stanley's auto?"

"Yes."

"Did Stanley run it?"

"I really don't remember," said the young girl merrily. "Did you run it, Mr. Gardner?"

He looked across the table at her reproachfully.

"Did you?" She was without mercy.

"Yes."

"And how long did it take?" asked John anxiously.

"Three hours and a half," said Stanley promptly.

"That's not true," cried the girl, surprised for the moment out of herself. "It took us just one hour and fifty-three minutes, Mr. Fredericks," and she bowed formally to him.

"Stanley, is that so?" cried John.

"Will you deny that I tell the truth, sir?" And the girl's face and voice were full of merriment again.

"Come, Stan, speak up!" cried John.

"It wouldn't be polite, John, to contradict——"

"Did you do sixty in 1.53?"

"Oh, never mind; I'm interested in Mr. Gardner's bet. When does he win or lose?" And Miss Marsten's face was a study.

"Why—why"—began the bewildered John—"he's got a couple of minutes yet," and as they rose from the table she turned to him and asked blandly, "Won't you tell me what the bet is?"

"Stan," said John in the smoking room, "here's your three hundred."

"It isn't mine, John. I didn't earn it. Take it to Miss Marsten; she's out on the piazza. She'll understand."

"Good Lord, man, did she know?"

"Give it to her and say I said it wasn't mine."

In a moment John returned.

"She wants you out there—and I say, Stan, she took it all right, but I'll be——"

Gardner did not wait.

On the piazza he could not find her. He moved to the further end. Out on the lawn he saw a white gown disappearing toward the Braveur house, evidently in some haste. He ran forward and as he caught up to her she stopped as if out of breath.

"Miss Marsten, will you answer me one question?"

"Here are three hundred dollars that belong to you," said she, holding the money toward him but without looking at him.

"Will you answer me one question?" he persisted.

"Will you take this—this blood money?"

"No, I won't."

"Then I won't answer any question," and she started to move on.

"Wait a moment! Please!" he asked, following by her side.

"Well, sir," and she stopped suddenly and looked straight into his eyes. Yet there was something in the man's face that made her look down.

"Will you answer me one question?"

"Why should I answer a question from a man who—makes bets——"

"Look at me!"

"I won't."

He took the hand that held the money.

"Was your father ill at all?"

She tried to draw her hand away.

"Was he?"

"Not very. But——"

"Did he send that telegram?"

"I will not——"

"*Did* he?"

"No," with hanging head.

"Was he at the hotel at all—stop, Eleanor, you can't get away, I've got you now. Tell me—you bad child—was he at the hotel at all?"

She stood quite still now.

"No."

"Why did you do it?"

She moved away from him, alert, like a bird ready to fly at the first chance.

"I didn't like being bet about," she murmured. "It was——"

"Why did you send that bogus telegram?"

No answer, only a guilty but instantly defeated movement toward escape.

"Did you want me to win it?"

"I—I thought—it was a good deal of money——"

"By George," cried the man, "you've got more nerve than any girl I ever knew. Eleanor!"

No answer.

"*Eleanor!*"

She looked up at him.

He raised the hand gently to his lips. "Am I really worth it?"

Down went the eyes again; she looked uncertainly at the money.

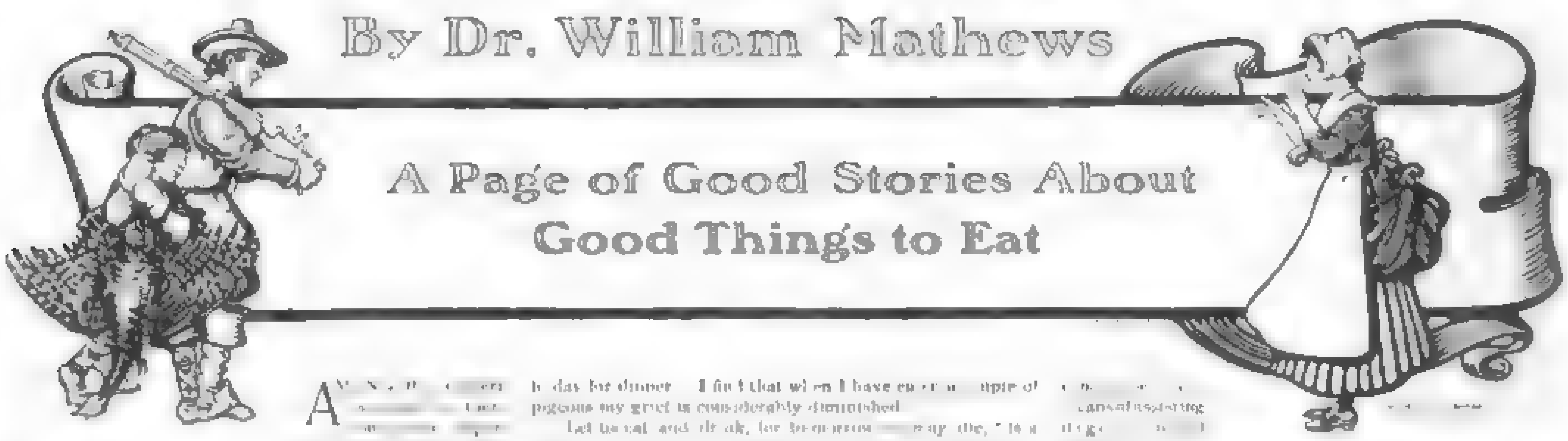
"Shall we spend it together?" said he. No answer. "For a ring?"

"Oh, no!" quickly.

"Why not?"

"Because it's a gambling—oh, I can't help it! I can't——" cried the girl suddenly. "We'll spend it for anything you like, dear."

# Gastronomy and Gastronomes



### By Dr. William Mathews

## A Page of Good Stories About Good Things to Eat

A[illegible] important than Gastronomy, or the science of good eating? When we think how much not only human happiness, but human health and capability, depends upon it—that good cookery is only another name for health, temperance and longevity—it seems hardly possible to exaggerate its importance. A celebrated Frenchman, M. Henrion de Pansey, was so impressed by this truth that he once said to three of the most eminent men of science of his day that the discovery of a new dish is a far more important event than the discovery of a star, "for we always have stars enough, but we cannot have too many dishes."

"Tell me what you eat," says an old adage, "and I will tell you what you are." Hippocrates, the most eminent physician of antiquity, went so far as to assert that the mental differences in men are owing to the differences in the food they consume. Mr. Buckle, the learned author of the History of Civilization, contends that the destiny of nations depends upon what they eat.

Why did the ancient Egyptians become a nation of slaves to build pyramids and hew from the Syene granite stupendous monuments to the inexorable will of their masters? Because they lived upon rice. To what were the overwhelming victories of Clive, Hastings and Cornwallis in India chiefly due but to the inevitable superiority of a beef-eating nation to one fed on rice and ghee? It was the "great shins of beef" devoured by the English bowmen of Crécy and Agincourt that enabled them to conquer the soup-eating Frenchmen in those famous fights. Who can estimate how many defeats in modern battles have had their source in an ill-cooked meal or an overtaxed biliary duct? On three memorable occasions—at Leipsic, Borodino and Dresden—the eagle eye of Napoleon was dimmed, and a battle lost on one and but a half victory won on the others, through indigestion caused by his overhasty eating or by ill-cooked food. *C'est la soupe qui fait le soldat.*

### How a Good Dinner Makes a Good Man

IT IS wonderful how much the tempers of men—their morality and even their piety—depend upon the food they eat and the manner in which it is prepared for the table. A man of the kindliest impulses has only to feed upon indigestible food for a few days, and forthwith his liver is affected, and then his brain. His sensibilities are blunted; his uneasiness makes him waspish and fretful. He is like a hedgehog with the quills rolled in, and will do and say things from which in health he would have recoiled. Sydney Smith did not exaggerate when he affirmed that "old friendships are often destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has often led to suicide." Who does not know that the only safe time to ask favors of a man is after a pleasant meal? Is there a wife who doubts that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, or a lobbyist at Washington who is ignorant of the fact that the merits of his "little bill" are more clearly apprehended by a legislator after his one or two o'clock meal?

It is an indubitable truth that a man not only reasons better, but loves more warmly, gives more generously and prays more fervently when well than when ill. A man of [illegible] piety once said that he could not worship [illegible] he had eaten his breakfast. A man before dinner [illegible] talk scandal or write scathing criticism, may crawl like a [illegible] fly over the character or the writings of a neighbor, [illegible] after he has eaten well, the thing is almost [illegible]. There [illegible] generous [illegible] that exorcises the devils of disparagement and calumny, and substitutes therefor the spirits of good fellowship and philanthropy. A noted Frenchman, Marshal de Mouchy, estimated [illegible] moral influence of diet so highly that he believed that [illegible] had a consoling power. When he had lost a friend he [illegible] to say to his cook: "Have roast pigeons to-day for dinner. I find that when I have eaten a couple of pigeons my grief is considerably diminished."

"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we may die," is a motto which has been justly denounced by the Christian moralist. "Let us eat and drink well, *lest* to-morrow we die," would be a good substitute. Doctor Johnson boldly declared that "a man who has no regard for his stomach will have no regard for anything."

It was a happy reply which Thomas à Becket made to a monk who affected to be scandalized when he saw the Archbishop eating a pheasant's wing with keen relish: "Thou art but a ninny. Knowest thou not that a man may be a glutton upon horse beans, while another may enjoy with refinement even the wing of a pheasant, and have Nature's aid to enjoy what Nature's bounty gave?" Similar was the retort of Descartes, when detected in the act of enjoying a savory repast, by a gay aristocrat, who exclaimed: "What, do you philosophers eat dainties?" "Do you think God made good things only for fools?"

### A Roman Emperor's Bill-of-Fare

A BRIEF history of Gastronomy, did our limits allow, would be both pleasant and profitable. It would show that the food and cookery of a people are an unerring index to its national life. In the early years of the French Revolution it was said by the Austrian diplomat, Metternich, to be impossible to understand that movement unless one dined at Barère's. There is indeed a whole geological cycle of progressive civilization between the clammy dough out of which a statuette might be modeled, and the brittle films that melt upon the tongue like flakes of lukewarm snow. As Homer makes no mention of boiled meats it has been inferred that the Greeks lacked the art of making vessels to bear fire, and borrowed it from the Egyptians. They made rapid advances in gastronomical science, and one Archestratus wrote an elaborate didactic poem on it, which is said to have been "a treasure of science, every verse a precept." The Greeks loved the pleasures of the table, but their luxury has been greatly misunderstood. Gluttony among them was rare, and never, while they were independent, was it a national characteristic. They were eminently social, and seized on every pretext for dining together, such as a religious festival, a family anniversary, or the birthday of an illustrious countryman.

The Romans had a keen gust for the pleasures of the table, but they became, especially during the empire, more remarkable for gluttony than for rational gastronomy. They rioted in luxuries, both domestic and exotic. Their *grands gourmands* combined the voracity of a Justice Greedy with the fantastic fancies of a Cleopatra and the brazen foppery of a Beau Brummell. Phrygian land rails, snipes and woodcocks, Melian cranes, a Samian peacock, an Ambracian kid, the Chalcedonia tunny fish, Tartessian hippocras, the cod of Pessinus, Tarentum oysters, Chian crabs or shellfish, Egyptian dates and Spanish chestnuts were but a few of the hundreds of dainty dishes that were prized by the epicures of the Eternal City. The stories told of Roman gluttony almost defy belief. Concentrating in their cookery all the gastronomic genius and resources of the world, the Roman banquets were more remarkable for profusion and costliness than for skill and taste.

We read with astonishment, almost with a shudder, of nightingales' brains and flamingoes' tongues, of the Lucanian boar stuffed with indescribable horrors, and of fearful sauces that owed their savor to saffron. We read with amazement of a Heliogabalus, a Vitellius, a Lucullus, a Trimalchio and, above all, of the three Apiciuses, one of whom was the connoisseur who spent over seven millions of dollars (of our money) in the gratification of his palate, and then, finding that he had only two hundred and fifty thousand dollars left, killed himself from fear of dying of hunger. It has been justly said that the only merit of a dish composed of the brains of five hundred peacocks or of five hundred nightingales' brains must have been its dearness. Of the real *haute cuisine* the Romans seem to have had [illegible] consisting [illegible] escaping the penalties of gluttonous eating they resorted to the bath, and the Emperor Titus is said to have died from this cause. Roman gluttony became at last so outrageous that laws were made to restrain it.

The darkness of the Middle Ages was, of course, fatal to gastronomy as to the other fine arts. The sturdy barons of that period, albeit addicted to revelry and feasting, knew nothing of the delicacies of the table. Charlemagne had a due appreciation of the science of good living, and the Normans are said to have prided themselves on their gustatory taste and discrimination; but "the revival of cookery," according to a high authority, "like the revival of learning, is due to Italy." When Montaigne visited the land of Horace and Virgil he was deeply impressed by the formal and weighty manner in which the cook in the service of Cardinal Caraffa spoke of the secrets of his art. "He discoursed to me," says the old Gascon, "of the *science de gueule* with a gravity and magisterial air as if he was speaking of some weighty point of theology."

The merchant princes of Florence did much for the advancement of gastronomic science, but it was the French who, obtaining the rudiments from the professors who accompanied Catherine de Medicis to Paris, pushed it to a degree of skill and refinement never dreamed of by their predecessors. It is France that in modern times has led the world in civilization; and it is in France that the science of gastronomy has been carried to the last limit of perfection. In what other country did ever a *maître d'hôtel* stab himself to the heart because he could not survive the dishonor of his employer's table? Yet thus did Vatel, the cook of the great Condé, when the King of France was his guest, because on a great occasion the sea fish failed to arrive some hours before it was to be served, thus showing, as Savarin has said, that the fanatic sin of honor can exist in the kitchen as well as in the camp, and that the spit and the saucepan have also their Deciuses and their Catos. From the days of Louis XIV., "the name of whose celebrated *maître d'hôtel*, Béchamel," says Abraham Hayward, "is as surely destined to immortality by his sauce as that of Herschel by his star, or Baffin by his bay," down to our own time, France has boasted of a continual succession of *cuisiniers* who have shed on her gastronomic art a lustre not inferior to that reflected on her literature by her great authors, or that shed by her great captains on her arms.

### Some Raphaels of Cookery

WHAT *bon vivant* needs to be told of Rechaud, Merrillion, Robert—"the Raphael, Michael Angelo and Rubens of cookery"; of Beauvilliers, the head of its classical, of Carême, the chief of its romantic school, of Meot, Rose, Brigant, Tailleur, Véry, Baleine, Tortoni, Ude and Brillat-Savarin? Lady Morgan, speaking of a dinner at Baron Rothschild's villa, says that with less genius than went to its composition men have written epic poems. The wreaths of honor bestowed on Sontag and Pasta, she says, "were never more fairly won than that which should have graced the brow of Carême for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of an art which is the standard and gauge of modern civilization."

It is a striking fact that such is the preeminence of France in gastronomic science that the memory of her great victories, as Marengo, and of her mighty men of war, and even of her great financiers, has been made immortal by dishes bearing their names. Who thinks to-day of the mocking Scarron and his Roman Comique? Yet the creation of his widow, the *Cotelette à la Maintenon*, still keeps her memory green and may prolong it to coming ages. What is it that rescues from oblivion the name and fame of Louis the Fourteenth's great administrator, Colbert, but those monuments more imperishable than brass, the *sole* and *Potage à la Colbert*?

France cannot only show a long roll of illustrious *cuisiniers*, but one hardly less eminent of gastronomes, from the grand monarch Louis XIV down to Dumas. Among them was Cambacérès, second consul under the French republic and arch-chancellor under the empire, who never, under any circumstances, suffered the cares of government to distract his attention from "the great object of life"—a good dinner. Being detained on one occasion, when consulting with Napoleon, beyond the appointed hour of dinner, he betrayed great symptoms of restlessness and impatience. At last he wrote a note, which he called a gentleman usher in waiting to carry. Napoleon, suspecting the contents, intercepted the dispatch, and found it to be a note to the chancellor's cook, containing only these words: "*Gardez les entremets—les rôtis sont perdus!*" ("Look out for the entremets—the roasts are ruined!") Balzac had a remarkable predilection for pastry and fruit, devouring whole dishes of Montreuil peaches and juicy pears with a Gargantuan appetite. The composer of The Barber of Seville was never happier than when superintending the preparation of a dainty dish invented by himself. "I was born to be a cook!" he exclaimed one evening while presiding at the supper-table of his villa at Passy, "and have altogether missed my vocation." "But," said a guest, "in that case we should have had no William Tell." "Bah!" retorted the composer, "anybody could have done that. Donizetti and Bellini can compose operas; but let either of them try his hand at a *timbale de maccaroni aux truffes*" (helping himself to that delicacy as he spoke), "and do you for a moment imagine that it would taste like this?"

The importance of the science of gastronomy will be strikingly evident if we consider upon how many conditions a good, not to say a perfect, breakfast or dinner depends. Take, for example, the cooking of a beefsteak; what apparently can be simpler? Yet how many considerations are implied in such a dish! The age, the country and the pasture of your beef; the right cut of the sirloin or the rump; the heat of your fire; the form and elevation of the gridiron; the time the meat is broiling; the choice of the sauce, if you use any; and the question whether pepper or salt shall be sprinkled on it or interdicted. In like manner, and to a far greater degree, the term "good dinner" comprises far more than the fare to be discussed. There are numerous concomitant comforts which must lend their aid to the happy result. A primary requirement is an accurate regard to the season when a particular viand is appropriate. Again, the edibles may be of the choicest and finely dressed, but if the servants be ill-trained, and offend the ear by a frequent tingling of glasses, clatter of plates, and clinking of knives and forks; if the wines be third-rate or clumsily decanted; if the room be too small for the party, or dimly lighted, or too cool or too warm; if the company be too large, so as to split into halves, or too small, and you are wedged in between two apoplectic *convives*, or between a prosy monologist who seeks to air his pet theories and an anecdote-monger with stories of "an ancient and fishlike smell"—how can you thank the host for his "delightful dinner"?

### The Essentials of a Good Dinner

SYDNEY SMITH, who was "a diner-out of the highest lustre," insisted on warmth as indispensable to convivial or social enjoyment, and contended that compatibility of temperature is as necessary to domestic happiness as compatibility of temper. He liked a profusion of light, and complained that Rogers' dining-room, in which the light was reflected from the pictures, was a place of "darkness and gnashing of teeth."

Not the least important condition of a good dinner is the proper sequence of the dishes, so as to have the appetite continually reënforced for the coming *entrées*, and an undiminishing *goût* or zest piquing the *bon vivant* to the last item of the desert.

Is a boiled potato, as some writer affirms, the test of a good cook? We believe not. In opposition to this, and to the dictum of the great Ude, who says that "sauces are the soul of cookery," we believe that soup is the crucial test of cooking, since, as a great master of the art has said, "therein is contained the science of combination and proportion, as well as a consummate knowledge of the method and degree of the concoction." Gounod de la Reynière says truly that soup is to the dinner as a portico to the temple. It should be combined, therefore, so as to give a true idea of the feast, even as the overture of an opera should announce the subject of the work.

It is told of a certain English nobleman that he would eat a covey of partridges for a whet at his breakfast, and wonder that his appetite was not sharpened by the act. On one occasion he was dining upon a round of beef, and said to the landlord, who was watching him: "Capital beef, sir; a man may cut and come again here." "You may cut," responded Boniface, "but I'll be blowed if you come again." A writer on good cheer, speaking of the land-crab in the West Indies, "the greatest delicacy of the islands," says that to partake of it is worth a voyage to the tropics, and that "those who have been so fortunate must have wished their throats a mile long, and every inch a palate." We have no sympathy with such extravagance as this, any more than with that of Sir Hercules Langrishe, who, being asked on a certain occasion, "Have you finished all that port (three bottles) without assistance?" replied, "No—not quite that—I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira."

To conclude—the true gourmand will have a due regard for his health, and eat only what, and as much as, agrees with his constitution. The true test is your condition after a meal. If your spirits are active and elastic you have in all probability eaten wisely; but if you are troubled with heaviness and drowsiness you have probably overtaxed your organs of digestion. If you dined at night, and have slept quietly and soundly, you have doubtless satisfied Nature's demands and not abused her blessings. But if your sleep has been fitful and troubled; if you have been haunted with dreams of bulls chasing you, or of falling from roofs, or of overturning coaches, or if you have seen a semblance of the great arch-enemy, the devil himself, you have passed the bounds of moderation and struck a blow at your own vitality and means of future gastronomic enjoyment

## A Popular Club

DR. EDWARD BEDLOE, citizen of Philadelphia and the world at large, is soon to apply for a dispensation changing the name of the celebrated "Seventy-six Million Club" to the "Eighty Million Club."

The Seventy-six Million Club is an organization formed by Doctor Bedloe when he lived in China. It has a simple code of bylaws as follows:

"I. Any American citizen sojourning in the far East is a member of the Seventy-six Million Club.

"II. It is always in order to take a drink when a quorum of the club is present.

"III. Two members of the club shall constitute a quorum.

"IV. No mirrors or other mechanical devices shall be used in establishing a quorum."

# THE COST

## By David Graham Phillips

### III

HIS name was Hampden Scarborough and he came from the southeastern part of the State. He was descended from men who had learned to hate kings in Holland in the sixteenth century, had learned to despise them in England in the seventeenth century, had learned to laugh at them in America in the eighteenth century, had learned to exalt themselves into kings—the kings of the new democracy—in the free West in the nineteenth century.

When any one asked his father, Bladen Scarborough, who the family ancestors were, Bladen usually did not answer at all. It was his habit thus to treat a question he did not fancy, and, if the question was repeated, to supplement silence with a piercing look of scorn from under his bristling eyebrows. But sometimes he would answer it. Once, for example, he looked coldly at the man who, with a covert sneer, had asked it, said, "You're impudent, sir. You insinuate I'm not enough by myself to command your consideration," and struck him a staggering blow across the mouth. Again—he was in a playful mood that day and the questioner was a woman—he replied, "I'm descended from murderers, ma'am—murderers."

And in a sense it was the truth.

In 1568 the Scarboroughs were seated obscurely in an east county of England. They were tenant farmers on the estates of the Earl of Ashford and had been strongly infected with "leveling" ideas by the refugees then fleeing to England to escape the fury of Continental prince and priest. John Scarborough was trudging along the highway with his sister Kate. On horseback came the Honorable Aubrey Walton, youngest son of the Earl of Ashford. He admired the rosy pretty face of Kate Scarborough. He dismounted and, without so much as a glance at her brother, put his arm round her. John snatched her free. Young Walton, all amazement and wrath at the hind who did not appreciate the favor he was condescending to bestow upon a humble maiden, ripped out an insult and drew his sword. John wrenched it from him and ran it through his body.

That night, with four gold pieces in his pocket, John Scarborough left England in a smuggler and was presently fighting Philip of Spain in the army of the Dutch people.

In 1653 Zachariah Scarborough, "great grandson of the preceding," was a soldier in Cromwell's army. On the night of April 20 he was in an ale-house off Fleet Street with three brother officers. That day Cromwell had driven out Parliament and had dissolved the Council of State. Three of the officers were of Cromwell's party; the fourth, Captain Zachariah Scarborough, was a "leveler"—a hater of kings, a Dutch-bred pioneer of Dutch-bred democracy. The discussion began hot—and they poured ale on it.

"He's a tyrant!" shouted Zachariah Scarborough, bringing his huge fist down upon the table and upsetting a mug. "He has set up for king. Down with all kings, say I! His head must come off!"

At this knives were drawn, and when Zachariah Scarborough staggered out into the darkness of filthy Fleet Street with a cut down his cheek from temple to jawbone his knife was dripping the life of a cousin of Ireton's.

He fled to the Virginia plantations and drifted thence to North Carolina.

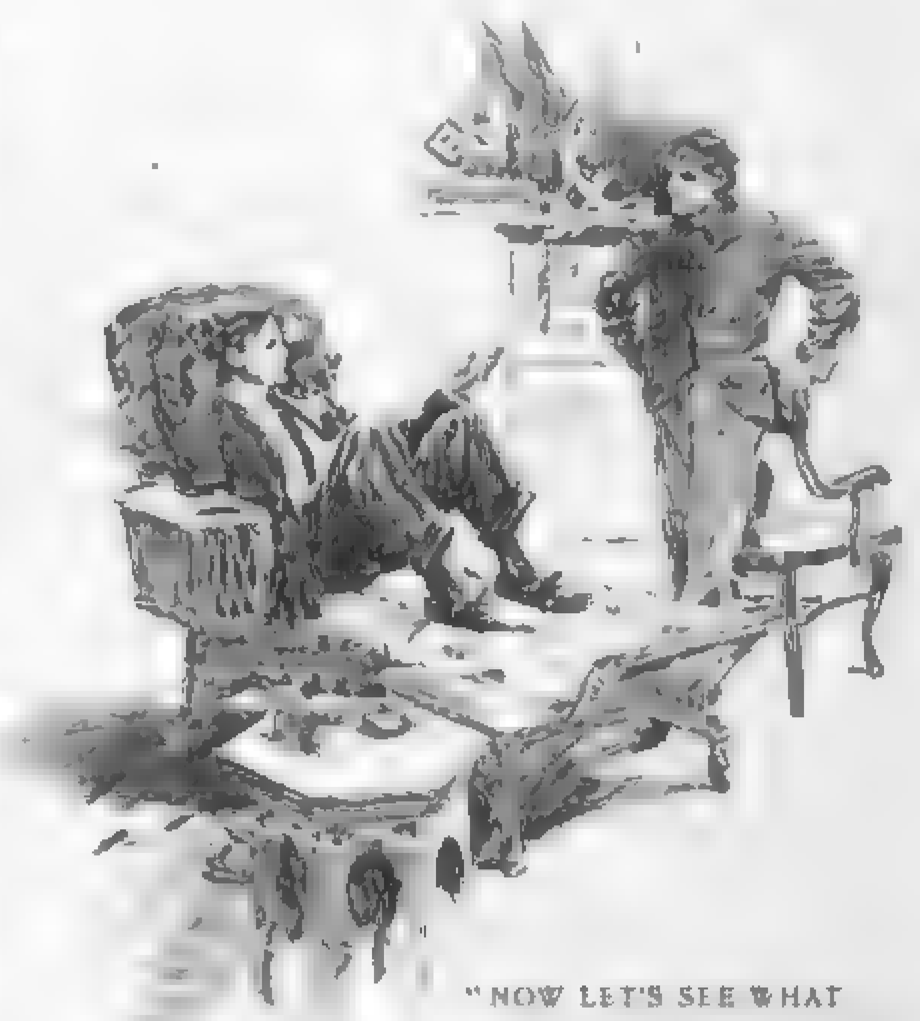
His great-grandson, Gaston Scarborough, was one of Marion's men in his boyhood—a fierce spirit made arrogant by isolated freedom where every man of character owned his land and could conceive of no superior to himself between him and Almighty God. One autumn day in 1794 Gaston was out shooting with his youngest brother, John, their father's favorite. Gaston's gun was caught by a creeper, was torn from him; and his hand, reaching for it, exploded the charge into his brother's neck. His brother fell backward into the swamp and disappeared

Gaston plunged into the wilderness—to Tennessee, to Kentucky, to Southeastern Indiana.

"And it's my turn," said Hampden Scarborough as he ended the brief recital of the ancestral murders which Pauline had drawn from him—they were out for a walk together.

"Your turn?" she inquired.

"Yes—I'm the great-grandson—the only one. It's always a great grandson."



"NOW LET'S SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR YOU," SAID PIERSON

"You *do* look dangerous," said Pauline, and the smile and the glance she sent with the words might have been misunderstood by a young man entertaining the ideas which were then filling that young man's brain.

Again, he told her how he had been sent to college—she was always leading him to talk of himself, and her imagination more than supplied that which his unaffected modesty, sometimes deliberately, more often unconsciously, kept out of his stories.

Ever since he could remember his strongest passion had been for books, for reading. Before he was born the wilderness was subdued and the cruel toil of his parents' early life was mitigated by the growth of towns, the spread of civilization. There was a chance for some leisure, for the higher gratification of the intense American passion for education. A small library had sprung up in one corner of the general room of the old farmhouse—from the seeds of a Bible, an almanac, Milton's Paradise Lost, Baxter's Saint's Rest and a Government report on cattle. But the art collection had stood still for years—a fac simile of the Declaration of

Independence, another of the Emancipation Proclamation, pictures of Washington, Lincoln and Napoleon, the last held in that household second only to Washington in all history as a "leveler."

The only daughter, Arabella, had been sent to boarding-school in Cincinnati. She married a rich man, lived in the city and, under the inspiration of English novels and the tutelage of a woman friend who visited in New York and often went abroad, was developing ideas of family and class and rank. She talked feelingly of the "lower classes" and of the duty of "the upper class" toward them. Her "goings-on" created an acid prejudice against higher education in her father's mind. As she was unfolding to him a plan for sending Hampden to Harvard he interrupted with, "*No more* idiots in my family at my expense," and started out to feed the pigs. The best terms Hampden's mother could make were that he should not be disinherited and cast off if he went to Battle Field and paid his own way

He did not tell Pauline all of this, nor did he repeat to her the conversation between himself and his father a few days before he left home:

"Is Bella going to pay your way through?" said his father, looking at him severely—but he looked severely at every one except Hampden's gentle-voiced mother.

"No, sir."

"Is your mother?"

"No, sir."

"Have you got money put by?"

"Four hundred dollars."

"Is that enough?"

"It'll give me time for a long look around."

The old man drew a big, rusty pocketbook from the inside pocket of the old-fashioned, flowered-velvet waistcoat he wore even when he fed the pigs. He counted out upon his knee ten one-hundred-dollar bills. He held them toward his son. "That'll have to do you," he said. "That's all you'll get."

"No, thank you," replied Hampden. "I wish no favors from anybody."

"You've earned it over and above your keep," retorted his father. "It belongs to you."

"If I need it I'll send for it," said Hampden, that being the easiest way quickly to end the matter.

But he did tell Pauline that he purposed to pay his own way through college. "My father has a notion," said he, "that the things one works for and earns are the only things worth having. And I think one can't begin to act on that notion too early. If one is trying to get an education, why not an all round education, instead of only lessons out of books?"

From that moment Pauline ceased to regard dress or any other external feature as a factor in her estimate of Hampden Scarborough. "But your plan might make a man too late in getting a start—some men, at least," she suggested.

"A start—for what?" he asked.

"For fame or fortune or success of any kind."

Scarborough's eyes, fixed on the distance, had a curious look in them—he was again exactly like that first view she had had of him. "But suppose one isn't after any of those things," he said. "Suppose he thinks of life as simply an opportunity for self-development. He starts at it when he's born, and the more of it he does the more he has to do. And—he can't possibly fail, and every moment is a triumph—and——" He came back from his excursion and smiled apologetically at her.

But she was evidently interested. "Don't you think a man ought to have ambition?" she asked. She was thinking of her lover and his audacious schemes for making himself great and powerful.

"Oh—a man is what he is. Ambition means so many different things."

"But shouldn't you like to be rich and famous and—all that?"

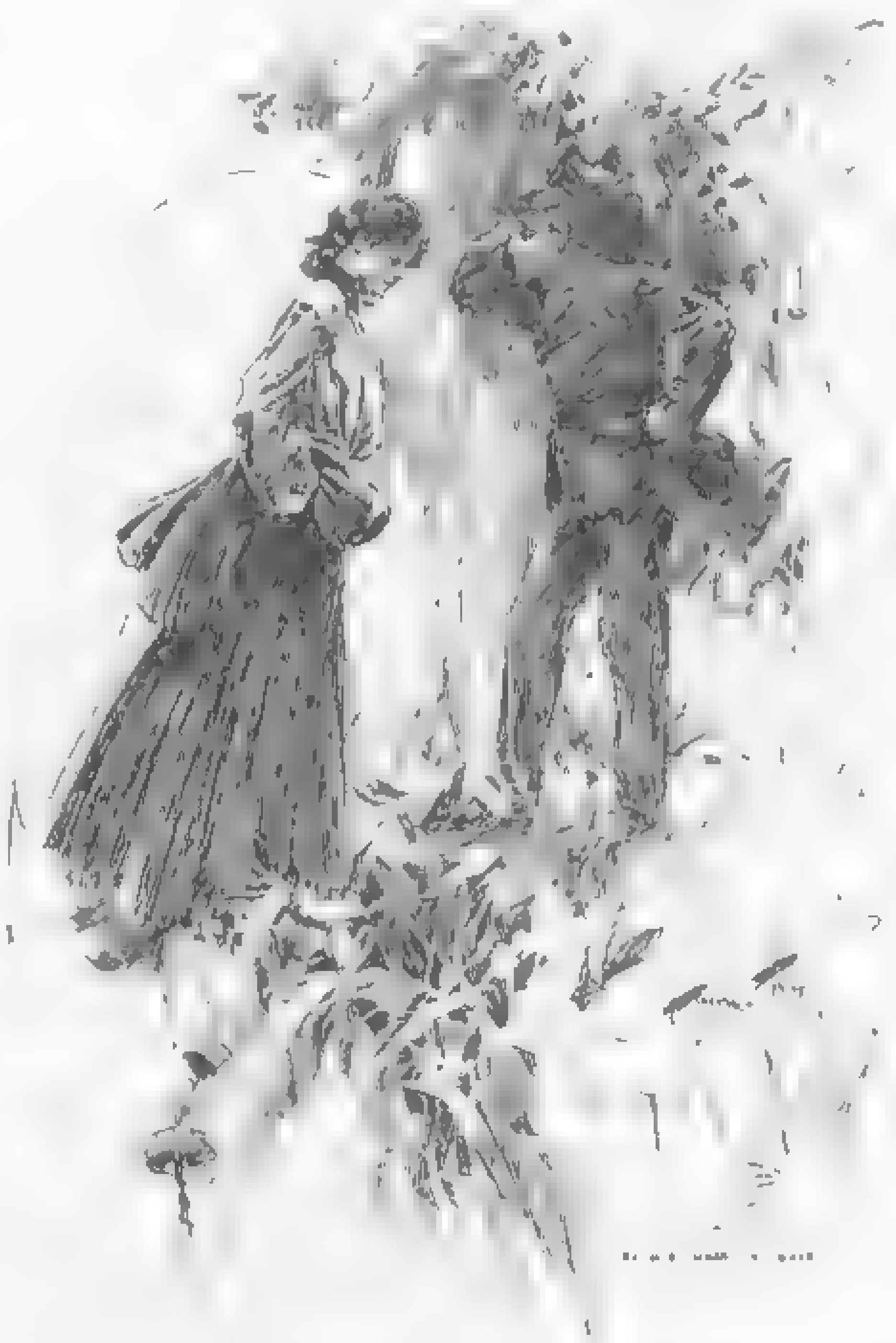
"It depends——" Scarborough felt that if he said what was in his mind it might sound like cant. So he changed the subject. "Just now my ambition is to get off that zoology condition."

## IV

BUT in the first week of her second month Pauline's interest in her surroundings vanished. She was corresponding with Jennie Atwater and Jennie began to write of Dumont—he had returned to Saint X; Caroline Sylvester, of Cleveland, was visiting his mother; it was all but certain that Jack and Caroline would marry. "Her people want it," Jennie went on—she pretended to believe that Jack and Pauline had given each the other up—"and Jack's father is determined on it. They're together morning, noon and evening. She's really very swell, though *I* don't think she's such a raving beauty." Following this came the Saint X News Bulletin with a broad hint that the engagement was about to be announced.

"It's ridiculously false," said Pauline to herself; but she tossed for hours each night, trying to soothe the sick pain in her heart. And while she scouted the possibility of losing him, she was for the first time entertaining it—a cloud in the great horizon of her faith in the future; a small cloud, but black and bold against the blue. And she had no suspicion that he had returned from Chicago deliberately to raise that cloud.

A few days later another letter from Jennie, full of gossip about "Jack and Caroline," a News Bulletin with a long article about Caroline, ending with an even broader hint of her approaching marriage—and Dumont sent Pauline a note from the hotel in Villeneuve, five miles from Battle Field: "I must see you. Do not deny me. It means everything to both of us—what I want to say to you." And he asked her to meet him in the little park in Battle Field on the bank of the river where no one but the factory hands and their families ever went, and they only in the evenings. The hour he fixed was ten the next morning, and she "cut" Ancient History and was there. As he advanced to meet her she thought she had never before appreciated how handsome he was, how distinguished-looking—perfectly her ideal of what a man should be, especially in that important, and at Battle Field neglected, matter, dress.



HE TOLD HER STORIES OF LIFE ON HIS FATHER'S FARM

She was without practice in indirection, but she successfully hid her gnawing jealousy and her fears, even when his manner made their taunts and threats terribly real. He seemed depressed and gloomy; he would not look at her; he shook hands with her almost coldly, though they had not seen each other for weeks, had not talked together for months. She felt faint, and her thoughts were like the circlings of a flock of croaking crows

"Polly," he began, when they were in the secluded corner of the park, "father wants me to get married. He's in a rage at your father for treating me so harshly. He wants me to marry a girl who's visiting us. He's always at me about it, making all sorts of promises and threats. Her father's in the same business that we are, and——"

He glanced at her to note the effect of his words. She had drawn her tall figure to its full height, and her cheeks were flushed and her eyes curiously bright. He had stabbed straight and deep into the heart of her weakness, but also into the heart of her pride.

The surface effect of his mortal thrust put him in a panic. "Don't—*please* don't look that way, Polly," he went on hastily. "You don't see what I'm driving at yet. I didn't mean that I'd marry her, or think of it. There isn't anybody but you. There couldn't be—you know that."

"Why did you tell me, then?" she asked haughtily.

"Because—I had to begin somewhere. Polly, I'm going away, going abroad. And I'm not to see you for months—and—— We must be married!"

She looked at him in a daze.

"We can cross on the ferry at half-past ten," he went on. "You see that house—the white one?" He pointed to the other bank of the river where a white cottage shrank among the trees not far from a little church. "Mr. Barker lives there—you must have heard of him. He's married scores and hundreds of couples from this side. And we can be back here at half-past eleven—twelve at the latest."

She shook her head—expressed, not determination, only doubt. "I can't, Jack," she said. "They——"

"Then you aren't certain you're ever going to marry me," he interrupted bitterly. "You don't mean what you promised me. You care more for them than you do for me. You don't really care for me at all."

"You don't believe that," she protested, her eyes and her mind on the little white cottage. "You couldn't—you know me too well."

"Then there's no reason why we shouldn't get married. Don't we belong to each other now? Why should we refuse to stand up and say so?"

That seemed unanswerable—a perfect excuse for doing what she wished to do. For the little white cottage fascinated her—how she did long to be sure of him! And she felt so free, so absolutely her own mistress in these new surroundings, where no one attempted to exercise authority over another.

"I must feel sure of you, Pauline. Sometimes everything seems to be against me, and I even doubt you. And—that's when the temptations pull hardest. If we were married it'd be all different!"

Yes, it would be different. And he would be securely hers, with her mind at rest instead of harassed as it would be if she let him go so far away, free. And where was the harm in merely repeating before a preacher the promise that now bound them both? She looked at him and he at her.

"You don't put any others before me, do you, dear?" he said.

"No, Jack—no one. I belong to you."

"Come!" he pleaded, and they went down to the boat. She seemed to herself to be in a dream—in a trance

As she walked beside him along the country road on the other shore a voice was ringing in her ears: "Don't! Don't! Ask Olivia's advice first!" But she walked on, her will suspended, substituted for it his will and her jealousy and her fears of his yielding to the urgings of his father and the blandishments of "that Cleveland girl." And she was all that "only seventeen" means—and did not know it. He said little but kept close to her, watching her narrowly, touching her tenderly now and then.

The Reverend Barker was waiting for them—an oily smirk on a face smooth save where a thin fringe of white whiskers dangled from his jawbone, ear to ear; fat, damp hands rubbing in anticipation of the large fee that was to repay him for celebrating the marriage and for keeping quiet about it afterward. At the proper place in the brief ceremony Dumont, with a sly smile at Pauline which she faintly returned, produced the ring—he had bought it at Saint X a week before and so started a rumor that he and Caroline Sylvester were to be married in haste. He held Pauline's hand firmly as he put the ring on her finger—he was significantly cool and calm for his age and for the circumstances. She was trembling violently and looked pale and wan. The ring burned into her flesh

"Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder," ended Barker with pompous solemnity.

Dumont kissed her—her cheek was cold and at the touch of his lips she shuddered. "Don't be afraid," he said in a low voice that was perfectly steady.

They went out and along the sunny road in silence. "Whom God hath joined," the voice was now dinning into her ears. And she was saying to herself, "Has *God* joined us? If so, why do I feel as if I had committed a crime?" She looked guiltily at him—she felt no thrill of pride or love at the thought that he was her husband, she his wife. And into her mind poured all her father's condemnations of him, with a vague menacing fear riding the crest of the flood

"You're sorry you've done it?" he said sullenly.

She did not answer.

"Well, it's done," he went on, "and it can't be undone. And I've got you, Polly, in spite of them. They might have known better than to try to keep me from getting what I wanted. I always did, and I always shall!"

She looked at him startled, then hastily looked away. Even more than his words and his tone she disliked his eyes—gloating, greedy, triumphant. But not until she was far more experienced did she study that never-forgotten expression and see in it his confession why he had insisted on the marriage.

"And," he added, "I'll force father to give me an interest in the business very soon. Then—we'll announce it."

Announce *it?* Announce *what?* "Why, I'm a married woman," she thought, and she stumbled and almost fell. The way danced before her eyes, all spotted with black. She was just able to walk aboard the boat and drop into a seat

He sat beside her and took her hand and bent over it; as he kissed it a tear fell upon it. He looked at her and she saw that his eyes were swimming. A sob surged into her throat, but she choked it back. "Jack!" she murmured, and hid her face in her handkerchief.

When they looked each at the other both smiled—her foreboding had retreated to the background. She began to turn the ring round and round upon her finger. "Mrs John Dumont," she said. "Doesn't it sound queer?" And she gazed dreamily away toward the ranges of hills between which the river danced and sparkled as it journeyed westward. When she again became conscious of her immediate surroundings—other than Dumont—she saw a deck hand looking at her with a friendly grin.

Instantly she covered the ring with her hand and handkerchief. "But I mustn't wear it," she said to Dumont.

"No—not on your finger." He laughed and drew from his pocket a slender gold chain. "But you might wear it on this, round your neck. It'll help to remind you that you don't belong to yourself any more, but to me."

She took the chain—she was coloring in a most becoming way—and hid it and the ring in her bosom. Then she drew off a narrow hoop of gold with a small setting and pushed it on his big little finger. "And *that*, sir," she said, with a bewitching look, "may help you not to forget that *you* belong to *me*."

She left the ferry in advance of him and faced Olivia just in time for them to go down together to the half-past twelve o'clock dinner.

V

AS MRS. TRENT'S was the best board in Battle Field there were more applicants than she could make places for at her one table. In the second week of the term she put a small table in the alcove of the dining-room and gave it to her "star" boarders—Pierson, Olivia and Pauline. They invited Scarborough to take the fourth place. Not only did Pierson sit opposite Olivia and Scarborough opposite Pauline three times a day in circumstances which make for intimacy, but also Olivia and Pierson studied together in his sitting room and Pauline and Scarborough in her sitting-room for several hours three or four times a week. Olivia and Pierson were Sophomores. Pauline and Scarborough were Freshmen, also, they happened to have the same three "Senior Prep" conditions to "work off"—Latin, Zoölogy and Mathematics.

Such intimacies as these were the matter-of-course at Battle Field. They were usually brief and strenuous. A young man and a young woman would be seen together constantly, would fall desperately in love, would come to know each the other thoroughly. Then, with the mind and character and looks and moods of each fully revealed to the other, they would drift or fly in opposite directions, wholly disillusioned. Occasionally they found that they were really congenial, and either love remained or a cordial friendship sprang up. The modes of thought, inconceivable to Europeans or Europeanized Americans, made catastrophe all but impossible.

It was through the girls that Scarborough got his invitation to the alcove table. There he came to know Pierson and to like him. One evening he went into Pierson's rooms—the suite under Olivia and Pauline's. He had never seen—but had dreamed of—such a luxurious bachelor interior. Pierson's father had insisted that his son must go to the college where forty years before he had split wood and lighted fires and swept corridors to earn two years of higher education. Pierson's mother, defeated in her wish that her son should go East to college, had tried to mitigate the rigors of Battle Field's primitive simplicity by herself fitting up his quarters. And she made them the show-rooms of the college.

"Now let's see what can be done for you," said Pierson, with the superiority of a whole year's experience where Scarborough was a beginner. "I'll put you in the Sigma Alpha fraternity for one thing. It's the best here."

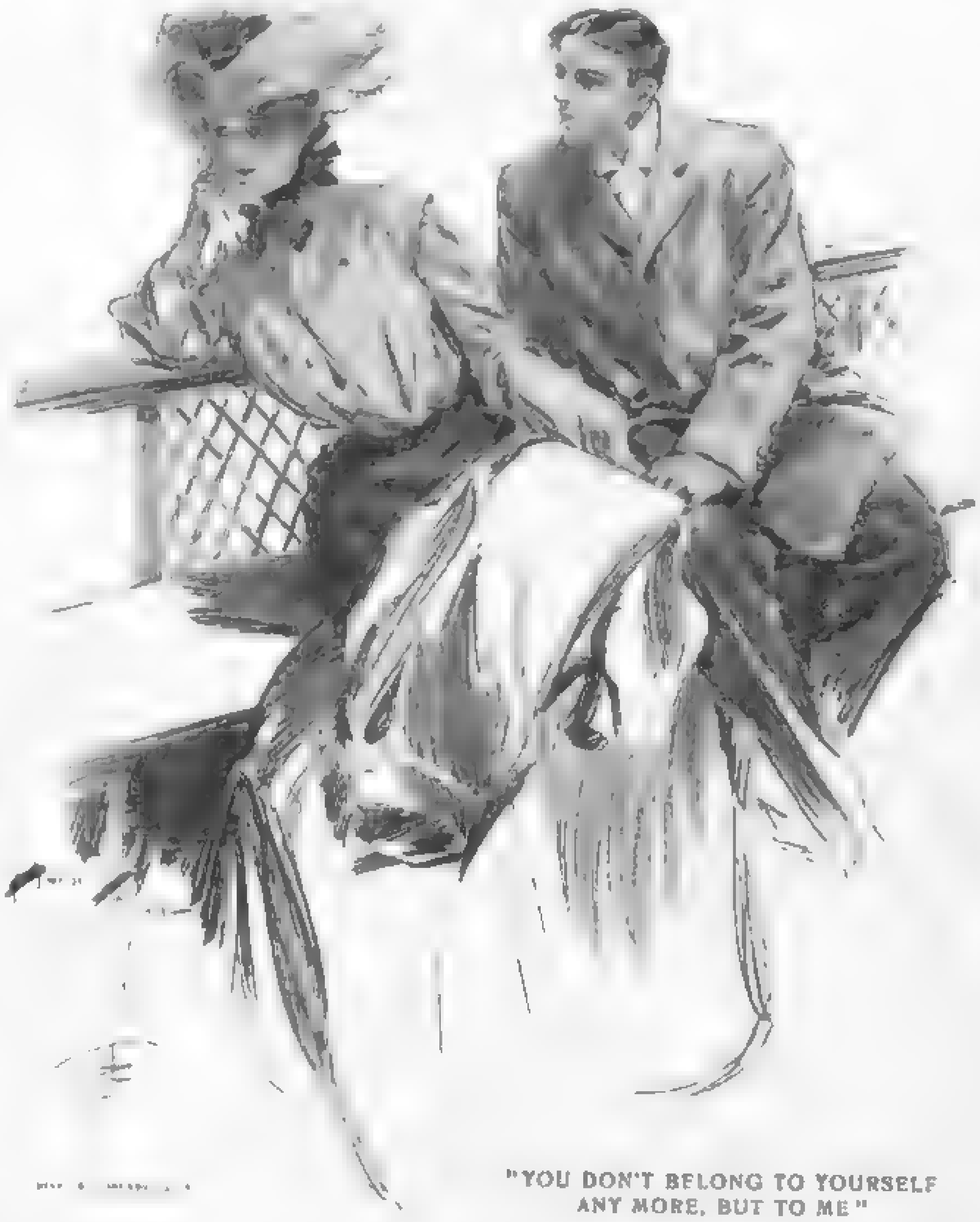
"I don't know anything about fraternities," Scarborough said. "What are they for?"

"Oh, everybody that is anybody belongs to a fraternity. There are about a dozen of them here, and among them they get all the men with any claim to recognition. Just now, *we* lean rather toward taking in the fellows who've been well brought up."

"Does everybody belong to a fraternity?"

"Lord, no! Two-thirds don't belong. The fellows outside are called 'barbs'—that is, barbarians; we on the inside are Greeks. Though, I must say, very few of them are Athenians and most of them are the rankest Macedonians. But the worst Greeks are better than the best 'barbs.' They're the rummest lot of scrubs you ever saw—stupid drudges who live round in all sorts of holes and don't amount to anything. The brush of the backwoods."

"Oh, yes—mm—I see." Scarborough was looking uncomfortable.



"YOU DON'T BELONG TO YOURSELF ANY MORE, BUT TO ME"

"The Sigma Alphas'll take you in next Saturday," said Pierson. "They do as I say, between ourselves."

"I'm ever so much obliged, but——" Scarborough was red and began to stammer. "You see—I—it——"

"What's the matter? Expense? Don't let that bother you. The cost's nothing at all, and the membership is absolutely necessary to your position."

"Yes—a matter of expense." Scarborough was in control of himself now. "But not precisely the kind of expense you mean. No—I can't join. I'd rather not explain. I'm ever so much obliged, but really I can't."

"As you please." Pierson was offended. "But I warn you you've got to belong to one or the other of these fraternities or you'll be cut off from everything. And you oughtn't to miss the chance to join the best."

"I see I've offended you." Scarborough spoke regretfully. "Please don't think I'm not appreciating your kindness. But—I've made a sort of agreement with myself never to join anything that isn't organized for a general purpose and that won't admit anybody who has that purpose, too, and who wishes to join."

Pierson thought on this for a moment. "Pardon me for saying so, but that's nonsense. You can't afford to stand alone. It'll make everything harder for you—many things impossible. You've got to yield to the prejudices of people in these matters. Why, even the 'barbs' have no use for each other and look up to us. When we have an election in the Literary Society I can control more 'barb' votes than any one else in college. And the reason is—well, you can imagine." (Mr. Pierson was only twenty years old when he made that speech.)

"It doesn't disturb me to think of myself as alone." The strong lines in Scarborough's face were all in evidence. "But it would disturb me if I were propped up and weren't sure I could stand alone. I'm afraid to lean on any one or anything—my prop might give way. And I don't want any friends or any associates who value me for any other reason than what I myself am. I purpose never to 'belong' to anything or anybody."

Pierson laughed. "Do as you please," he said. "I'd like to myself if it wasn't such an awful lot of trouble!"

"Not in the end," replied Scarborough.

"Oh, bother the end. To-day's good enough for me."

"You'd better not let Miss Shrewsbury hear you say that," said Scarborough, his eyes mocking.

Pierson grew serious at once. "Splendid girl, isn't she?" She happened to be the first he had known at all well who hadn't agreed with him in everything he said, hadn't shown the greatest anxiety to please him and hadn't practically thrown herself at his head. His combination of riches, good looks, an easy-going disposition and cleverness had so agitated those who had interested him theretofore that they had overreached themselves. Besides, his mother had been watchful.

"Indeed, yes," replied Scarborough, heartily but not with enthusiasm—he always thought of Olivia as "Pauline's cousin."

The four had arranged to go together to Indian Rock on the following Sunday. When the day came Olivia was not well, Pierson went to a poker game at his fraternity house; Pauline and Scarborough walked alone. As she went through the woods beside him she was thinking so intensely that she could not talk. But he was not disturbed by her silence—was it not enough to be near her, alone with her, free to look at her, so gracefully beautiful, so tastefully dressed, in every outward way what he thought a woman ought to be? Presently she roused herself and began a remark that was obviously mere politeness.

He interrupted her. "Don't mind me. Go on with whatever you're thinking—unless it's something you can say."

She gave him a quizzical, baffling smile. "How it would startle you if I did!" she said. "But—I sha'n't. And——" She frowned impatiently—"there's no use in thinking about it. It's all in the future."

"And one can't control the future."

"Yes, indeed—one can," she protested.

"I wish you'd tell me how. Are you sure you don't mean you could so arrange matters that the future would control you? Anybody can *surrender* to the future and give it hostages. But that's not controlling, is it?"

"Certainly it is—if you give the hostages in exchange for what you want." And Pauline looked triumphant.

"But how do you know what you'll want in the future? The most I can say is that I know a few things I sha'n't want."

"I shouldn't like to be of that disposition," she said.

"But I'm afraid you are, whether you like it or not." Scarborough was half-serious, half in jest. "Are you the same person you were a month ago?"

Pauline hastily looked away. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean in thought—in feeling."

"Yes—and no," she replied presently. "My coming here has made a sort of revolution in me already. I believe I've a more—more grown-up way of looking at things. And I've been getting into the habit of thinking—and—and acting for myself."

"That's a dangerous habit to form—in a hurry," said Scarborough. "One oughtn't to try to swim a wide river just after he's had his first lesson in swimming."

Pauline, for no apparent reason, flushed crimson and gave him a nervous look that almost seemed a look of fright.

"But," he went on, "we were talking of the change in you. If you've changed so much in thirty days, or, say, in sixty-seven days—you've been here that long, I believe—think of your whole life. The broader your mind and your life become, the less certain you'll be what sort of person to-morrow will find you. It seems to me—I know that, for myself. I'm determined to keep the future clear. I'll never tie myself to the past."

"But there are some things one must anchor fast to." Pauline was looking as if she feared Scarborough was trying to turn her adrift in an open boat on a strange sea. "There are—friends. You wouldn't desert your friends, would you?"

"I couldn't help it if they insisted on deserting me. I'd keep them if their way was mine. If it wasn't—they'd give me up."

"But if you were married."

Scarborough became intensely self-conscious. "Well—I don't know—that——" He paused, and went on: "I shouldn't marry until I was sure—her way and mine were the same."

"The right sort of woman makes her husband's way hers," said Pauline.

"Does she? I don't know much about women. But it has always seemed to me that the kind of woman I'd admire would be one who had her own ideals and ideas of life—and that—if—if she liked me, it would be because we suited each other. You wouldn't want to be—like those princesses that are brought up without any beliefs of any sort so that they can accept the beliefs of the kingdom of the man they happen to marry?"

Pauline laughed. "I couldn't, even if I wished," she said.

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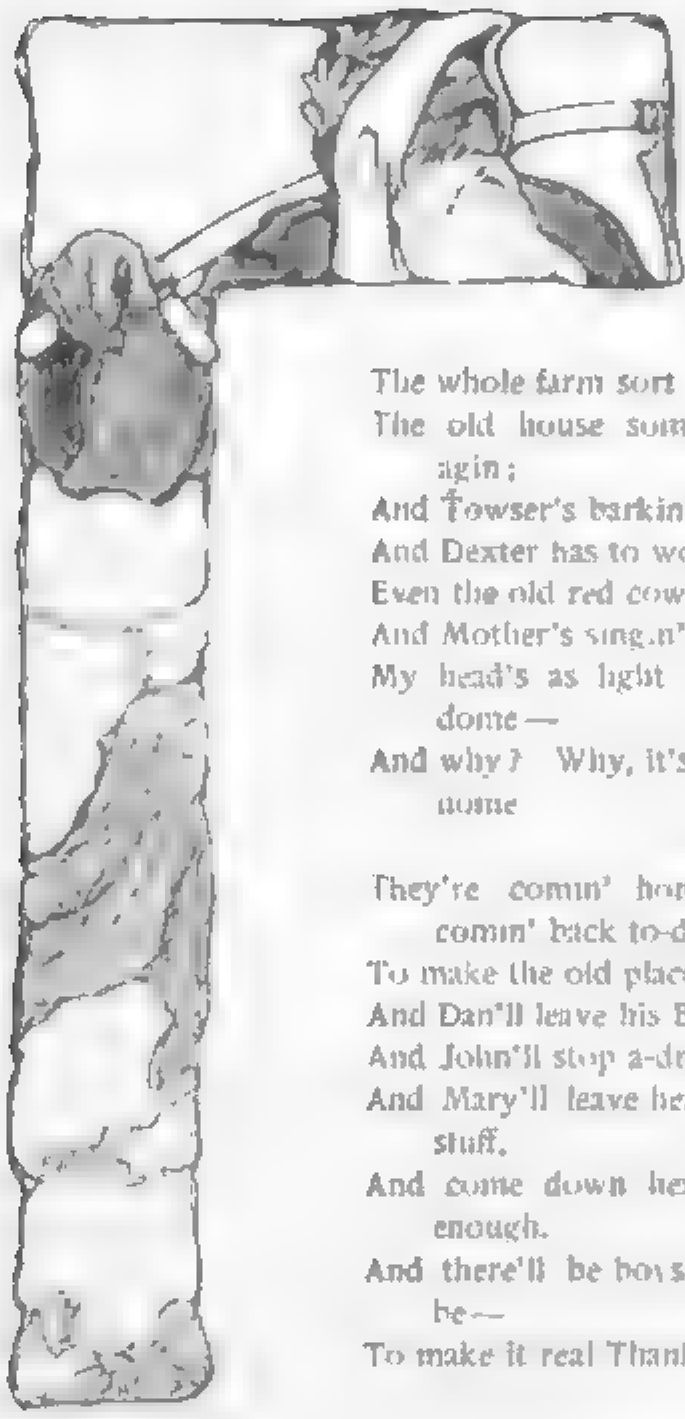
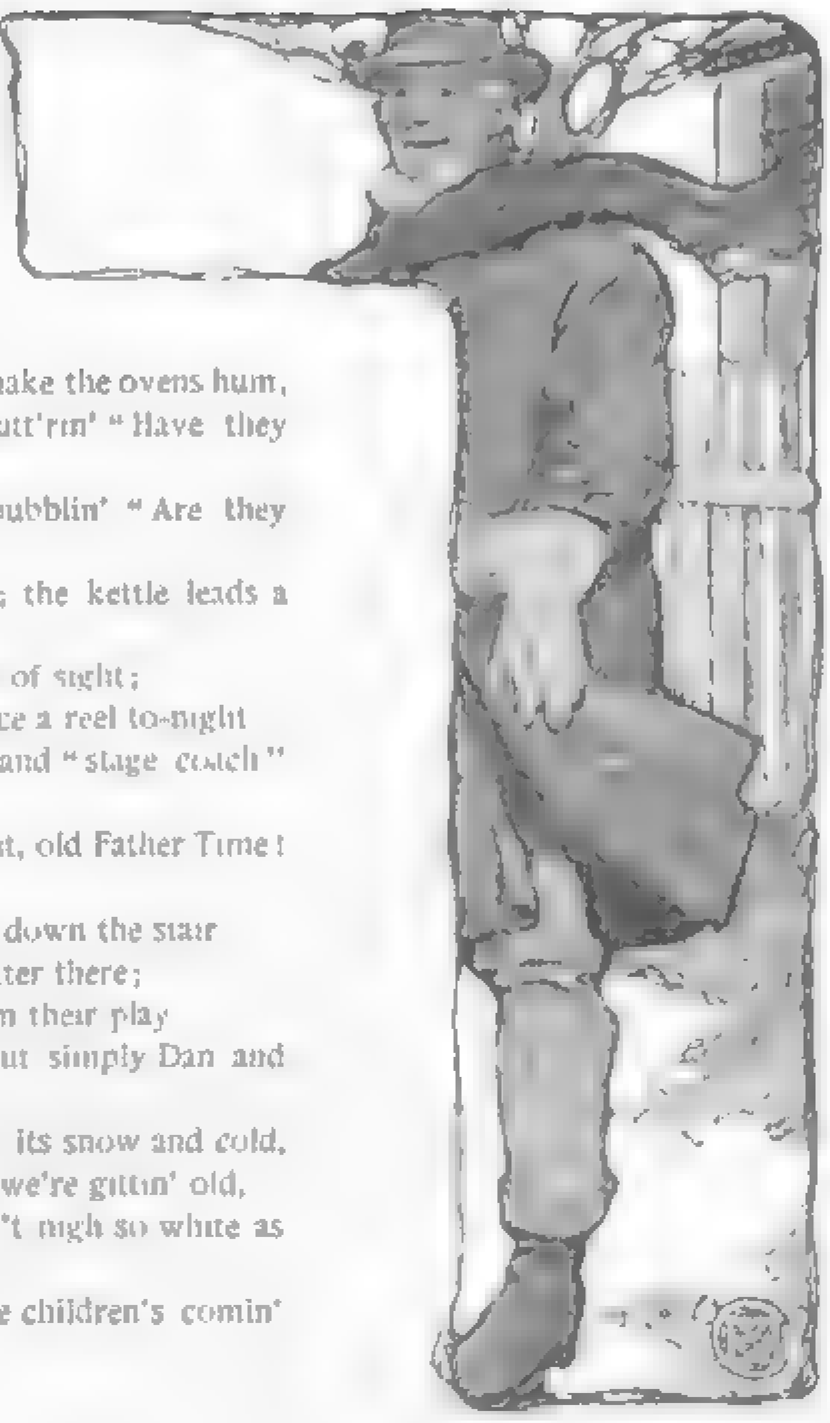


# Coming Home

### By Joseph C. Lincoln



The whole farm sort of spreads itself in one tremendous grin,
The old house somehow looks as bright as if 'twas new agin;
And Towser's barkin' round the place as frisky as a pup,
And Dexter has to work to keep his heels from kickin' up;
Even the old red cow has got some ginger in her "Moo,"
And Mother's singin' at her work the way she used to do;
My head's as light as when it had more thatch up on the dome—
And why? Why, it's Thanksgivin' Day; the children's comin' home

They're comin' home! They're comin' home! They're comin' back to-day
To make the old place like it was afore they went away;
And Dan'll leave his Boston store and Ned'll leave his stocks,
And John'll stop a-drawin' plans for buildin' city blocks,
And Mary'll leave her New York house, with all its high-toned stuff,
And come down here and say it's Home and plenty good enough.
And there'll be boys and girls around jest like there used to be—
To make it real Thanksgivin' Day for Mother and for me.

Thanksgivin' Day! Poke up the fires and make the ovens hum,
The turkeys, roastin' in the pans, are sputt'rin' "Have they come?"
The puddin's knockin' at the lid and bubblin' "Are they here?"
The mince pies wave their flags of steam; the kettle leads a cheer.
The rheumatiz is all forgot; dyspepsy's out of sight;
I'm goin' to eat from soup to nuts, and dance a reel to-night
And "blind man's buff" is jest my size, and "stage coach" suits me prime—
The children's comin' home to-day! Git out, old Father Time!

The little feet that we shall hear trot up and down the stair
To us'll seem the very same that used to patter there;
The little folks a-runnin' 'round and laffin' in their play
Won't seem Dan's boy and Mary's girl, but simply Dan and May.
And we'll forgit that winter's come with all its snow and cold,
Forgit the next week's lonesomeness, forgit we're gittin' old,
And jest be young as when our heads weren't nigh so white as foam—
Thank God for His Thanksgivin' Day! The children's comin' home.

## The Plantation Child's Lullaby

### By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Wintah time hit comin'
Stealin' thoo de night;
Wake up in de mo'nin'
Evaht'ing is white;
Cabin lookin' lonesome
Stannin' in de snow,
Meks you kin' o' nervous
W'en de win' hit blow

Trompin' back f'om feedin',
Col' an' wet an' blue,
Homespun jacket ragged,
Win' a-blowin' thoo.
Cabin lookin' cheerful
Unnerneaf de do',
Yet you kin' o' keerful
W'en de win' hit blow.

Hickory log a-blazin'
Light a-lookin' red,
Pa[illegible] eyes a-peepin'
F'om a trun'le bed,
Little feet a-patterin'
Cleah across de flo';
Bettah had be keerful
W'en de win' hit blow.

Suppah done an' ovah,
Evaht'ing is still;
Listen to de snow man
Slippin' down de hill;
Ashes on de fiah,
Keep it wa'm but low;
What's de use o' keerin'
Ef de win' do blow?

Smoke house full o' bacon,
Brown an' sweet an' good;
'Taters in de cellah,
'Possum roam de wood;
Little baby snoozin'
Des es ef he knows
What's de use o' keerin'
Ef de win' do blow?

## The Steady Worker

### By Nixon Waterman

Whene'er the sun was pouring down Squire Pettigrew would say,
"Now, hurrah boys! It's just the time to be a-making hay,
Because, you see, the sun's so hot, 'twill cure it right away!"
And so the mowers all kept on a-mowing.
But when a cloud obscured the sun the Squire would gayly shout,
"Oh, now's the time for working while the sun is blotted out
A cooling cloud like that will make our muscles twice as stout!"
And that's the way he kept the scythes a-going.

Hence, little did it matter was the weather wet or dry—
If sunshine filled the valleys or if clouds shut out the sky,
He'd always think of something which he deemed a reason why
'Twas just the time for him to keep a-working.
But now and then, or so it seemed, the reasons he would seek
For working on were quite far-fetched and fruity, so to speak,
But oh! they were not half so thin as are the many weak
Excuses lazy people find for shirking.

* * *

## At This Time

### By A. Porter Rex

*Be thankful for such things as you have not;*
If fortune failed to bring you what you craved,
Misfortune's absence should not be forgot,
Nor all the ills from which you have been saved.

Or, if you pride yourself upon your gain,
*Be thankful for such things as you have not,*
For circumstances helped you to attain,
So judge not those who have a harder lot.

Unrest and care are by great wealth begot;
Success, at cost of peace, may be too dear;
*Be thankful for such things as you have not;*
If you are down no fall have you to fear.

In youth you dream of how to make a name;
Mature, you strive and strain and plan and plot;
In age, so conscience write you quittance claim,
*Be thankful for such things as you have not.*

## The Dance in the Cabin

### By Frank L. Stanton

De frost wuz in de furrow
En de trees fum lef' ter right
Wuz des like skeery skeletons,
A-dancin' in de night
W'en de col' win' shuck de branches—
A-howlin' all eroun',
En sont de icy dewdrops
In showers ter de groun'.

Barns burstin' out wid plenty
De 'taters banked en sweet;
De beehives drippin' honey
Dat no Paradise could beat!
En de oak logs in de chimbly,
A-blazin' fur en nigh,
'Twel dey sont de red sparks flyin'
Ter de white stars in de sky!

But best er all, de *fiddles*—
Des *a-comin'* it once mo',
Wid "Possum Up de 'Simmon Tree,"
En "Chillun, Bar de Do'!"
En "[illegible] Fergmny
Is What I Loves ter [illegible]"
En "Take Me Back ter Georgy"
En "Texas is my Home!"

De darkies des a-crowdin'
En takin' up de place;
De deacons lef' de meetin'-house
En felled away fum grace!
De parson in a fidget
At de fiddle's frisky soun'—
He hollered "Halleluia!"
En he swinged de sisters roun'!

Didn't keer fer sleet or snowin',
Wid de fire blazin' bright—
Fer de ghostly win' a-screamin'
Lak de witches er de Night;
It wuz, "Keep de music gwine!
Des make de fiddle *sing!*
En keep de flo' a-creakin'
Whilst you got a foot ter fling!"

My, my! twuz Halleluia
Fum dar en fur away!
We sot de stars ter dancin'
Ez dey twinkled ter de day!
En de parson's benediction,
Ez we heerd de daybreak chime,
Wuz, "De good Lawd make us
Thankful fer dat halleluia time!"

# THE PRICE TO PAY

## What it Cost to be Mayor of Chilton

### By Anne Elizabeth O'Hare

"WELL, I don't want it enough to buy it!"

That was Alden's comment when he found he had polled the majority for the mayoralty nomination. A crowd of men who had managed it were gathered around him, shaking hands with him and congratulating themselves. He was talking to them, but he looked at Clarkson. Clarkson was the man who hadn't received the nomination. He stood apart from the others, glum and unsmiling.

"By Heaven, I do," he muttered under his breath.

Alden heard him and enveloped him in his peculiarly expansive smile.

"My dear fellow, you'll find things go that way."

Still smiling, he turned to his supporters.

"When I've wanted things before," he said, "I've put myself in the hands of my friends. But I'm out of your hands now, my boys." He spoke with a kind of affectionate inclusion that took the harm out of his words. "You may not like it, but I mean it. I'm not going to spend enough in this campaign to buy matches for your ward heelers' cigars. I've seen and done my share of dirty work, but if I get in this time it's going to be a straight deal."

Clarkson snorted as he turned to go. "Alden, you're either a knave or a fool," he said.

Alden smiled sweetly. His friends groaned.

"What's the use of workin' for a man that don't want the job?" asked Leary of Van Dusen.

Van Dusen raised a prodigious forefinger. "You look out for Bill Alden when he goes in for a thing," he whispered, shaking it solemnly in Leary's face. "It's a go, one way or another!"

Leary nodded with equal confidence. "But I can't see yet why he goes in for it," he added.

Neither could anybody else. Why Alden wanted to be mayor was a problem that had not solved itself to his fellow-townsmen, though they had speculated upon it ever since he had announced himself a candidate for the nomination. He had accumulated his millions, so it was not for the spoils of office. He had held higher offices, so it was not the simple lust for political power. He was a man of large affairs, whose fame was as large as the country. He was the honored guest at banquets in New York, at mass meetings in San Francisco, at State dinners in Colorado. Why he should wish to tie himself down to the monotonous and unpicturesque routine of municipal government was a public puzzle.

The puzzling public does not like to be puzzled. Alden was undoubtedly a strong candidate, a stronger candidate than the most optimistic Democrats had hoped for—but this uncertainty in regard to his motives was a disadvantage, particularly to that portion of the populace for whom pretext is more than purpose. His very frankness fed their suspicions.

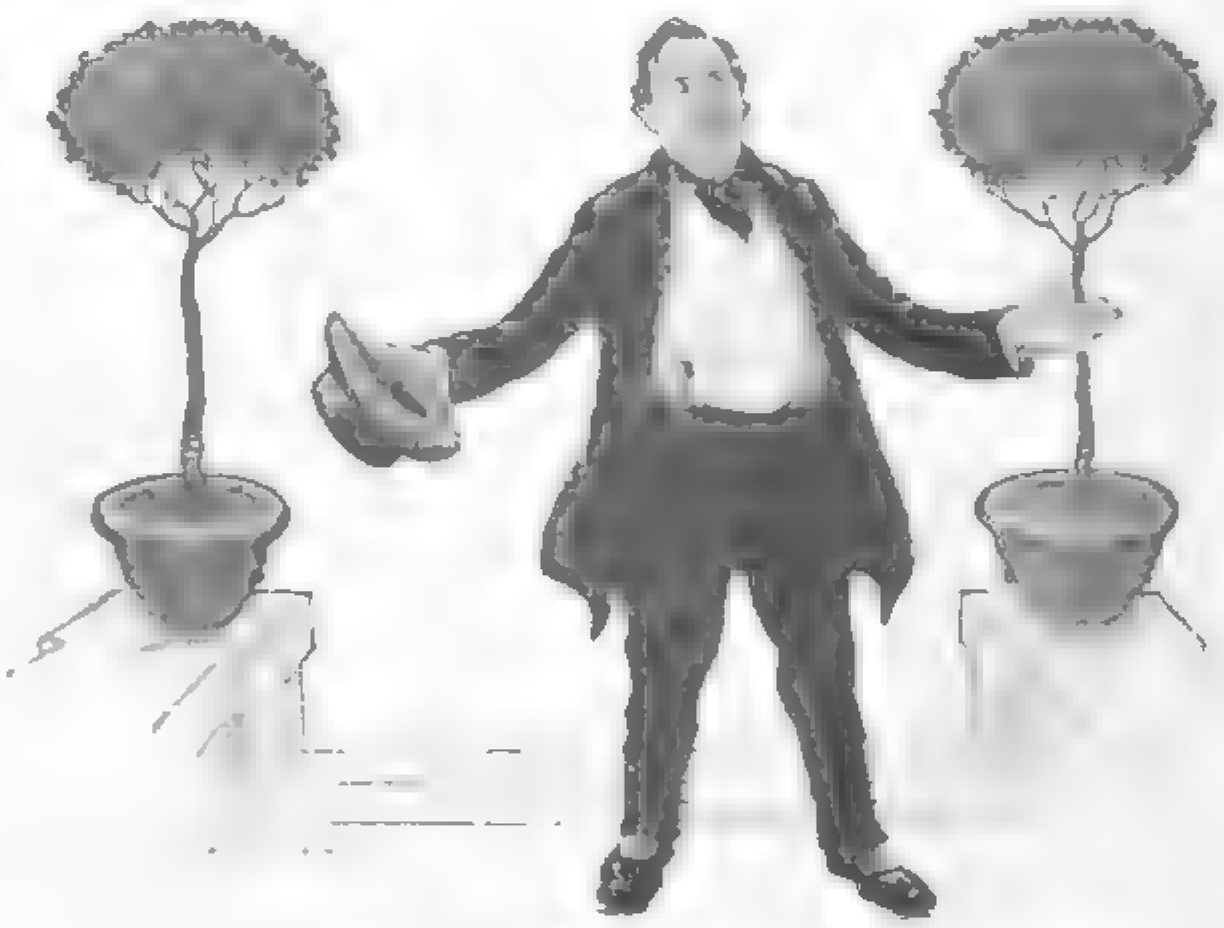
"My dear friends," he had said in announcing his candidacy, "I have profited by the conditions of the present municipal system. I made my money by monopoly, by street franchises. I know the ground pretty thoroughly, and I want to give the people of Chilton the benefit of my experience. It's only a just return"—he smiled pleasantly—"for what they've given me. I want to devote the rest of my life to the betterment of public conditions in the practical ways in which I know they can be bettered. I tell you honestly that you've paid me in advance. But if you're wise you'll help me to give you the worth of your money."

Downrightness is not a political virtue, and the ward bosses did not exactly understand this statement. "Oh, he's deep," they said cautiously; which was very true. Perfect truthfulness is the most profound of subterfuges.

And Alden meant what he said. It was not his fault if the motives underlying his sincerity were not quite so simple as they sounded to other people. His whole life and environment had made him the most shrewdly practical of men. Otherwise he would have been a visionary. And now that he was allowing other than business interests into his life, this ferment of latent possibilities began to find room to work. His mind found a larger orbit and, in its release from the bondage of money-making, went as freely and frankly as his speech in a search for justice. He did not realize that it was not so much for the sake of justice as for the glow of a big experiment.

He expected that the campaign would develop complications, but he had not anticipated that the first would meet him on his own threshold. His wife was waiting for him as he burst into the house with the noisy enthusiasm of a boy.

"Behold the next mayor of Chilton!" he cried. His words blew away the smile which his coming had called forth.



"BEHOLD THE NEXT MAYOR OF CHILTON!"

"You haven't really done it!" she exclaimed in dismay.

Alden's daughter parted the drawing-room curtains with a quick gesture.

"Father!" Her face was in the shadow but the expression of it was very plain in her voice.

Alden sauntered into the drawing-room, turning to face their dismay with exasperating amiability.

"They've nominated me," he explained. "Of course they'll elect me."

Mrs. Alden looked hopelessly at her daughter. "Of course," she groaned. "You'll succeed the Honorable Peter Schmitz ——"

"Brewer of Schmitz's XX Pale," paraphrased Miss Eleanor.

"And all his titles and dignities. You'll have to open the conventions of the Knights of the Blue Ribbon, and the Sons of the Vaterland, the Vereins and the A. O. H's. You'll have to ride in their parades and eat at their banquets, and I—as the mayor's lady—I'll be expected to accompany you. Oh, William, how could you?"

"I'm afraid I didn't think of the matter in that light," said her husband with suspicious gravity. "You see, there are other things——"

"Oh, but you might have thought of us," sniffed Miss Eleanor, who was eighteen and just home from school. "Think of one's father being mayor, and the whole family having to live down to it!"

"I suppose," added her mother, "you'll be turning the house into a meeting place—and maybe expecting us to do the agreeable to your ward bosses."

Alden might have found the moment favorable for salutary reminiscences. He didn't. He was hardly thinking of the moment.

"I'll make things hum!" he cried. "There'll be some hot times in this town in the next few months."

Mrs. Alden sighed impressively and left the room. Her daughter did likewise. They both wore a look of resignation to the inevitable.

The thought that it was not inevitable seemed to occur to none of them. Perhaps an hour later, when Alden was stretched out in the library in still-smiling thought, Eleanor rushed in upon him.

"Why, father," she cried breathlessly, "you haven't got it ...?"

"No," he admitted.

"Then I hope—I hope—I hope they'll beat you!"

It had just struck her that they might. She kissed him enthusiastically.

"I hope they'll beat you!" she cried again as she scampered off to bed.

After this bit of filial encouragement Alden's irresistible laugh rang through the house. It was a laugh of sheer confidence. His rotund figure was still outwardly disturbed by its vibrance when he mounted the stairs to his room.

The secretary and manager of the Chilton Consolidated Railway Company had frowned away something of his sleekness by the time he got down to his office the next morning. A reporter of the Daily Mail met him blandly.

"Have you anything to say about Alden's nomination, Mr. Elkins?" he ventured, edging into the inner sanctum.

Elkins expressed part of his answer in the vigor with which he threw back the top of his desk. Then he smiled into the eyes of the watchful young man.

"Certainly not. I suppose it is a necessary formality with our Democratic friends."

"But, Mr. Elkins, of course you know——"

"My dear sir, I know nothing—except that Consolidated stock is rising. That is quite enough for me."

The Mail man retired in a few minutes with a very poor story. But he and Mr. Elkins and all the citizens of Chilton knew that the mayoralty contest was to be a franchise fight. The twenty-five-year right-of-way by which Elkins and his colleagues had attained to sleekness was so near its limit that it naturally took its place as the issue of the campaign. Alden's stand in the matter was unmistakable. He was opposed to the renewal of the Consolidated franchises. He advocated the municipal ownership of street railways as a matter of principle and public economy.

When he insisted on securely hanging his opinions on principle there was open laughter from the unwise. "When a man's made a fortune out of public franchises," said they, "it's rather ungrateful to condemn them on principle." Even some of his friends questioned his prudence. But the people of his party, though they also laughed, because the situation struck them genially, decided that a man of his experience might be depended upon to know what he was talking about.

"If he says the Consolidated is makin' too much and takin' too much out o' people's pockets, why, he knows!" argued an orator in a South-side saloon. "You an' me don't give a beer w'ether the city owns the car tracks, or w'ether Elkins or Alden owns 'em. But we care a heap w'ether we ride fer three cents or fer five cents. Alden's the only man that's offered to give us a chance at ridin' fer three cents—so here's ter Alden!"

The South-side logician expressed the position pretty clearly. Municipal ownership did not matter. A three-cent fare did matter. Alden's appeal for principle filtered down to the pocket argument.

Myers, the Republican nominee, was less radical. He promised to protect the best interests of the people and to secure the most advantageous distribution of franchise privileges. He was dignified, vague, diplomatic. He was immensely approved of by the men who were behind him. There was also a great conservative element which regarded him as a safe man. By this they meant that he would respect the timidity they called tradition and break no precedents.

Alden impressed them as boisterous. He was liable to do things. He had no consistency. To be equal to to-day, he said, was all he could promise. He could not keep one foot in the grave of yesterday and retain his balance.

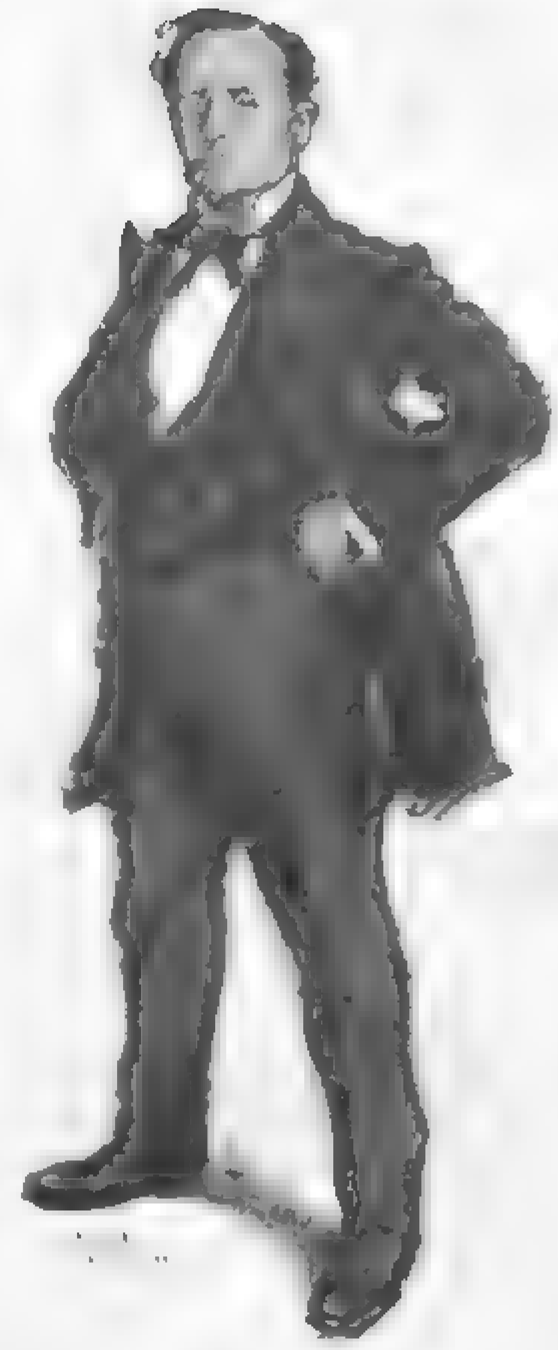
The day after his nomination he made a statement to the evening papers. He outlined his plans and his policy, taking the capitalized People—which means the people without capital—frankly into his confidence. And the People were flattered into a brief interest. Men discussed the document desultorily over their luncheons and on the way downtown. They did not consider its merits as a statement or a policy. Their discussion chiefly took the form of an inquiry: "How will it strike Wilson?"

As a factor in the campaign Senator Wilson, of course, had to be considered. The fact that Alden seemed not to consider him gave a certain zest to speculation. Wilson was not only the president and largest stockholder in the Chilton Consolidated Street Railway Company; he was also the undisputed leader of the Democratic party in Chilton and in the State. If there was a Democratic mayor he was Wilson's choice and Wilson's chattel. Chilton knew that Alden's nomination had been a stolen march. Wilson was engaged in pushing a big subsidy bill through the Senate. He had left Burson as the apparently secure candidate. Hardly a week before the primaries Alden quietly announced himself a competitor. To Wilson, in Washington, it seemed no more than a scheme to alienate a few votes. He was busy with more pressing matters, wired a few directions to his man, and forgot about Alden. That was his mistake. He realized it when he heard the result of the nomination.

He realized it more fully when he read Alden's statement. He was an experienced campaigner, and he did not smile with the town politicians. He had had a few Congressional bouts with Alden. He recalled the apparent unconsciousness with which Alden had once outwitted him.

When he appeared in Chilton people began to get interested. It was a complicated situation, with sufficient subtlety to appeal to the few, and sufficient melodrama to appeal to the many. The sight of Wilson's own party, in Wilson's own town, pledged to fight against Wilson's dearest interests, promised diverting developments. Wilson himself was more amazed than alarmed. He knew that it was possible to elect a Democratic mayor in Chilton, but he also knew — perhaps he alone knew — how it was possible. Every lever of "the machine" was in his hands. But Alden's daring perplexed him. He did not understand why he had been defied when he might have been conciliated.

He was as direct in his way as Alden. He interviewed the new candidate and perhaps it was a tribute to Alden's power that he came away more puzzled but also more confident. When he went back to Washington, after a brief conference with his ward bosses, the populace felt aggrieved, like an audience that pays for its seats and primes its expectations only to find closed doors on the night of the performance.



"YOU'RE THE NEXT GOVERNOR, ALDEN, IF YOU DROP THIS FIGHT"

Alden merely smiled and went to work, and soon the populace forgot its disappointment in the surprise of listening to him. Surely no Chilton candidate had ever talked as he talked. The city was fairly flooded with his presence. The air was permeated with him. He advanced theories his auditors had never heard of in a way that convinced every man he had believed them all his life. He wheedled his public. He played gymnastics with his arguments, exercising them in sheer delight. No one enjoyed his speeches so much as himself. His pleasure was so simple, so sincere, so apparent, that it produced something like an infection of enthusiasm.

When the picturesqueness of his campaign began to attract attention abroad Wilson again appeared in Chilton. He arrived early one morning, reviewed the situation during a day spent closeted with his men, and at nine o'clock in the evening rang Alden's door-bell with a certain grimness of purpose that was not reflected in his face.

It was Sunday evening. Alden was at home and received his visitor suavely, almost cordially.

Wilson wasted no time in amenities. There was a moment's silence in which he studied his man with curious intentness.

"You are making a better fight than I expected, Mr. Alden," he said slowly.

"Ah!" Alden's smile was inviting.

"But I can't let you win, you know."

"Ah!" repeated Alden, still smiling.

Wilson also smiled, but with a difference.

"I've been watching your little game for some time," he went on. "I confess that if my own interests had not been involved I should have been tempted to let you play it out. As it is" — he paused for a hardly appreciable moment — "I should like to suggest a change in a single move. I take it that you are looking chiefly to the governorship, Mr. Alden?"

If Alden was surprised at this adoption of his own candor he made no sign. His smile broke out into a laugh. "Well, Senator, that's a long look-out for a man who's merely trying to be mayor of Chilton!"

"It depends," said the other deliberately. He took up a magazine from the table between them and turned the pages with slow emphasis. "Your attitude, I believe, is not assumed because of any personal feeling — against me?"

Alden was still exasperatingly genial.

"I am glad to say that it is not, Senator," he answered lightly.

"I wonder if you would mind telling me just what is at the bottom of it?"

"I should think that would be unnecessary. My motives have been so persistently before the public ——"

Wilson interrupted him with a gesture of impatience.

"I'm rather an old hand at the business, Mr. Alden."

"Perhaps it is asking a good deal," Alden admitted, "to expect you to believe that the platform phrases exhaust my political vocabulary."

Wilson misunderstood him. "Admitting so much, suppose we get down to business. You want the governorship. I want the street franchise. What do you say to an exchange?"

Alden's smile faded. That was the only evidence that he understood the significance of the blunt proposal. He did understand it. His mind gasped its comprehension under his exterior calmness. He knew that Wilson held practically within his grip the Democratic nomination for governor. And the nomination was the battle. The State was as overwhelmingly Democratic as Chilton was Republican.

Wilson's crisp voice broke in upon the hurry of his thoughts.

"Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Alden. I don't believe you can beat Myers. But, as I said, you are making a good fight, and a politician has to be armed against the unexpected. I am going to be very frank with you. This franchise means a good deal to me just now. I've invested in the Consolidated practically everything I have. I can't afford to lose it. I don't intend to lose it. At the same time the question of my return to the Senate makes it inconvenient for me to be openly antagonistic to my own party in Chilton. If you persist in this municipal ownership absurdity I've got to fight you openly. If you drop it I go back to Washington and leave the campaign to right itself. In either case, of course, you're beaten."

The Senator leaned forward in his chair. His manner grew nervously confidential.

"Look here, I don't want to fight you, Alden. And you know you don't care a hang about the mayoralty. As for the governorship, I tell you it's mine next year. McFarland thinks he's solid for the nomination and Lease expects it, but we'll fix them easily enough. You're the next governor, Alden, if you drop this fight."

"I think you hardly realize what you're asking or what you're offering, Senator Wilson." Alden's voice was perilously gentle.

"Do you think a man makes a proposition like this on the spur of the moment? I am asking you to drop all this rot about street franchises. I'm admitting that it means defeat now, but ——"

Alden was still imperturbable.

"It means more than defeat now," he interjected. "What chance would a man have in the State if he couldn't keep faith with his own town?"

Wilson detected enough weakness in the question to treat it lightly.

"My dear sir, you really can't expect to get everything for nothing, you know. I tell you it's not only possible but inevitable if it's worked right. Of course you'll be talked about. But I think it's worth the price!"

"It's a magnificent bribe," Alden agreed. There was a warmth in his tone. The idea appealed to his imagination. He could not help feeling some admiration for a man who could be so splendidly reckless. Wilson was wise enough to make no disclaimer.

"The chief reason your proposition is impossible, Senator," Alden went on after a pause, "is the reason you'll believe least of all. It's that I am sincere in what I'm doing. I've always wanted to do just the things I'm starting out to do now."

"And of course," added Wilson, "you could do them better as mayor than as governor?"

Alden rose. "As governor by any power but the people's," said he, "I should be unfit to do them at all."

Wilson got up, too, smiling. "Really, Alden, your shrewdness had not prepared me for your ingenuousness. You'd better think the matter over during the night. I'm too old to be poor, and I'm not going to lose those franchises. With me or against me, you can't be mayor of Chilton. I've told you one reason why I want you with me. For another — well, I like you, and I'd rather enjoy seeing you stir things up in Dover City." He held out his hand.

"No use, Senator," said Alden, shaking his head. "Let this be the end of it! I can't do it."

Something in the nervousness of his manner encouraged Wilson. "Oh, I'm sure of your judgment when you go over the thing quietly," he said genially. "I'll see you in the morning."

Alden let him out in silence. It was raining, and he stood for a moment in the doorway and let the big drops splash down upon his face. Then he went back to the library, closed the door behind him, and began to pace heavily to and fro. He usually thought things out in the comfort of his easy chair. He did not believe in physical and mental agitation at the same time. But to-night he was moved by something stronger than habit. He was tempted more than he dared to confess to himself. For the first time in many years his self-assurance deserted him, leaving him unexpectedly face to face with himself. His self-assurance was the clothing of his character; the loss of it exposed him to hesitations and misgivings so new and strange that he hardly knew how to meet them. He did not doubt Wilson's power — he knew the Democratic Senator was absolute in the State councils — but he lost the buoyant sense of his own success. He felt that Wilson's open antagonism doomed him to defeat. Its acceptance, against a triumph that had lain distantly in his ambitions, was no less bitter because it was within his own choice. If the choice held also a compromise ——

His mind halted at the word. Then he deliberately rejected it. His mental processes were at least honest. He knew that there was no compromise. He realized that the price demanded of him was the sacrifice of all his political ideals, luxuries which an uncommon amount of business success had enabled him to maintain in the game of statesmanship. Against their clamor he brought to bear all the opposing tendencies which his training and the circumstances of his life had engrafted upon his character.

Torn with conflict, he had been pacing the room indecisively for an hour or more when he heard a sound of voices in the hall, and presently his daughter burst in upon him, shaking her skirts in one hand and her hat in the other. She was laughing merrily.

"I'm nearly drenched," she cried, "but it's been such a lark! You know Jack Wilson drove me out to the Country Club this afternoon. When it began to rain we decided to stay for dinner. It kept raining harder and harder and Jack didn't know what to do. I guess we'd be still waiting for it to stop if I hadn't got scared and insisted on driving in anyway. It was pretty wet, but it was jolly!"

"Jack Wilson?" repeated her father. His mind seemed to go no further than that.

"Why, of course," answered Eleanor wonderingly. "Don't you know I've been going everywhere with him?" She flecked the raindrops off her hat with her handkerchief. "And — father ——" she began timidly.

He looked up at the strange note in her voice. She was still busy with her hat.

"I — I like Jack, father. We ——"

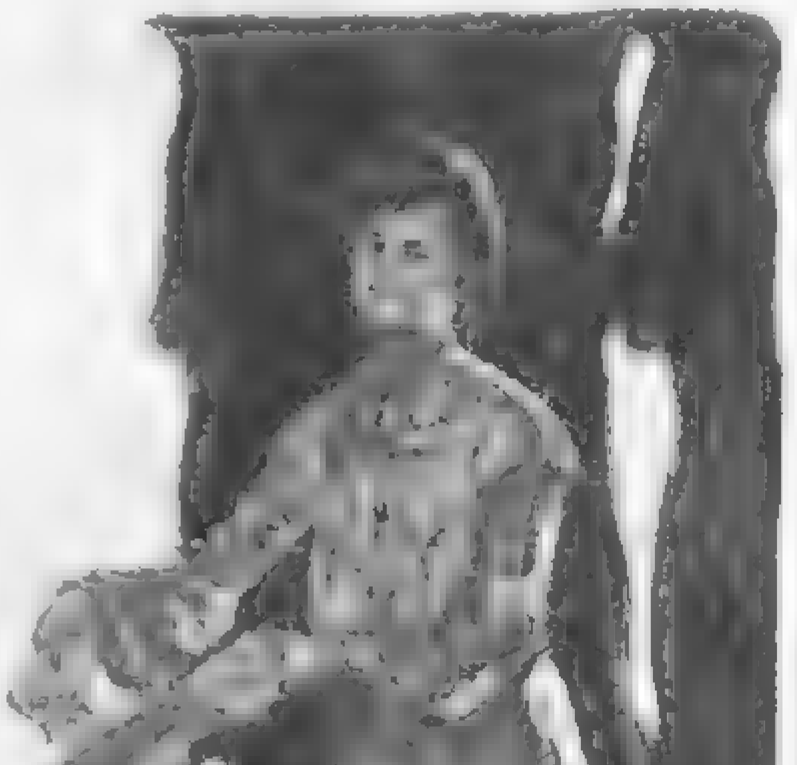
She waited. Getting no response, she stole a look at her father's face. It frightened her. It was not the face she knew, smiling and confident and serene. "Father," she burst out, "what is the matter? Why, you look positively — old!"

Alden turned away. "You will catch cold, Eleanor," he said. "Go to bed."

She obeyed, crestfallen. Her room was above the library, and after a time, hearing her father still stamping up and down, she crept downstairs again.

"Father," she said impulsively as soon as she had opened the door, "I believe you are sick of this old campaign! Is that it?"

Alden stopped and turned to her. "I believe it is, Eleanor," he replied, smiling a little.



"I'M NEARLY DRENCHED," SHE CRIED, "BUT IT'S BEEN SUCH A LARK!"

"I just knew it!" she declared, advancing. "I knew how it would be! But, father, if you're sick of it, why don't you give up trying?" She faced him triumphantly. "Jack Wilson says the Senator says you can't possibly win, anyway. Why don't you give up trying?"

As she repeated the question that was racking him, Alden wondered if she could also answer it.

"Would it be fair, Eleanor?"

"Fair?" she echoed vaguely

"To the people who believe in me," he explained; "to the men who stand up for me."

"Oh, to-morrow they won't care!" she reassured him. "And you know you can't get them a three-cent fare. They will care when they find out you've been fooling them. That's what——" She stopped in some confusion.

"Jack says," concluded her father dryly. "Well, I think we'll fool Master Jack and his father this time."

There was something in his tone that Eleanor was afraid of. Her perceptions were not keen, but she knew that the one moment of her appeal was past. She felt herself excluded from the thoughts that filled the silence that followed She watched the hints of them in her father's face and saw gradually restored there the old lines of alertness and power. As a climax, he suddenly burst out into a peal of pleasant laughter.

"We'll fool them Eleanor!"

Resenting her exclusion, the girl drew away and went toward the door. Then, on an impulse, she came back

"Father, I ought to be more to you than they—than the people?"

"Well?" He waited, interested

"And I don't want you to go on! Wouldn't you rather please me than fool the Senator?"

Alden sighed. He felt like a man whose routed enemy returns with fresh fight in his eyes.

"If it were only a question of fooling the Senator!" he temporized. Then he drew her to him, searching her sharply.

"But why, child? Why are you so keen in this business?"

"You know I never liked it for a minute—never! You know I've been hoping and praying they'd beat you! And then—I don't see why you should want to ruin the Senator. He has never done anything to you. And, yes—I do like Jack—so there!"

"I see," said Alden, very gently. "I see. But I'm afraid I can't help it now. I couldn't back out for the Senator or for myself, and this little scheme of yours and Jack's only keeps me in tighter. No, Eleanor, I can't let myself be beaten, much as I'd like to oblige you. I've got to win!"

He smiled with decision, held open the door, and watched his daughter as she silently mounted the stairs. His feeling of loneliness was tempered by a whimsical exultation.

"They're all against me!" He addressed the imaginary audience to which he was always half-consciously playing. "But I'll show 'em!"

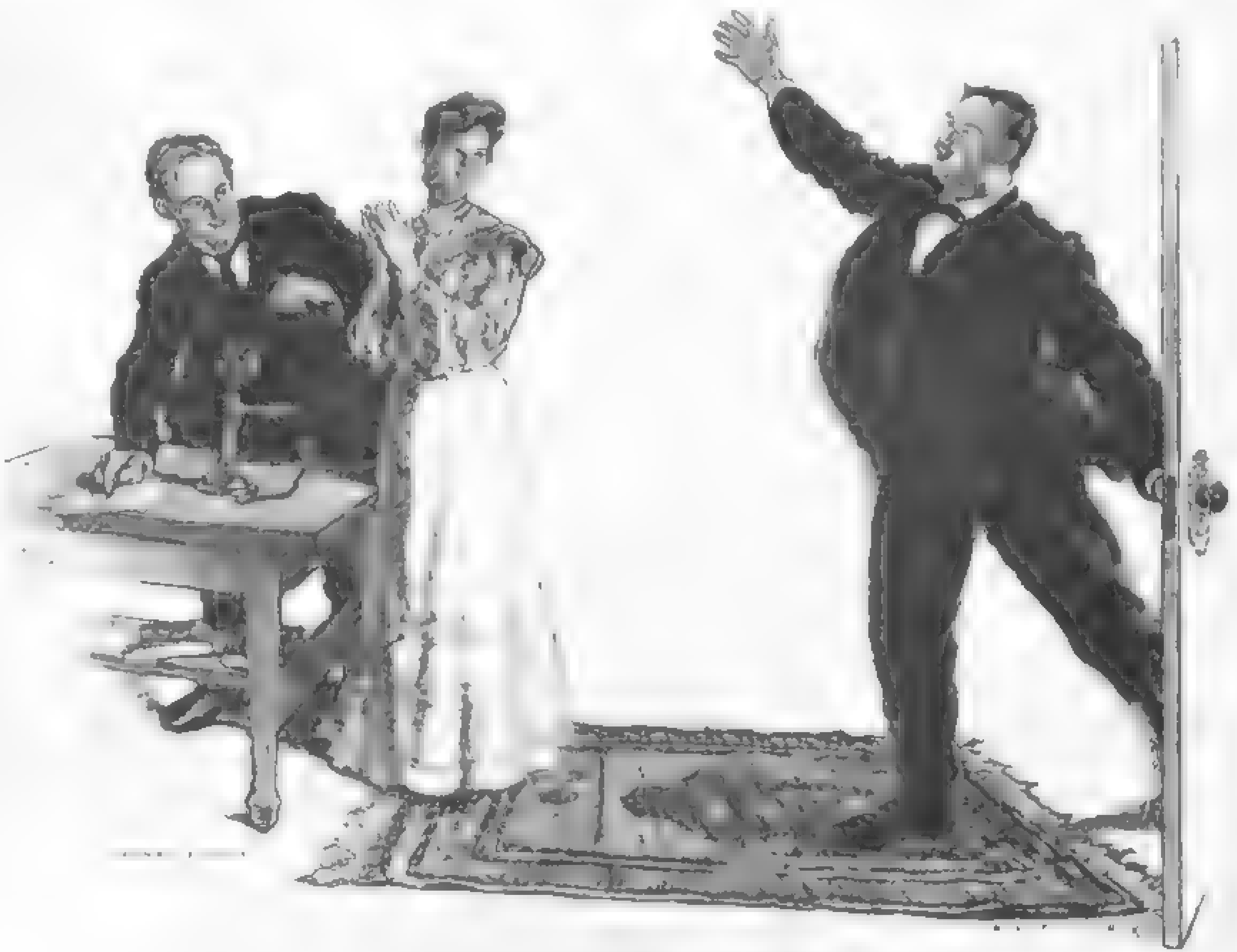
It was with such mixed motives of bravado, loyalty and sheer pleasure in its complications that Alden threw himself freshly into the fight. He was inexhaustible in expedients, tireless in argument, unfailing in good humor. The fastidious resented the spectacular features of his campaign; the people in general found in them continuous entertainment. When Senator Wilson came out openly against the candidate of his own party there was a thrill of excitement. Alden smilingly and expansively explained the reasons of the Senator's opposition, aired them in the newspapers, flaunted them in the face of the Senator himself on the night of the great debate.

That debate was the climax of interest. The men were well matched. Alden's urbane and playful fencing struck home as often as Wilson's sharp lunges. The crowd cheered first one good point and then another. Its impartiality, indeed, was slightly disconcerting. It was wonderful swordplay, but there seemed to be no final advantage when the meeting broke up. Alden drove home with some doubts under his smiling

"Hang it, you've got to spend some money!" big Tom Mayell was saying to him as the carriage got out of the cheering mob. "Wilson's men are buying up whole precincts. And he gave you a pretty stiff tiff to-night at your own trade. The popular common-sense racket is straight enough, Alden, but d'ye think you've got all the common-sense on your side? I tell you you've got to spend some money this week or you're a goner"

The big ward boss was plainly gloomy. Alden beat a doubtful tattoo upon the carriage window before he answered

"I know it's not going to be a walk over, Tom," he said at length, "but I'm spending as much money as I'm going to spend. I'm not going to buy up single votes with beers or dollars. Spend all you want for other things—you know I don't care for the money—but I won't have purchased votes If the people don't want me, they don't want me, that's all Heavens, man, don't you see that's all?" He made a desperate appeal for understanding. "I'm not playing a bunco game. I could buy men any time, on any issue. If they have to be bought to back up their own interests the sooner I find it out the better. If I go down it will be because the whole dream's gone down."



"MAN, YOU'RE A WINNER!" HE SHOUTED

"Good Lord!" said big Tom Mayell

The carriage bumped against the curb and Alden sprang out

"Not to-night, Tom, if you don't mind," he said as his companion started to follow him up the steps. "I'm dead tired, and there's no use threshing over the whole thing again I've got to keep in good form this last week, you know, and you and I are too old friends to come to blows over this."

He held out his hand, smiling a little wistfully.

"Pshaw, Alden!" said the big fellow, clasping it. "You may be a fool, but I've got to see you through"

Alden ran into Jack Wilson in the doorway Eleanor, in a nervous haste, was on the stairs. "Good-night, Eleanor!" her father called out cheerfully. "Still with the enemy, I see

His smile faded when he was alone in his study, face to face with the situation. For an instant he felt the desolation of a stage hero who for the first time looks out on empty benches. His cue left him. His resourcefulness was exhausted. But because he was essentially if unconsciously an actor, his discouragement was only momentary. As it had been his dramatic instinct rather than any moral sense that had held him to one rôle in spite of the Senator's temptation and his daughter's pleading, so now the dramatic requirements of the situation seemed to demand that he play the part to the end

Suave, smiling, as non-committal with himself as with others, he completed the campaign with a confidence that was at once the hope and the despair of his friends. It rekindled their belief in him and at the same time prevented their suggestion of those desperate measures of self-preservation which the necessities of his position seemed to warrant. During the last week it was more than ever a personal fight between Alden and Wilson. As Wilson's bitterness grew, Alden became more exasperatingly conciliatory. The rancor of his opponent gave him courage. He felt that only the foreboding of defeat would goad Wilson to forgetfulness of the common decencies of debate

He was so engrossed in the contest that for a week he had only occasional and hurried glimpses of his wife and daughter. By that time Mrs. Alden had worried herself into a fluid state of mind which dreaded one moment that her husband would be elected and the next that he would not

"I suppose I shall have to give a dinner for his inauguration or whatever they call it," she sighed to her daughter "Think of having to invite that horrid Mr. Mayell and Drugan and Van Dusen and all the rest! I simply can't do it!" And in the next breath—"They wouldn't dare beat him, do you think, Eleanor?"

Eleanor shrugged her shoulders in token of her indifference. When, later in the day, she met her father in the hall he was struck by something unusual in her expression

"Well, Eleanor," he said blandly—it was the day before the election and he knew that victory and defeat were out of his hands—"what is young Wilson predicting now?"

"I haven't seen Mr. Wilson lately," she responded with dignity

Alden whistled. "So you've quarreled?"

"Certainly not. But under the circumstances," Eleanor's emphasis revealed resentment, "you could hardly expect him to come here."

"I should think his father's son would be somewhat ashamed in this house," agreed her father cheerfully

"Well, you've spoiled everything!" the girl burst out, forgetting her dignity "And I know I'll hate the new mayor of Chilton, whoever he is!"

Alden looked after her as she swept away. A sense of abuse was written rigidly in every line of her figure. He sighed a little. The unreasonableness of her attitude did not make it easier to bear. He began to wonder if the mayoralty itself could compensate for his daughter's hostility.

The election day was outwardly the quietest since the opening of the campaign. Alden met all comers with the same air of cheerful detachment which had nonplused them from the beginning He listened to prophecies of success and forebodings of failure with equal composure. To his wife's nervous anxiety and his daughter's newly-assumed sullenness he opposed a jaunty confidence he almost persuaded himself to feel.

Nevertheless, it was with a sense of relief, of relaxing from a wearisome pose, that he withdrew himself at last into the little study adjoining the library and prepared to hear the verdict of the returns. He experienced that feeling of final irresponsibility which comes to a man who has spent himself in any cause and who knows, whether or not the price is great enough, that he has exhausted his resources. He had also a curious feeling of indifference. Why had he given so much for a return that promised so little? He took down the receiver almost reluctantly when the telephone bell announced that the first word of his sentence had been spoken

"Twentieth ward. Alden 6137. Myers 5985," sang the telephone girl

Alden jotted down the numbers mechanically. He had expected a large majority from the twentieth ward. He had hardly time to gauge the significance of his disappointment when the returns from the other wards began to pour in in an almost uninterrupted stream. He was acutely conscious, as the penetrant and careless voice kept the line tingling with figures, that his own wards, the districts he had not so much as doubted, were failing him. Some went in favor of his opponent; others gave him so small a plurality in comparison with what he had counted on that he winced already under the slash of defeat

He did not need to add the columns of figures to know that they were against him, not so much in themselves as in the fact that they represented all his strongholds. As many wards were still to be heard from, but they were either doubtful or wholly on the other side. Alden confronted the footings dully. His own failure hurt him less than the failure of his methods, of his ideals. It stung him to believe that Wilson's ways were more effective than his, that Tom Mayell's estimate of the popular temper was truer than his own.

A sound caused him to look up. His daughter stood in the doorway. "Well," he said, with a wanness in his smile, "I suppose you are glad, Eleanor?"

She closed the door behind her and stood against it

"Father," she faltered. "Father——"

He waited, silent before an emotion he hardly understood The girl came closer, her whole attitude expressing the appeal in her eyes. Still he was silent, awaiting a clew to her feeling

(Concluded on Page 48)

# THE BOSS

## By Alfred Henry Lewis

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### CHAPTER XXV

IT WAS by the suggestion of young Van Flange himself that he became a broker. His argument, I think, was sound; he had been bred to no profession, and the floor of the Exchange, if he would have a trade, was all that was left him. No one could be of mark or consequence in New York who might not write himself master of millions. Morton himself said that; and with commerce narrowed to a huddle of mammoth corporations, how should any one look forward to the conquest of millions save through those avenues of chance which Wall Street alone provided? The Stock Exchange was all that remained, and with that I bought young Van Flange a seat therein and equipped him for a brokerage career. I harbored no misgivings of his success; no one could look upon his clean, handsome outlines and maintain a doubt.

Those were our happiest days—Blossom's and mine. In her name, I split my fortune in two, and gave young Van Flange a million and a half wherewith to arm his hands for the fray of stocks. Even now, as I look backward through the darkness, I still think it a million and a half well spent. For throughout those slender months of sunshine Blossom went to and fro about me, radiating a subdued warmth of joy that was like the silent glow of a lamp. Yes, that money served its end. It made Blossom happy, and it will do me good while I live to think how that was so

Morton, when I called young Van Flange from his Mulberry desk to send him into Wall Street, was filled with distrust of the scheme.

"You should have him stay with Mulberry," said he. "If he do no good, at least he will do no harm, and that, don't y' know, is a business record far above the average. Besides he's safer; he is, really!"

This I did not like from Morton. He himself was a famous man of stocks, and had piled millions upon millions in a pyramid of speculation. Did he claim for himself a monopoly of stock intelligence? Van Flange was as well taught of books as was he, and came of a better family. Was it that he arrogated to his own head a superiority of wit for finding his way about in those channels of stock value? I said something of this sort to Morton.

"Believe me, old chap," said he, laying his slim hand on my shoulder, "believe me, I had nothing on my mind beyond your own safety, don't y' know, and the safety of that cub of yours. And I think you will agree that I have shown a knowledge of what winds and currents and rocks might interrupt or wreck one in his voyages after stocks."

"Admitting all you say," I replied, "it does not follow that another may not know or learn to know as much."

"But Wall Street is such a quicksand," he persisted. "Gad! it swallows nine of every ten who set foot in it, don't y' know. And to deduce safety for another, because I am and have been safe, might troll you into error. You should consider my peculiar case. Gad! I was born with beak and claw for the game. Like the fish-hawk, I can hover above the stream of stocks, and swoop in and out, taking my quarry where it swims. And then, remember my arrangements. I have an agent at the elbow of every opportunity. I have made the world my spy, since I pay the highest price for information. If a word is said in a cabinet, I hear it, if a decision of court is to be handed down, I know it; if any of our great forces or monarchs of the street so much as move a finger, I see it. And yet, with all I know, and all I see, and all I hear, and all my nets and snares as complicated as the works of a watch, added to a native genius, the best I can do is win four times in seven. In Wall Street a man meets with not alone the foreseeable, but the unforseeable. Gad! he is like a man in a tempest, and may be struck dead by some cloud leveled bolt while you and he are talking, don't y' know!"

YOUNG VAN FLANGE APPROACHED ME CONCERNING BLACKBERRY TRACTION

Morton fell a long day's journey short of convincing me that Wall Street was a theatre of peril for young Van Flange. Moreover, the boy said true; it was the one way open to his feet. Thus reasoning, and led by my love for my girl and the delight to be mine to think how she was happy, I did all I might to further the ambitions of young Van Flange, and launch him as a trader of stocks He took office rooms in Broad Street, and on the one or two occasions when I set foot in them I was flattered as well as amazed by the array of clerks and stock-tickers, black-boards and tall baskets which met my untaught gaze. The scene seemed to buzz and vibrate with prosperity, and the air was vital of those riches which it promised.

It is scarce required that I say I paid not the least attention to young Van Flange and his business affairs. I possessed no stock knowledge, being as darkened touching Wall Street methods as any Hottentot. More than that, my time was taken up with Tammany Hall. The flow of general feeling continued to favor a return of the machine, for the public was sorely irked of a misfit "reform" that was too tight in one place while too loose in another. There stood no doubt of it, I had only to wait and maintain my own lines in order and the town would be my own again. It would come to lie in my lap like a goose in the lap of a Dutch woman, and I to feather-line my personal nest with its plumage to what soft extent I would. For all that, I must watch, lynxlike, my own forces, guarding against schism, keeping my people together solidly for the battle that was to be won

Much and frequently I discussed the situation with Morton. With his traction operations he had an interest almost as deep as my own. He was, too, the one man on whose wisdom of politics I had been educated to rely. When it became a question of votes and how to get them, I had yet to see Morton go wrong

"You should have an issue," said Morton. "You should not have two, for the public is like a dog, don't y' know, and can chase no more than just one rabbit at a time. But one you should have—something you could point to and promise for the future. As affairs stand—and gad! it has been that way since I have had a memory—you and the opposition will go into the campaign like a pair of beldame scolds, railing at one another. Politics has become a contest of who can throw the most mud. Really, the town is beastly tired of both of you—it is, 'pon my word!"

"Now what issue would you offer?"

"Do you recall what I told our friend Bronson? City Ownership should be the great card. Go in for the ownership by the town of street railways, water works, gas plants, and that sort of thing, don't y' know, and the rabble will trample on itself to vote your ticket."

"And do you shout 'Municipal Ownership!'—you, with a street railway to lose?"

"But I wouldn't lose it. I'm not talking of anything but an issue. It would be a deuced bore, should City Ownership actually happen. Besides, for me to have my road taken away would be the worst possible form! No, I'm not so crazy as that. But it doesn't mean because you make City Ownership an issue that you must bring it about. There are always ways to dodge, don't y' know. And the people won't care; the patient beggars have been taught to expect it An issue is like the bell-ringing before an auction; it is only meant to call a crowd. Once the auction begins no one remembers the bell-ringing; they don't, really!"

"Merely to cry 'City Ownership,'" said I, "would hardly stir the depths. We would have to get down to something practical—definite."

SHE SANK INTO A CHAIR

"It was the point I was approaching. Really, what should be better than plainly to propose—since the route is unoccupied, and offers a field of cheapest experiment—a street railway, with a loop around Washington Square, and then out Fifth Avenue to One Hundred and Tenth Street, next west on One Hundred and Tenth Street to Seventh Avenue, and north on Seventh Avenue until you struck the Harlem River at the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street bridge?"

"What a howl would go up from Fifth Avenue!" said I

"If it were so, what then? You are not to be injured by a silk-stocking clamor. For each cry against you from the aristocrats, twenty of the peasantry would come crying to your back. Patrician opposition, old chap, means ever plebeian support, and you should do all you may, with wedge and maul of policy, to split the log along those lines. Gad!" concluded Morton, bursting suddenly into self-compliment, "I don't recall when I was so beastly sagacious before; I don't, really!"

"Now I fail to go with you," I returned. "I have for long believed that the strongest force with which the organization had to contend was its own lack of fashion. If Tammany had a handful or two of that purple and fine linen with which you think it so wise to quarrel it might rub some of the vulgar mud off itself, and have quieter if not fairer treatment from the press, ever ready to truckle to the town's nobility. Should we win next time it is already in my plans to establish a clubhouse in the very heart of Fifth Avenue I shall attract thither all the folk of elegant fashion I can, so that thereafter, should one snap a kodak on the machine, the fore ground of the picture will contain a respectable exhibition of lofty names. I want to get Tammany out of the gutter, rather than arrange for its perpetual stay therein."

"Old chap," said Morton, gleaming upon me through his eyeglass, "I think I shall try a cigarette after that. Really, I need it to resettle my nerves. Why, my dear boy! do you suppose that Tammany will or can be anything other than that unwashed black sheep it is? We shall make bishops of burglars when that day dawns. The thing's wildly impossible, don't y' know! Besides, your machine would die. Feed Tammany Hall on any diet of an aristocracy and you will unhinge its stomach; you will, 'pon my faith!"

"You shall yet see a Tammany club in fashion's centre, none the less," said I

"Then you don't like City Ownership?" observed Morton after a pause, the while whirling his eyeglass. "Why don't you then go in for cutting the city off from the State, and making a separate State of it? You could say that we suffer from hayseed tyranny, and all that. Really, it's the truth, don't y' know; and besides, we city fellows would gulp it down like spring water."

"The city delegation in Albany," said I, "is too small to put through such a bill. The cornfields would be a unit to smother it."

"Not so sure about the cornfields," cried Morton. "Of course it would take money. That provided, think of the strings you could pull. Here are a half dozen railroads, with their claws and teeth in the country and their tails in town. Each of them, don't y' know, as part of its equipment, owns a little herd of rustic members. You could step on the railroad' tail with the feet of your fifty city departments, and torture it into giving you its legislators for this scheme of a new State. 'Pon my honor! old chap, it could be brought about"

"I fear," said I, smiling, "that after all you are no better than a harebrained theorist. I confess that your plans are too grand for my commonplace powers of execution. I shall just have to plod on, I think, with those old-time methods which have served us in the past."

It would seem as though I had had Death to be my neighbor from the beginning, for his black shadow was in constant play about me. One day he would take a victim from out my very arms, again he would step between me and another as we sat in talk. Nor did doctors do much good or any, and I have thought that all I shall ask, when my own time comes, is a nurse to lift me in and out of bed, and for the rest of it, why! let me die

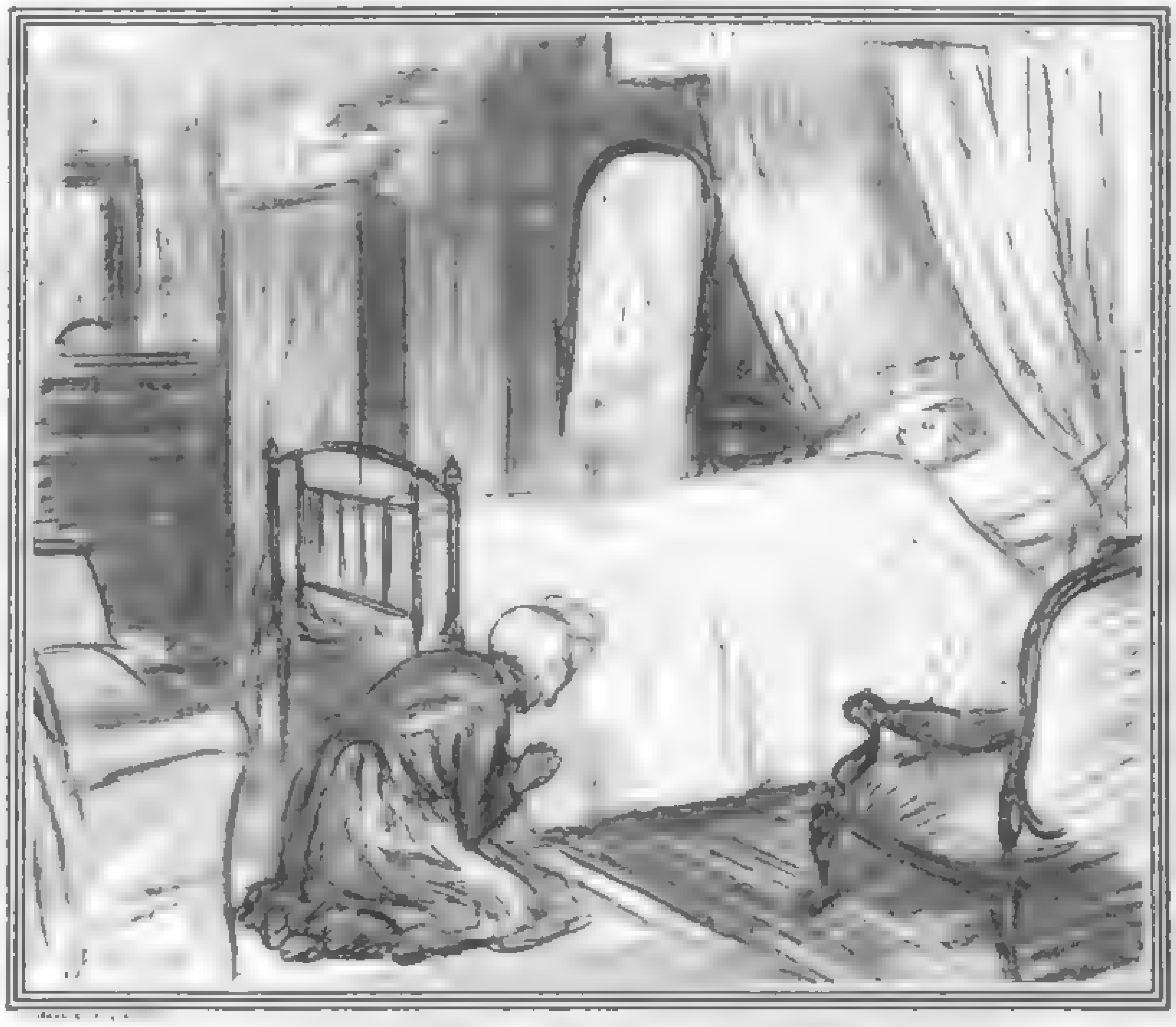
It was Anne who quit me now, and her death befell like lightning from an open sky. Anne was never of your robust women, and yet I should not have said she was frail, since she was always about, taking the whole weight of the house to herself, and, as I found when she was gone, furnishing the major portion of its cheerfulness. That was what misled me, doubtless; a brave smile played ever on her face like sunlight, and served to put me off from any thought of sickness for her

It was her heart, they said; but there was no such slowness in striking as when Big Kennedy died. Anne had been abroad for a walk in the early cool of the evening. When she returned, and without removing her street gear, she sank into a chair in the hall

"What ails ye, mem?" cried the old Galway wife who had been nurse to Blossom, and who undid the door to Anne; "what's the matter of your pale face?"

"An' then," cried the old crone, when she gave me the sorry tale of it, "she answered wit' a sob. An' next, her poor head fell back on the chair and she was by."

Both young Van Flange and I were away from the house at the time of it; he about his business, which kept him often and long into the night, and I in the smothering midst of my politics. When I was brought home they had laid Anne's body on her bed. At the foot on a rug crouched the old nurse, rocking herself forward and back, wailing like a banshee. Blossom, whose cheek was hollowed with the horror of our loss, crept to my side and stood close, clutching my hand as in those old terror-ridden baby days when unseen demons glowered from the room-corners It was no good sight for Blossom, and I led her away, the old Galway crone at the bed's foot keening her barbarous mourning after us far down the hall. Blossom was all that remained with me now. And yet she would be enough, I thought, as I held her, child fashion, in my arms that night to comfort her, if only I might keep her happy.



THE OLD GALWAY CRONE . . . KEENING HER BARBAROUS MOURNING

Young Van Flange worked at his trade of stocks like a horse He was into it early and late, sometimes staying from home all night. I took pride to think how much more wisely than Morton I had judged the boy.

Those night absences, when he did not come in until three of the morning, and on occasion not at all, gave me no concern. My own business of Tammany was quite as apt to hold me; for there are events that must be dealt with in the immediate, like shooting a bird on the wing. A multitude of such were upon me constantly, and there came no moment of the day or night that I could say beforehand would not be claimed by them. When this was my own case, it turned nothing difficult to understand how the exigencies of stocks might be as peremptory.

One matter to promote a growing fund of confidence in young Van Flange was his sobriety. The story ran—and, in truth, his own mother had told it—of his drunkenness, when a boy fresh out of his books, and during those Barclay Street days when he went throwing his patrimony to the vultures That was done with; he had somehow gotten by the bottle

Blossom was, as I've said, by nature shy and secret, and not one to relate her joys or griefs. While she and he were under the same roof with me I had never word from her as to her life with young Van Flange, and whether it went bright or blurred of differences. Nor do I believe that in those days there came aught to harrow her, unless it was a feeling that young Van Flange showed less the lover and more like folk of fifty than she might have wished. Once and again I caught on her face a passing shade; but her eyes cleared when I looked at her, and she would come and put her arms about me, and by that I could not help but see how her marriage had whitened life's path for her. This news of itself would set off a tune in my heart like the songs of birds; and I have it the more sharply upon my memory because it was the one mighty happiness I knew. The shadows I trapped as they crossed the brow of Blossom I laid to a thought that young Van Flange carried too heavy a load of work. It might break him in his health; and the fear had warrant in hollow eyes and a thin sallowness of face which piled age upon him, and made him resemble twice his years

Toward me the pose of young Van Flange was that one of respectful deference which had marked him from the start. Sometimes I was struck by the notion that he was afraid of me; not with any particularity of alarm, but as a woman might fear a mastiff, arguing peril from latent ferocities and a savagery of strength. Still, he in nowise ran away; one is not to understand that; on the contrary, he would pass hours in my society, explaining his speculations and showing those figures which were the record of his profits. I was glad to listen, too, for while I did not always grasp a meaning, being stock-dull as I've explained, what he said of "bull" and "bear" and "short" and "long" had the smell of combat about it, and held me enthralled like a romance.

There were instances when he suggested speculations, and now and then as high as three thousand shares. I never failed to humor him, for I thought a negative might smack of a lack of confidence—a thing I would not think of, if only for love of Blossom. I must say that my belief in young Van Flange was vastly augmented by these deals, which turned unflaggingly to my credit, and once as good as fifty thousand dollars

It was when I stood waist deep in what arrangements were preliminary to my battle for the town, now drawing near and nearer, that young Van Flange approached me concerning Blackberry Traction

"Father," said he—for he called me "father," and the name was pleasant to my ear—"father, if you will, we may make millions of dollars like turning hand or head."

Then he gave me a long story of the friendship he had scraped together with the president of Blackberry—he of the Hebrew cast and clutch, whom I once met and disappointed over franchises.

"Of course," said young Van Flange, "while he is the president of Blackberry he has no sentimental feelings as to the fortunes of the company. He is as sharp to make money as either you or I. The truth is this: While the stock is quoted very high, Blackberry, in fact, is in a bad way. It is like a house of cards, and a kick would collapse it into ruins. The president, because we are such intimates, gave me the whole truth of Blackberry. Swearing me to secrecy, he, as it were, lighted a lantern and led me into its darkest corners He showed me the books. Blackberry is on the threshold of a crash. The dividends coming due will not be paid. It is behind in its interest; and the directors will be driven to declare an immense issue of bonds. Blackberry stock will fall below twenty; a receiver will have the road within the year. To my mind, the situation is ready for a coup. We have but to sell and keep selling to take in what millions we will."

There was further talk, and all to similar purpose. Also I recalled the ease with which Morton and I, aforetime, took four millions between us out of Blackberry.

"Now I think," said I, in the finish of it, "that Blackberry is my gold mine by the word of Fate itself. Those we are to make will not be the first riches I've had from it.'

Except the house we stood in I owned no real estate; nor yet that, since it was Blossom's, being her marriage gift from me. From the first I had had an aversion to houses and lots. I was of no stomach to collect rents, and squabble with tenants over repairs, or race to magistrates for evictions This last I should say was the Irish in my veins, for landlords had hectored my ancestors like horseflies. My riches were all in stocks and bonds; nor would I listen to anything else. Morton had his own whimsical explanation for this

"There are those among us," said he, "who are nomads by instinct—a sort of white Arab, don't y' know. Not intending offense—for gad! there are reasons why I desire to keep you good natured—every congenial criminal is of that sort; he is, really! Such folk instinctively look forward to migration or flight. They want nothing they can't pack up and depart with in a night, and would no more take a deed to land than a dose of arsenic. It's you who are of these migratory people. That's why you abhor real estate. Fact old chap! you're a born nomad; and it's in your blood to be ever ready to strike camp, inspan your teams and trek."

Morton furnished these valuable theories when he was investing my money for me. Having no belief in my own investment wisdom, I imposed the task upon his good nature One day he brought me my complete possessions in a wonderful sheaf of stocks and bonds. They were edged, each and all, with gold, since Morton would accept no less.

"There you are, my boy," said he, "and everything as clean as running water, don't y' know. Really, I didn't think you could be trusted if it came on to blow a panic, so I've bought for you only stuff that can protect itself."

When young Van Flange made his Blackberry suggestions I should say I had sixteen hundred thousand dollars worth of these bonds and stocks—mostly the former—in my steel box. I may only guess concerning it, for I could not reckon so huge a sum to the precise farthing. It was all in the same house with us; I kept it in a safe I'd fitted into the walls, and which was so devised as to laugh at either a burglar or a fire. I gave young Van Flange the key of that interior compartment which held these securities, the general combination he already had

There you'll find more than a million and a half," said I, "and that, with what you have, should make three millions How much Blackberry can you sell now?"

"We ought to sell one hundred and fifty thousand shares. A drop of eighty points, and it should go that far, would bring us in twelve millions."

"Do what you think best," said I. "And, mind you, no word to Morton."

Now I was about to suggest that," said young Van Flange

Morton should not know what was on my slate for Blackberry Trust him? yes; and with every hope I had. But it was my vanity to make this move without him. I would open his eyes to it that young Van Flange, if not so old a sailor as himself, was none the less his equal at charting a course and navigating speculation across that sea of stocks, about the treacherous dangers whereof it had pleased him so often to patronize me

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * *

## The Brave and the Fair

NAT GOODWIN, the actor, and husband of the beautiful Maxine Elliott, sat gloomily in his club "What's the matter, Nat?" asked Kirke LaShelle, the manager.

"Matter enough," Goodwin replied. "For years I have known it would come '

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed LaShelle, "what is it?"

"It's the man who drives our automobile," said Goodwin bravely "When I got into the machine just now he turned and said 'Do you want to go home, Mr. Elliott?'"

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## The First Citizen

EVERY few days there is evidence of the extraordinary popularity of Mr. Cleveland with the masses of the people. And in this feeling is the proof that the people of this country have not strayed so far from the old ideals as those who have their eyes fixed upon the showy vulgarity of our big money centres are loudly asserting. For Mr. Cleveland stands as the perfect representative of old-fashioned Americanism. He is neither a dollar-hunter nor a dollar-worshiper; he is the exact reverse of the type of bluster and bluff; and he makes the seekers after "social position" and the imitators of the vulgar aristocrats of Europe look cheap and poor indeed Now, as when he was in office, he is "plain as an old shoe" —an honest, common-sense citizen, discharging his public and private duties in a quiet, matter-of-course way that shines resplendent in comparison with those who are so strong on what other people should do, and so weak and shifty when it comes to their own ought-to-do

Mr. Cleveland has solved the problem of what our ex-Presidents should do—has solved it as Washington solved it at Mount Vernon, as Jefferson solved it at Monticello.

## The Good Haters

IT IS often said of a man or a woman: "There is a good friend and a good hater. Nothing lukewarm about that person." And usually the statement seems to the hearer consistent with his idea of the facts of human nature. But is it?

True, there are human beings who like and hate with equal energy. But is it not the fact that, as a rule, the good hater is incapable of true friendliness? The good hater is very shrewd at selecting friends who will do for him; but when they stop to think it out they find some difficulty in recalling anything he has done for them—beyond professing friendship. And if the friend fails to do that which the "good hater" wants, how speedily he ceases to be a friend!

Hate is one of the most selfish as well as one of the most ignorant of emotions. And there is none that so straightly and so swiftly leads to a man's undoing. To forget an offense is stupid—it is like neglecting a danger-signal. To brood over it is folly—it wastes time and energy, it shrivels mind and heart.

## The Genius of Simplicity

DEMOCRATIC journals all over Europe are printing conspicuously every transpiring instance of the new Pope's contempt for form and ceremony, and are calling on kings and princes to imitate his august example. But kings and princes, and presidents, too, are not likely to take such unwise advice. The Pope, who is first of all a man, and was elected because he belonged to that colossal type, Man, can afford to indulge in the luxury of such magnificent display. For, is it not the most magnificent kind of display of real elevation for a man to dare to meet his fellowmen on an exact equality and still retain their admiration and homage?

But how would it fare with a stout, commonplace Edward or an eccentric, imperious William, or a puny Alfonso, if he were stripped of the advantages which military tutors and makers of gold lace and ceremonial tradition give him? Would simple democrats, sent abroad as Ambassadors, leave their presences with beaded foreheads and quaking knees to talk of "truly royal dignity" and "most gracious manners" and "wonderful range and grasp on public questions"? We trow not

## The Work at Hand

IN AN article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a few weeks ago Clarence H. Matson called attention to the fact that "within little more than a third of a century there has been rescued from what was once known as the Great American Desert a farming area which *in Kansas alone* in 1901 produced nearly one-seventh of the wheat crop of the entire country, to say nothing of other farm products."

And that region is more than a source of wealth; it is also the seat of a superb population of intensely American, independent, intelligent, progressive citizens. And not two-thirds of the potential area of our country is as yet redeemed from the wilderness. Is it strange that Americans of the kind that read and think, and are not fooled by the shallow effusions of flapdoodling politicians, grudge every dollar and every American man sent forth to be wasted in wild-cat imperialistic schemes? Why neglect the gold mine in one's back yard to race after the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow?

## A Shelf of Idols

THERE is an old story of how once nearly a million of slaves escaped from their masters and journeyed to find a country and home; and of how their leader—as all leaders must—went up to the heights to find God and laws for them. The laws which he brought back have been the base of all civilization in the world from that time to this day. But these people tired at once of him and his laws, and they took out their earrings and melted them and made a little gold calf and prayed to that.

Any American reading this story to-day would set them down as dull asses—folks who deserved to be slaves and to have a metal calf for a god

And yet, we have little metal calves of our own whom we worship every day.

For instance, Society. A few years ago a dependent of certain rich families in New York dubbed them in a book the Four Hundred. The name took. We made a Court Circle of them. We chronicle their doings daily, and silly girls and boys all over the country imitate them. Such a ridiculous little calf to worship!

Take too, the masses of new novels and magazines that heap the news-stands. The young people in the department stores who are just beginning to read books call these "American literature." Nobody contradicts them. Nobody tells them that these books are as cheap and vulgar in their English as in their morals. Their readers soon seize pens and write books also. Sally Lloyd and Ben Batty throw off two or three novels yearly, Scott and Thackeray are pushed out of sight on the shelves. Our ideal literature just now is only a gilded calf—it is not even gold

There are other popular ideals before which we bow down and whoop Hosannas: the voluble club-woman; the young victor in the Stock Exchange or Grain-pit; the modern Jove wielding his millions in his fist instead of arrows.

Are these real Powers in life or only poor little gilded calves of our own making?

## Athletics for Girls

THE development of a fondness for athletics among girls has been a noteworthy feature of life in this country during the last decade, and it is not strange that it should be attended by manifestations of misdirected energy and bad taste. From anxious mothers, from teachers and from physicians earnest protests are being made against the tendency to encourage girls to think that they are just as well adapted to the athletic life as boys are.

As to the adaptability of girls to physical exercise, there is something to say on both sides, but the weightier opinion on the part of physicians seems to be that the girl is so different from the boy in temperament and constitution that though a moderate amount of exercise of the right kind and under the right conditions is immensely beneficial, excessive training, overexertion, and the influences of publicity are detrimental to her physical and mental well-being.

All this ought to be sufficiently obvious to any intelligent person who stops to reason about the matter. The trouble is that when athletics for girls became the fashion the majority of parents did not stop to reason about it, but allowed their daughters to do as the other girls did, and there were always enough girls of independent ideas to take the lead and set an example that the others were only too ready to follow.

A reaction against this state of things was sure to come, however, and it has already begun. Even basket-ball—a game supposed to be particularly suited to girls—has come under the ban. Miss Lucille Eaton Hill, director of physical training in Wellesley College, is convinced that competitive athletic contests for young girls, and especially interscholastic basket-ball matches, are exceedingly injurious to the players physically, and tend to "a general lowering of the standards of womanly reticence and refinement." Miss Hill has been studying the conditions of athletics for girls in some of the New England schools, and she finds a great deal to condemn. In one school the girls had formed an association and were training themselves in running and jumping with the aid of boy coaches and without supervision by the school authorities.

The moral of all this is that if parents desire their daughters to be given the right sort of physical training to fit them for lives of usefulness and honor, they must see that the task is intrusted to competent instructors

## A World of Gluttons

A LONDON doctor examined the teeth of several thousand people of the poorer classes applying at his hospital for treatment. Of all those thousands of sets of teeth he found only one set in anything like good condition—and they were almost perfect. Yet their owner lived upon the same kind of food and took the same care of his teeth —that is, no care at all. The explanation lay in the fact that the man had a peculiar misformation of the jaws and throat which made it impossible for him to get food down except by chewing and swallowing a little at a time. And further, this man's general condition was far ahead of that of the others examined.

No doubt, we do eat too much, and too often, and too recklessly. But, worse than quantity or quality is the almost universal failure to chew. Chewing the food comes nearer to being the sovereign cure-all for every kind of internal trouble than any other one remedy. It is tiresome, it impedes conversation. But perhaps it is better than appendicitis, and where it takes minutes from talking it adds years to life.

## Shall We Wear Nose-Rings?

THROUGHOUT the country wherever the local issues are against the crowd that is trying to stay in, or to break in, the cry is heard: "Vote with your party! Remember, a President is to be elected next year!"

If we were not so accustomed to hearing "fake" shouts from our politicians such a cry as this would excite only laughter. But so habitually do our politicians of all parties act upon the maxim, "The American people love to be humbugged," that we listen with grave faces and many of us even look wise and nod assent. As if a man's vote this fall bound him to vote a certain way next fall!

Whenever the overwhelming mass of American voters look only at the issue in hand as they cast their ballots, the politicians will wear the nose-rings instead of the people.

## Solomon Up-to-Date

IN HER memoirs Madame Waddington tells that her little boy fell into a state of woe and terror when he heard that she was about to go to see Queen Victoria. When she came back he looked at her with amazed delight. "Why, mamma," said he, "your head is still on your shoulders!"

But other—almost worse—things than cutting off can befall heads adventured near the great of the earth, things that so often do happen that one may well worry when himself, or his friend, or his wife, or daughter is going into a court atmosphere, whether that court be European or American. For example, heads can be swollen, can be turned, can be warped. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business?" said Solomon; "he shall stand before kings." There be many diligent in this day, and kings are plentiful and are eager to use the diligent.

## If We Should Really Try

THE enormous demand for iron led to the expansion of every iron-producing plant and to the building of many new plants. And now the domestic supply has caught up with the demand, and American manufacturers are beginning to look abroad for orders. This means the beginning of the real American invasion, for up to this time Americans have done little more than accept the foreign orders offered.

Without in the least trying, the Americans have so stirred up the foreign iron men that they have been making an uproar in the politics of every large European country. In England it was the iron men of Birmingham who gave Mr. Chamberlain his idea of returning to those protective duties after which the country gentlemen, the backbone of the Conservative party, have ever hankered. If we have caused so much agitation without half trying, what will happen when the acute and eager representatives of our factories appear upon the scene and begin to "drum" and to "hustle"?

# MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

"WHEN I was in Congress," said William Jennings Bryan, "I was asked to speak in Ohio in one of the campaigns. I went out loaded with a long address The meeting was a big one I was fourth on the list of speakers. The chairman looked me over as the third man was finishing. Apparently, he was in doubt about something, for he tiptoed over to my chair and said, in a hoarse whisper: 'Excuse me, Mr. Bryan, but do you speak or sing?'"

### A Satisfactory Obituary

ONE of the New York papers printed a half column obituary of J. L. Mott, a well-known citizen. Mr. Mott saw the obituary on the morning it was printed and was perplexed He took the paper and went down to the editorial rooms After much travail he got in to see the city editor

"I came to see if you can tell me anything about this," said Mr. Mott humbly.

"About what?" asked the city editor raspingly. He took the paper and read the article hurriedly. "It seems to be an obituary notice of one J. L. Mott," he said "What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing that I know of," answered Mr. Mott, "but I want to know how it came about."

"Came about? Why, the man died, I suppose We don't usually print obituaries of live men"

Mr. Mott was impressed. "Probably not,' he said, "but you did this time. I am J. L. Mott."

The city editor made many apologies. "We will print a correction if you like," he announced

"No," said Mr. Mott, after hesitating "Let it go as it is. I'll show it to people when they try to borrow money of me"

### A Personal Question

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the actor, tells a story of an election in Colorado, where the women vote on the school question.

A lady came to the place of registration one morning to qualify herself for suffrage at the coming election

"With what political party do you affiliate?" asked the clerk sonorously.

The lady blushed, started and was evidently much embarrassed. "Must I answer?" she asked

"Yes, madam," said the clerk. "You must answer if you would vote."

"Well," she replied, "I don't think I'll vote then, for it is nobody's business what the party's name is, but I don't mind telling you that he is a candidate for school trustee and he is one of the nicest men I ever met."

### A Defective Title

WHEN Beriah Wilkins, who is now the proprietor of the Washington Post, was in Congress from Ohio he was also president of a national bank

He was ordered away by his physician for a rest and went to a little village in Georgia, where he knew nobody and where nobody knew him and nobody, apparently, cared to know him. He sat around the hotel for two weeks doing nothing. Then he decided to go back to Washington

He found he did not have enough money to pay his hotel bill and his railroad fare. He did not care to make a check, so he walked over to the little bank that faced the public square and told the aged banker who he was, saying he desired to make a draft for $200 on the bank of which he was president

"I don't know you," said the banker, "but you can make the draft and if the bank honors it I will give you the money."

"I can't wait that long," Wilkins replied. "I want the money now."

"Identify yourself," said the banker. Mr. Wilkins showed the banker his name as president of the Ohio bank in the Bank Directory and produced some letters

"That's all right," said the banker, "but I can't let you have the money on such an identification."

Wilkins argued. The banker was obdurate. Finally, after half an hour's talk, the banker softened and said: "Let me see the tag on your shirt. If the initials are right I'll cash the draft." Wilkins opened his waistcoat. The letters "J. P. B." loomed red and distinct on the tag

He had on one of half a dozen shirts his shirt-maker had sold him for cost because the man for whom they were made didn't take them

### An Exclusive

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, the author, is an exclusive man, who makes few friends

One day Mark Twain sent him a book and wrote on the fly leaf: "To Thomas Bailey Aldrich, from his only friend, Mark Twain."

### Misinformed

"THERE was once a minister in Hartford," says Mark Twain, "who had a lot of boys in his Sunday-school who were in the habit of staying away on the Sunday when the big steamer City of Hartford docked in the morning

"One Sunday the minister came down to Sunday-school and found all the boys there. He was profoundly affected

"'Boys,' he said, 'you cannot imagine how much this exhibition of loyalty on your part to the Sunday-school affects me. When I came by the docks this morning and saw the City of Hartford there ——'

"'Gee whiz!' shouted the boys in chorus, 'is she in?' and they left in a body."

### With Equal Scales

WHEN "Long John" Wentworth, a famous Chicago character, was a candidate for mayor of that city there was a vigorous discussion over a two headed calf on exhibition in Clark Street

Somebody had asked the question whether the calf was two calves with one body or one calf with two heads. The city was all torn up about it There were letters in the newspapers and many acrimonious domestic and public discussions. At length it was decided to leave the matter to Mr Wentworth

A committee waited on him and stated the case

Wentworth listened to the arguments carefully Then he made this decision: "Inasmuch as I am a candidate for mayor I decide that both sides are right."

### An Unconstitutional Decision

A LOCALLY celebrated jurist in Nevada was Judge Torrison, who, although he knew little law, had a reputation for honesty in his decisions.

One day one of the smart lawyers from Carson City was before the judge making an argument. He referred many times to the unconstitutionality of certain decisions

"Look here," said Judge Torrison, leaning over the bench, "who wrote this constitution you're talking about so much?"

"Why," said the lawyer, "it was written by some of the most eminent men in the State."

"Huh," snorted the judge, "and how long ago?"

"Some twenty-five years."

"Now, sir," said the judge, "I don't stand for no such chestnut as that. Why, the legislature that has just adjourned has passed a lot of fresh laws that knock the spots off any document twenty-five years old"

### A Moderate Price

F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE, who is fighting the Amalgamated Copper Company in Montana, is a young man whose success has been as remarkable as his methods.

The Amalgamated Copper Company is controlled by the Standard Oil Company. The moving spirit in the copper company is Mr. H. H. Rogers, the vice-president of the Standard Oil Company and one of the great financiers in the country

Heinze began fighting the Amalgamated by getting out injunctions and starting suits, until the work of the Amalgamated mines was tied up in many ways. Eventually, in order that their plans might not be delayed, Mr. Rogers decided to send for Heinze and make a compromise with him. Heinze came to Mr. Rogers' office in New York and the two men went into consultation in a private room.

"Now, Mr. Heinze," said Mr. Rogers, "you must know that in the end we can ruin you. We can beat you. Your contentions are unsound and it is only a matter of time until we beggar you. Still, the delay means much, and I have decided to ask you to name the sum for which you will compromise and quit"

Heinze smiled. "Why, Mr. Rogers," he said, "I am not here to make a proposition of that kind You sent for me, you remember."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Rogers, "I will make you this offer. I will give you $250,000 in cash, this afternoon, to quit"

Heinze smiled again and gazed straight into the Rogers eyes. "Why, Mr. Rogers," he said, "I had always heard you were a man of broad views, of large ideas."

"In Heaven's name," gasped Rogers, "how much do you want?"

Heinze smiled again. "Ten million dollars," he said

### The Tricksy Types

THERE was a dinner in the best Chinese restaurant in New York to a highly-bred Chinese woman, who is here to do school work. One of the editors of a great New York newspaper is interested in the work. He went to the dinner and asked that a good reporter should be sent to write a pleasant account of the dinner for next morning's paper

The reporter went to the dinner, came to the office, wrote a pleasant third of a column and went home to bed. Next day when he came in he was summoned before the editor. The editor was furious. "Is this your idea of humor?" he asked, holding out a clipping to the reporter.

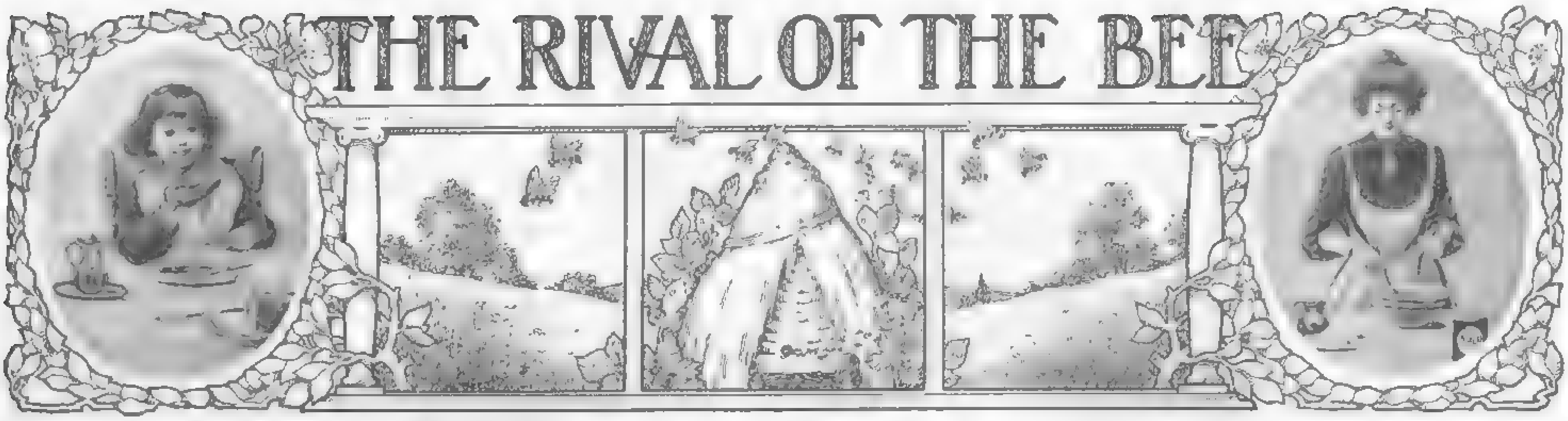
"I don't understand," said the reporter.

"Don't understand?" roared the editor "Well, read that sentence and then you will understand."

The reporter read: "Rice, mice and Oolong flowed freely"

"Great Scott!" he gasped, "I wrote it 'Rice — wine and Oolong'" And he had, but the demon of the types had pursued and caught the editor who wanted to be particularly nice to the highly-bred Chinese woman

# THE RIVAL OF THE BEE



*"Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd." — Iliad of Homer.*

Long has the honey of the bee reigned as sweet of sweets. Homer, Milton, Shakespeare, Tennyson, and others of the poets made tribute to its sovereignty, using its name as the superlative of sweetness.

When these men wrote, and until a recent day, the industrious bee toiled on without a rival.

But twentieth century skill and science came upon the field to wrest from the bee his laurels. Men went to nature, even as the bee does, but with better equipment. Only the blossoms with their mites of sweet are open to the bee for his sources of supply. Man may go where the store is richer 'though more strongly guarded.

So he drew upon the King of nature's cereals, corn, and made therefrom a syrup clear and golden as the honey of the bee; richer in nutriment, sweeter in flavor, less in cost.

And when this syrup is placed where the bee may have access to it, he forsakes the roses and the clover, mutely acknowledging his vanquishment, and making the triumph of man complete.

This wonderful syrup, extracted from the golden grains, has been named Karo Corn Syrup, and is meeting with a warm welcome from the housewives of America, won by its purity, flavor, nutriment and low cost.

It is being used in place of honey and other syrups on griddle cakes, and as a spread — because it is "better than honey for less money." It is being used instead of molasses in baking and in candy-making, because it is purer, more nutritious and more digestible.

The adaptability of Karo Corn Syrup is remarkable, and the inventive housewife will find in these receipts only an indication of what may be done with this new product of America's grains of gold.

**Mulled Grape Juice.** This is a stimulating and healthful drink appreciated alike by well and sick. As a first course to a luncheon some cold day use it in place of soup and your guests will enjoy its spicy aroma and delicate flavor.

To a quart of unsweetened grape juice and half a cup of Karo Corn Syrup, add one cup of water and one-fourth cup of cassia buds. Steep all in a double boiler for half an hour, strain and serve very hot in bouillon cups.

**Apricot Roll.** Wash one-half pound of dried apricots in lukewarm water, then drain, cover with water and let it stand at least twelve hours. When softened and swelled place over the fire in the same water and cook slowly until quite tender. Remove the fruit and let the water boil down to one cupful, then add half a cup of Karo Corn Syrup and cook a few minutes longer. Cut the fruit into bits or run through a coarse sieve and set aside while preparing the crust

Sift two cups of flour with four teaspoons of baking powder and a little salt. Rub into this one-third of a cup of butter and add about three-fourths of a cup of milk to make a soft biscuit dough. Roll into an oblong sheet and spread with a cupful of the prepared apricots, moistened with a little of the syrup. Roll up gently and place in a well buttered baking pan in a moderately hot oven, basting the top several times with the fruit syrup to give it a fine crust. Remove carefully to a warm platter and serve with a hard sauce.

**Fruit Sauce.** This sauce is made by creaming one-third of a cup of butter with one cupful of powdered sugar and beating it into a half a cup of apricot pulp. Heap this lightly on a glass dish or shape with the pastry bag and star tube. Chill well before serving.

**Emergency Buckwheat Cakes.** For the true lover of old-fashioned buckwheat cakes, such as "mother used to make," there is no substitute for the yeast risen product, light and foaming as it bubbled up in the big brown pitcher those bright, frosty mornings; quickly browning as it spread over the warmly receptive griddle. There are times, however, when this method is not convenient and a very creditable cake may be produced on short notice. The best of buckwheat flour should be used — the batter must be thin, so as to cook through by the time it is browned and the less grease there is used the more digestible the cakes. Some prefer a few spoonfuls of cornmeal or graham flour sifted with the buckwheat, and the same method may be used in mixing.

Sift two cups of buckwheat flour with four teaspoons of baking powder, and a little salt. Make into a thin batter with water and add two tablespoons of Karo Corn Syrup. This will help them to brown nicely. Serve very promptly with butter and a generous supply of warm Karo Corn Syrup. These are more wholesome than the yeast risen cakes, usually soured by time and sweetened by soda.

This method of heating syrup to serve with the cakes is not a common one, but when tried is almost universally commended. It blends better with the cakes, spreads more readily and does not cause the butter to harden in lumps. When we use honey on our cakes we have a material delicious in flavor, but hard to spread, and for many tastes too sweet. The cup of coffee after eating honey seems bitter and disappointing. Substitute Karo Corn Syrup for honey and note the improvement. It is "a breakfast treat that makes you eat."

**Cereal Puffets.** That cupful of cooked cereal left from breakfast is too good to throw away and yet there isn't enough of it to serve again, either warm or cold. Very delicate muffins may be made however, with this as a basis; they are best baked in hot gem irons and must be served while crisp and fresh.

For one cup of cereal beat in one-fourth cup of milk, and when smooth add a little salt and about one cup of flour, the amount depending upon the consistency of the cooked mush. Beat two eggs — yolks and whites separately, until very light; add yolks to the batter, beat well and fold in the stiff whites gently. Bake about twenty minutes and serve with Karo Corn Syrup, as a change from waffles, fritters or pancakes.

**Sweet Rice Croquettes.** Wash half a cup of rice thoroughly and place in a double boiler with a scant pint of milk. Cook until quite tender (adding more milk if necessary), and stir occasionally with a fork, so that the grains are not broken. When the rice is done the milk should be mostly absorbed, then add a little salt, two tablespoons of Karo Corn Syrup, the same amount of butter and a well-beaten egg. Set the mixture aside to cool, and when ready to shape have at hand quarters of peaches or pears (preferably stewed or canned), and cover each piece with a coating of rice, pressing firmly into shape. Roll each in sifted crumbs (either from bread or stale cake), then in beaten eggs, and crumbs again. Fry in deep fat and serve hot, with Karo Corn Syrup.

**New England Baked Apples.** Many dishes familiar enough "way down east" are unknown to some of the western housewives, who think the quickest way the best, and have yet to learn that a long, slow cooking will develop flavors such as no *hurry-up* methods know. The proverbial attachment of the Yankee for his Baked Beans, Boston Brown Bread and Codfish-Balls, is a matter of wonder to his unfortunate cousin of the prairie countries, for he knows not their alluring charms. His baked beans are either dry and hard, or floating in a thin tasteless liquid, instead of being richly browned and moist from that succulent sauce only produced from the combined effort of beans, pork and *time*. His codfish-balls are made from some sawdust-like material ready prepared, often no more like the real cod than water like wine. Time is saved, to be sure, but at what a sacrifice! If apples which are quickly baked have an appetizing flavor, then how much more enticing are the apples cooked for hours in a slow heat; the result a rich red color, fruit whole, but tender enough to break at a harsh word, and floating in a sea of amber syrup!

A casserole is the first requirement, although a thick deep earthen dish is not to be despised, providing a heavy cover is at hand. A thin-skinned apple may be cooked unpared, but the thick skins would better be removed. Core the apples and if you love to surprise your fellowmen, fill the space in each with chopped nuts, raisins or a little tart jelly. For two quarts of apples add a cup and a half of Karo Corn Syrup mixed with a cup of hot water, also a few pieces of lemon rind if liked. Cover the dish closely and cook in a very slow oven for two hours. Serve either hot or cold and your friends will thank you for a new version of an old-time dish.

**Squash Pie.** To make a good squash pie much depends upon the consistency of the squash and unless this is satisfactory, one's efforts are often wasted. Sometimes the pulp proves so watery, after being thoroughly steamed, that a good pie is out of the question, and when the time for preparation is taken into consideration, it is often worth while to substitute canned squash. This may seem like heresy to the old-fashioned housewife, but when a good brand is obtainable (and there are several such) is it not a justifiable saving of time as well as expense? If squash is dry and smooth after sifting, the following proportions will give good results, a firm, delicate pie with the real squash flavor. It should be baked in deep pie tins and have a glossy, inviting appearance when done.

Heat three cups of milk with a scant cup of Karo Corn Syrup, add two tablespoons of butter and mix with a pint of the prepared squash. Let this cool slightly and add three well-beaten eggs, one teaspoon of cinnamon, and half a teaspoon each of salt and nutmeg. Mix well, pour into open crusts and bake in a moderate oven until set.

**A Sherbet.** Through summer we revel in fresh fruits in a hundred guises, but when cool weather comes, our horizon seems limited and we thank the man who first invented *ices*. The receipt here given may be altered readily to suit one's taste or convenience, but will be found a very pleasing combination and sufficient in quantity for quite a company. Time is saved by using the prepared syrup which is so convenient, instead of boiling water and sugar together. The freezing takes longer than when sugar is uncooked but the ice is infinitely smoother and richer. Any fruit ices and sherbets may be made in the same general way.

Extract the juice from six lemons and add to the grated rind of two. Mix three cups of Karo Corn Syrup with three quarts of water, add the prepared lemon, also a can each of grated pineapple and sliced peaches. Freeze as usual and leave in the can an hour or two to ripen.

Dip the edges of sherbet glasses into unbeaten white of egg and then into granulated sugar. This will make a frosty rim which enhances the beauty of the delicate ice.

**Compote of Fruit.** A rather unusual dessert which has the merit of being entirely prepared some hours before serving, and does not require much cooking, is here suggested. The amounts given will serve a dozen or more people, and the dish may be used in place of soup for luncheon in hot weather, as a substitute for punch before the roast, or a dessert in itself, at any season. After a hearty meal it will prove more acceptable than rich pudding or pastry.

Drain the juice from a can each of choice pears and sliced pineapple, also four large oranges cut into dice, add to this one and one-half cups of Karo Corn Syrup and boil until reduced to a thick syrup. Pour this while hot over three-fourths of a cup of pecans or English walnuts cut into bits, and when cold add the juice of two lemons. Have the pears and pineapples cut into even pieces, and add these with the oranges, and three-fourths of a cup of Maraschino cherries to the cold syrup. Mix all thoroughly, add sherry or other flavor if desired, and chill well before serving.

LEVEL MEASUREMENTS ARE USED IN ALL RECEIPTS.

The foreign custom of drinking cordials at the close of a hearty dinner is daily becoming more general in this country, and it is supposed that to a certain extent they are an aid to digestion, although the alcohol in them would hardly seem desirable. However that may be, there is no question, but what the Eau Sucrée, or sweetened water, which is so popular among the Creoles, is really very wholesome. Dyspepsia is a rare complaint with them, and they are as noted for good health and longevity, as for their good spirits. As a people, their generous hospitality is shown in love of good eating, dinners of many courses, rich viands, and wine. Surely if a dilution of sugar syrup will prevent any ill effects from such high living, it is well worth knowing. It is a common Creole custom to give children this simple drink at bedtime to induce sound slumber, and few children but what would consider it a treat

The plain syrup, water and fruit juice, well iced, is a palatable refreshment on a warm day, and the chance caller will welcome this simple expression of hospitality. With the fruit juices which the prudent housewife usually puts up at preserving season, and a liberal supply of Karo Corn Syrup, it is possible to prepare any of these refreshing drinks at short notice, and the advantage of the syrup over sugar is quite evident when it is seen how readily it blends with iced liquids, in which sugar so slowly dissolves.

Give this Karo Corn Syrup a trial, serve it with cakes for breakfast, on bread for the children's lunch, and in cooking of all sorts where either sugar or molasses would be used, and you will soon be convinced that it occupies a unique place and will hold its own against both old and new competitors.

Karo Corn Syrup is sold by grocers, in air-tight, friction top tins, which preserve its purity and goodness. Three sizes, 10c, 25c and 50c. If your grocer does not have Karo, please send us his name and we will tell you where you can get it.

"Karo in the Kitchen," a new book of original receipts, written for Karo Corn Syrup, will be sent free upon application.

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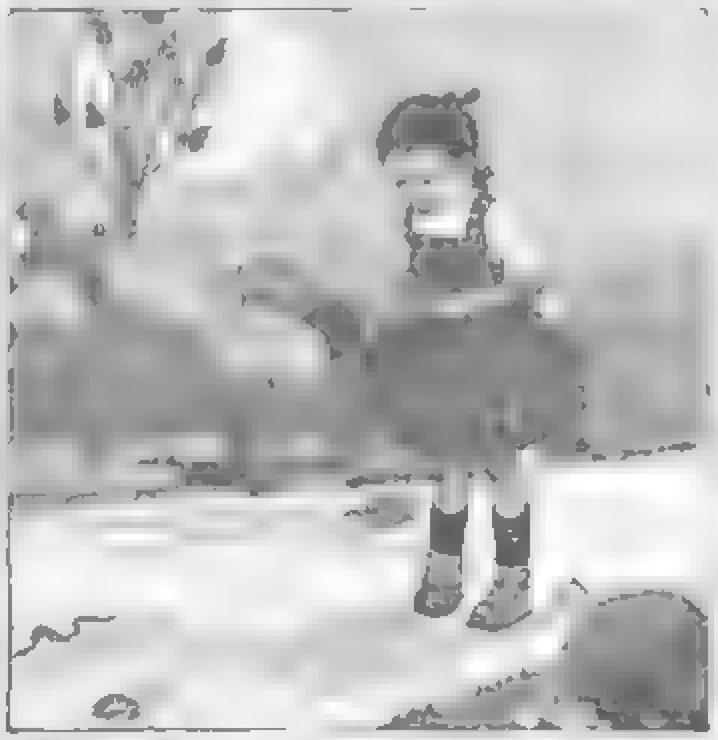
# The Reading Table



## The Snake

### By Betty Sage

I couldn't crawl as does the snake
Though I should try till I was thirty
I'm sure 'twould make my stomach ache;
Besides, I'd get my apron dirty.

### A Delicate Hint

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, the English author, spends much of his time in New York. He affects a decidedly poetical fashion in hair, an arrangement accomplished by a sparing use of the shears. Near his lodgings is a German barber-shop where he frequently drops in to have his shoes polished, but never for tonsorial attention, greatly to the disgust of the chief artist and proprietor, who is possessed of the true barber hair-destroying instinct. The other day as the poet departed after one of his usual visits, a customer heard the barber approach the boy and say

See here, Fritz; der next dime dot shentlemans comes in to get his shine I vants you to say somedings to him aboudt dot shameless hair he got. Doan get fresh, and m[illegible] some offenses — shust hint delicate. Say 'Boss, you looks like a shackasses wid dot hair — vhy doan you git him cut alretty?

### An Economical Management

GEORGE H. DANIELS, of New York, the well-known passenger agent, was one day traveling in a sleeping-car on his own road. After the conductor had gone through, punching all the tickets several times, the negro porter appeared as usual with his tray and brush to gather up the bits of paper which had been punched out. This has always struck Mr. Daniels as a humorous operation, and he thought he would sound the negro and see how it impressed him.

"Porter," he said, "I suppose you fellows have those holes for your own, eh?"

"Not on dis road, sah," returned the porter solemnly, failing to recognize Mr Daniels. "We has to tuhn 'em in to the company, sah. Specks they fit 'em back into the tickets and use 'em again. Mighty economical company, sah, as you'd soon find out if you was evah to come to wohk foh it, sah."

### A Colored Chamberlain

THE late Congressman Paul Carrington Edmunds, who represented for several terms the Lynchburg district of Virginia in the House, accidentally overheard one of his employees instructing another negro as to his duties as presiding officer at a political meeting, to be held under the auspices of the Halifax County Negro Democratic Club. The darky's name was Winston Edmunds, having taken his cognomen from his old master in slavery days. What the Congressman heard follows

"You got to perzide at de meetin' termorrer. An' don't fergit dat dem what perzides ain' 'spected ter say much. De talkin' will be done mos'ly by dem what is put down fer speeches. I'se ter be de secon' speaker, an' I wants ter give you a notion as ter 'bout what I'll say.

"Fer five minits I'm gwineter tell dem niggers 'bout de Democratic party; how Jefferson started it, an' dat Madison, an' Monroe, an' Jackson was big men in it, an' dat we has plenty big men in it now. Dat'll use up 'bout five minits er gab

"Den I'm gwineter talk 'bout Mars Paul fer 'bout five minits. I'll tell 'em what a fine State Senator he was, an' he's de bes' Congressman we ever had; an' dat ef de people know what's good fer 'em dey'll keep on sendin' 'im ter Washington fer life. Dat'll be 'bout ten minits

"Fer de nex' five minits I'll talk straight at de niggers. I'll tell 'em dey oughter all come over wid us an' vote de white man's ticket, an' quit foolin' 'long carpet-baggers, scalawags an' Republicans what gives 'em no work an' wages. Dat'll use up fifteen minits

"De silver question will be up fer de nex' five minits. You know silver's a mighty pop'lar money wid de niggers. It's de stuff de dogs can't chaw. Dat'll be twenty minits in all

"Den I'm gwineter git my bref an' look over de crowd sorter keerless like. Dar'll be a pitcher full uv ice water on de table an' I'll take a drink er water. I'll have a nice, clean white hankercher in my pocket an' I'll wipe off my mouf an' chin an' mop my face same ez de white fokes does when dey'er speakin'. An' den I'll th'ow de hankercher down on de table, strut 'roun' a little, swell up an' say 'An' now, my feller-citizens dat brings me to de all-important question uv de tariff.' You git dat word down in yo' 'membrance so's you won't fergit it, an' keep on sayin' it over twix' now an' de meetin'. Soon's you hear me say 'tariff,' you rise up quick wid [illegible] water in yo' han' an' holler out loud, '[illegible]' If you don't do dat I'm gwineter have a reck'nin' wid you when dat meetin's over. Co'se, you sorter make 'pologies ter me [illegible] 'Mr Edmunds, I hates ter break up so [illegible] a speaker as you, but you know dar's mo' prominent an' leadin' men ter be called on!'

Ef dar's one thing in dis blessed worl' dat I don't know nothin' 'tall 'bout it's de tariff; an' I don't perpose to git up an' make a blamed fool er myse'f, not even 'fo' a passel er Halifax niggers."

### The Bedouins of New York

GUSTAVE VERBEEK, the illustrator, has the nomadic instinct of the artist highly developed and his frequent changes of address keep his friends in a constant state of uncertainty as to where he can be found. A friend meeting him on the street one day was surprised to find that he was still living at the same place after a lapse of half a year

"Why, how's that," said the friend, "six months in one house — how did it happen?"

"Well, the house was so charming," replied Mr. Verbeek, "that I really couldn't give it up at the end of three months as usual, so ever since that I've got off the car a block beyond, walked through the back street and gone in at the kitchen door. It's made it seem like a different place, but it won't work any longer, and I'm going to move next week

## His Business

A CHARACTERISTIC story is told of the late Thomas Flatley, of Boston, the well known Irish lawyer and wit

He was acting for the defense in a divorce case and during the cross-examination of the plaintiff asked the following question:

You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink yourself?"

"That's *my* business," said the witness angrily

Whereupon the lawyer, with face unmoved, asked one more question

"Have you any other business?"

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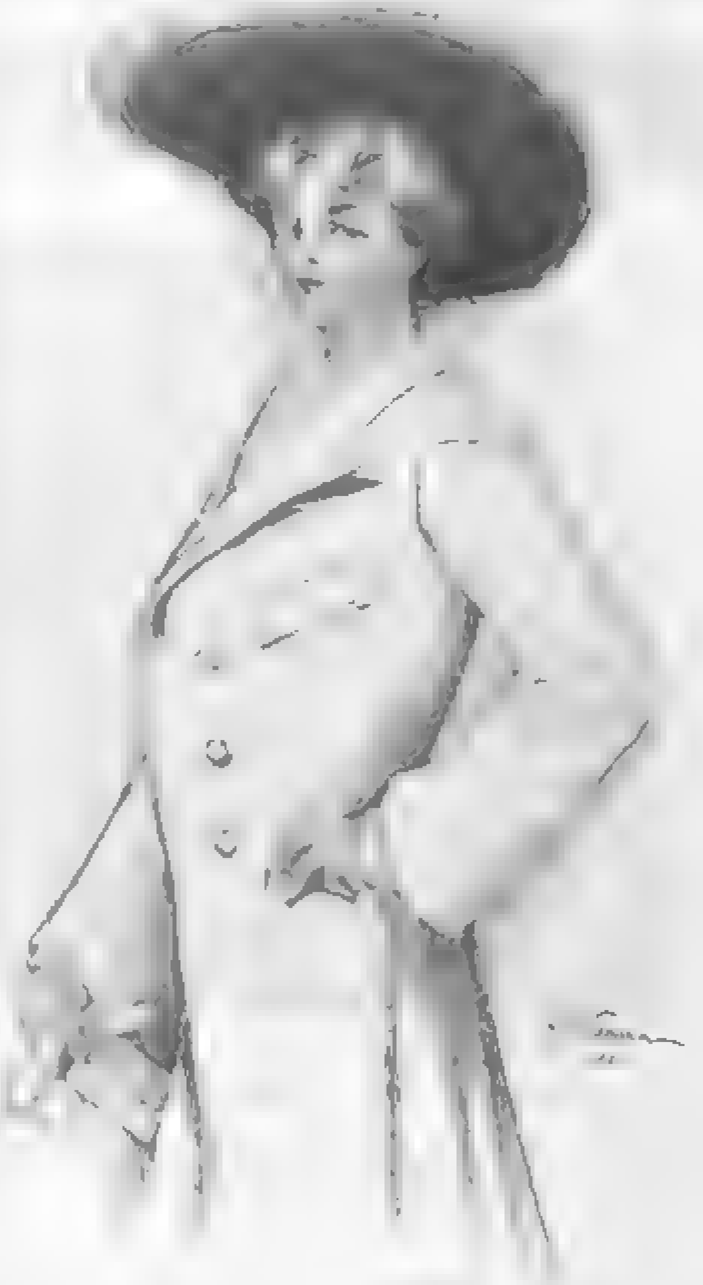

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The New American Girl Art Calendar for 1904

Consists of fac-simile reproductions of drawings of ideal American womanhood, by the following artists: John Cecil Clay, in black and red on buff ground; Ernest Haskell, in pen and ink and colored crayon; Hamilton King, striking effect on gray ground; G. G. Weiderseim, as per illustration above, in red, buff and black; Sewell Collins, delicate coloring on soft tone ground; Otto Schneider, French chalk, red and black on buff ground. Arranged in six sheets (10 x 16½ inches) and tied with ribbon for hanging. Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents, or metal cap from jar of

ARMOUR'S
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THE BEST EXTRACT OF THE BEST BEEF FOR MAKING SOUPS, SAUCES, GRAVIES and BEEF TEA

Art Plate Offer

We have a small edition of calendar designs as art plates (10⅞ x 18 inches) for framing or portfolio. Single plates will be mailed postpaid for twenty-five cents each, or the six complete, by prepaid express, $1.00. (One metal cap from jar of Extract good for single sheet, or six caps for complete set.)

ARMOUR & COMPANY
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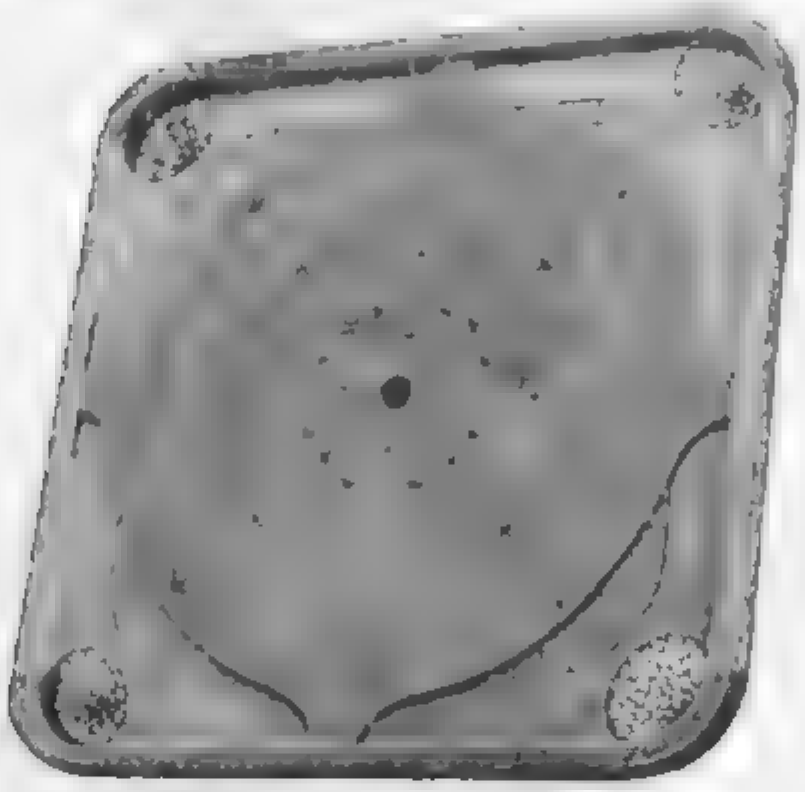
# A Carrom Board Ma

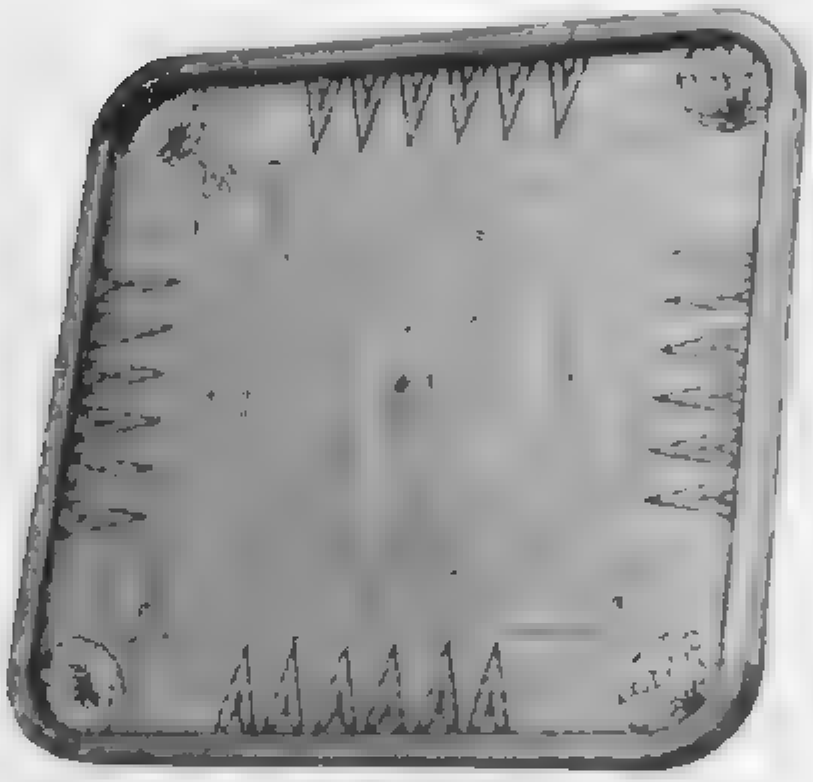


(Showing Crokinole panel in position)
Carrom side diagrams same as No. 1 Crown

**4-SURFACE CROWN COMBINATION — 100 Games**

The only game board ever made with four playing surfaces 140 pieces of equipment. 8 persons can play at once as the Crokinole panel can be removed if desired.

**Price $4.75**

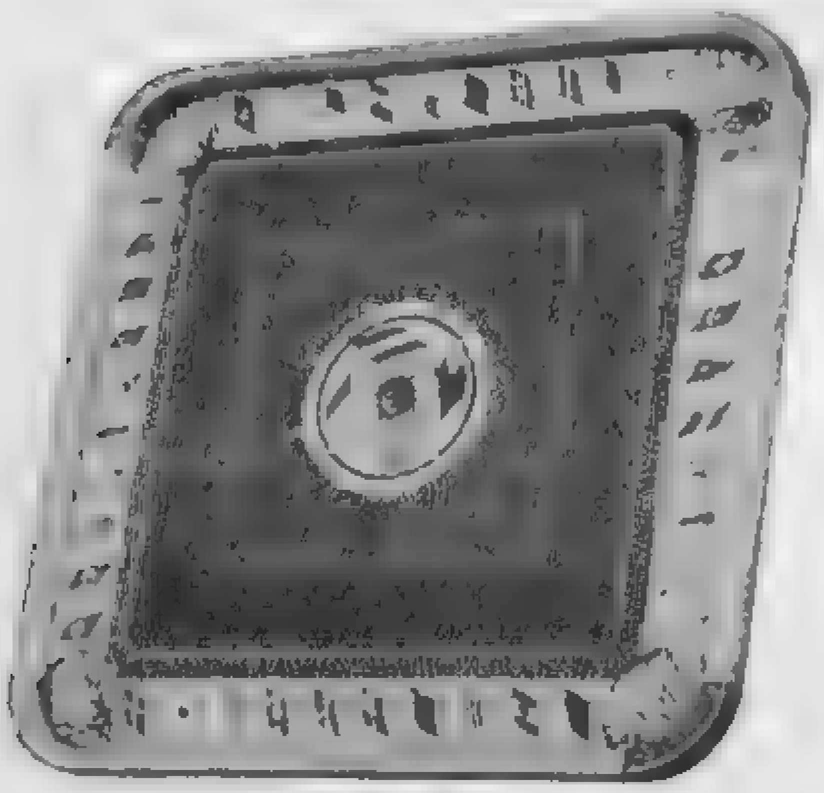


(Carrom side)

**No. 1 CROWN COMBINATION 65 Games**

[illegible] panel imitation mahogany. Patent [illegible] [illegible]

**Price $3.7[illegible]**



(Crokinole side)

**No. 2 ARCHARENA — 60 Games**

[illegible] Crokinole panel [illegible] board [illegible]

**Price $3.50**

## Inexhaustible Fun

The endless variety of amusement afforded by these boards makes them the most desirable investment for the home

Pleasures everybody must have, or become dull. Carrom-Archarena game boards give more pleasure for their cost than any other source of amusement on the market to-day. Every home should have one.

Their beauty is a constant delight.

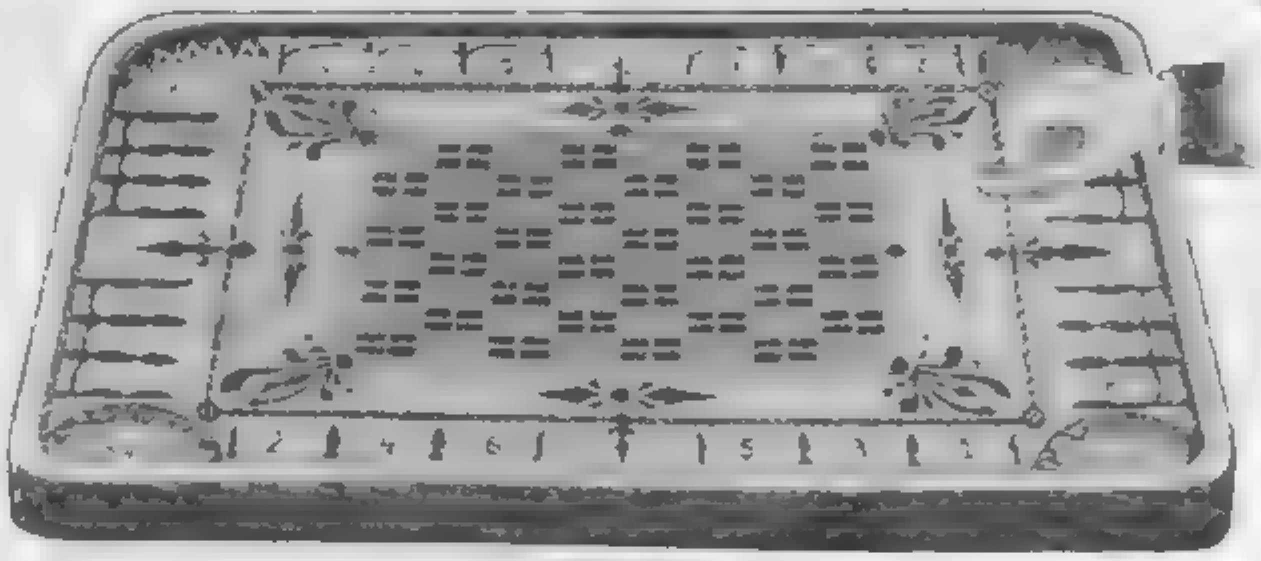
They are made where the finest woods grow, in Northern Michigan and only the best skilled workmen in the country are employed in making and finishing the boards.

Carrom-Archarena Game Boards are made of the best selected Maple, beautifully finished in the natural wood. Diagrams in rich, beautiful colors. The centers are three-ply veneer, very light and strong, and cannot warp or twist. The surface is rub finish as smooth as glass, making a perfect shooting surface. All of the boards, excepting the Nonpareil Crokinole, are 29 inches square and fitted with our famous round-cornered Carrom rim. Reversible net pockets, neat and strong.

**FREE**—A folding revolving stand will be furnished free with every Carrom game board purchased this season, either from your dealer or from us.

If not sold in your town we will send any board you may select direct to you, upon receipt of price, express prepaid, east of Omaha.

Write for our beautiful Game Board Catalog "A" in colors. We make a complete line of Combination Library and Dining Tables, which by simply removing the tops become splendid Billiard and Pool Tables. (Catalog "B" upon request.)



(Carrom side)

**No. 1 ARCHARENA — 58 Games**

A new model made to satisfy the demand for a high-class board at a low price. 46 pieces of equipment. Diagrams bright red and green.

**Price $2.25**

**NEW! IVORYOID RINGS** Resilient as ivory, [illegible] greatly improve the g
for full set of 29, including 12 reds, 12 blues, 4
Shooters only 5 cents each

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*LARGEST GAME BOARD*

# akes a Happy Home

### Better Mental Training than Reading

The Carrom-Archarena Games develop manual dexterity and mental judgment. They strengthen home ties because the pleasure is shared together, more closely welding the bonds of affection between members of the family.

They develop the power of accomplishing things in the young, and keep their elders from growing old. There is no sweeter trait in childhood than to love to share pleasures with parents and older brothers and sisters, and there is no better way to develop this trait than to provide games which afford real, wholesome fun for all members of the family.

These games will make it easy to KEEP YOUR BOYS AND GIRLS AT HOME, for they help make the home what it should be, the pleasantest place on earth.

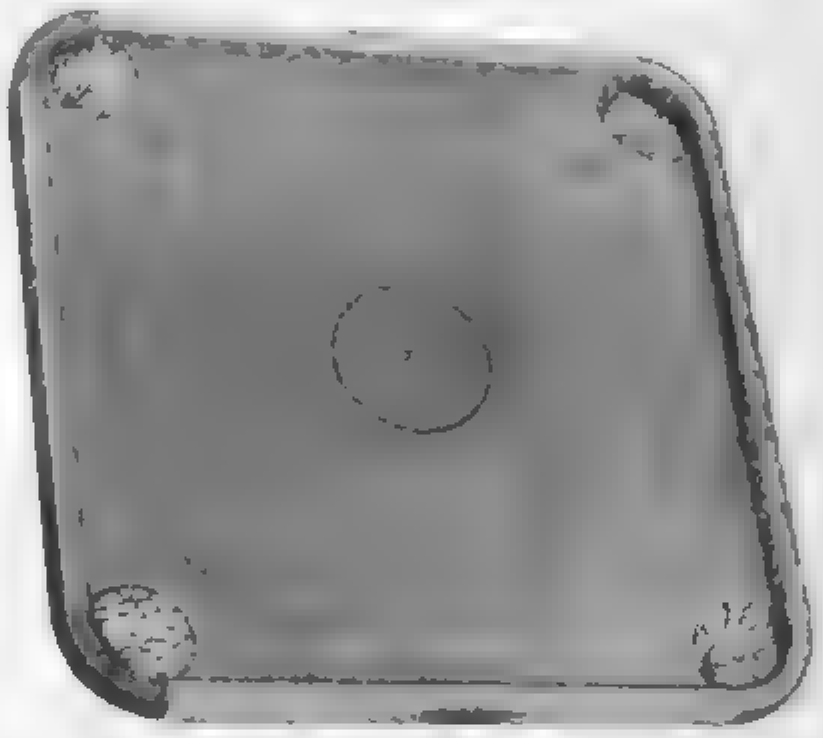
Children inclined to much reading require such diversion. It keeps their imaginations wholesome and saves in their later years the trouble and expense often due to overworking the eyes in youth.

Pleasure the year round for every member of the household.

### Young and Old

is afforded by the splendid games played on our game boards.

The entertainment of your friends is never a problem if you have a Carrom Board in your home. We are the originators of the universally popular game of CARROMS and are the largest manufacturers of game boards in the world. Our boards are in play in almost every town and hamlet in America, as well as in all parts of the world.

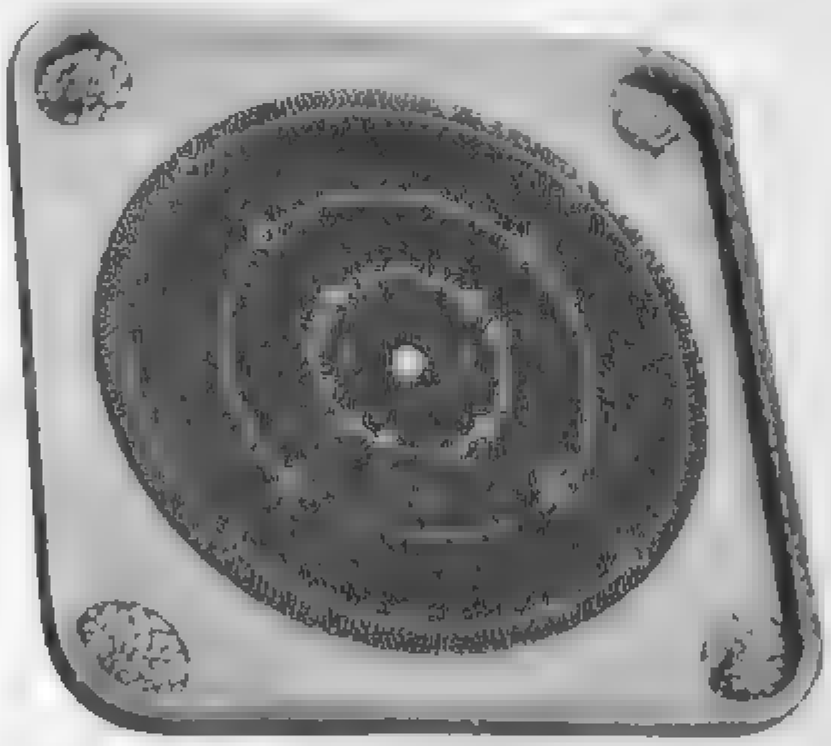


(Carrom side)

**No. 2 CARROM — 50 Games**

The lightest and most graceful game board made. Patent cushions. 87 pieces of equipment.

**Price $2.50**



(Crokinole side)

**COMBINATION CARROM AND CROKINOLE — 50 Games**

[illegible] 54 pieces of equipment. One of the most [illegible] the market.

**Price $3.00**

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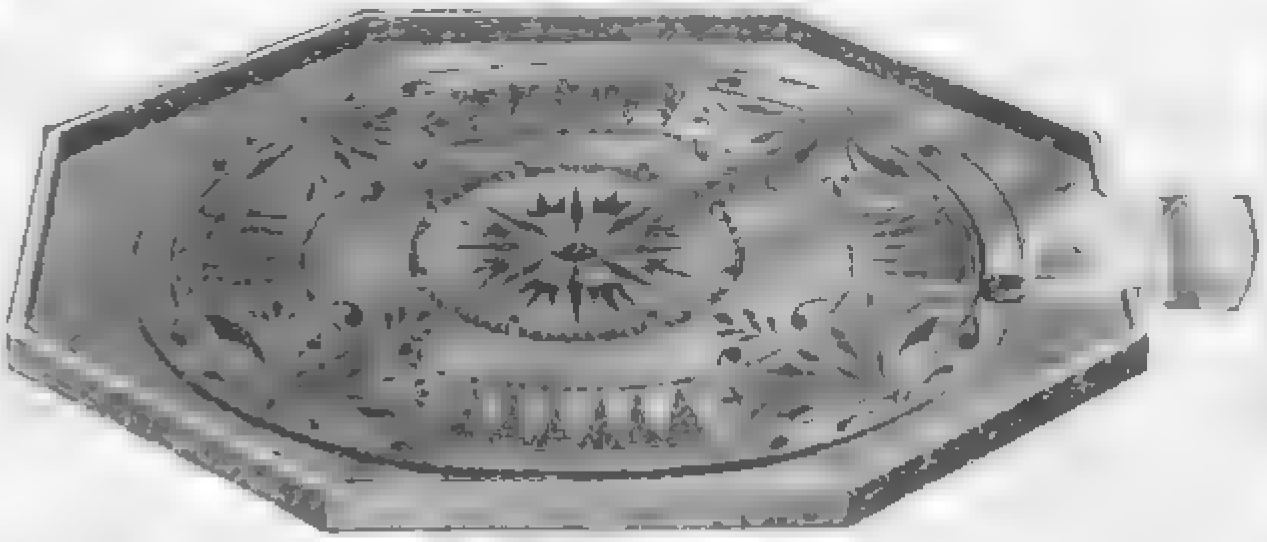
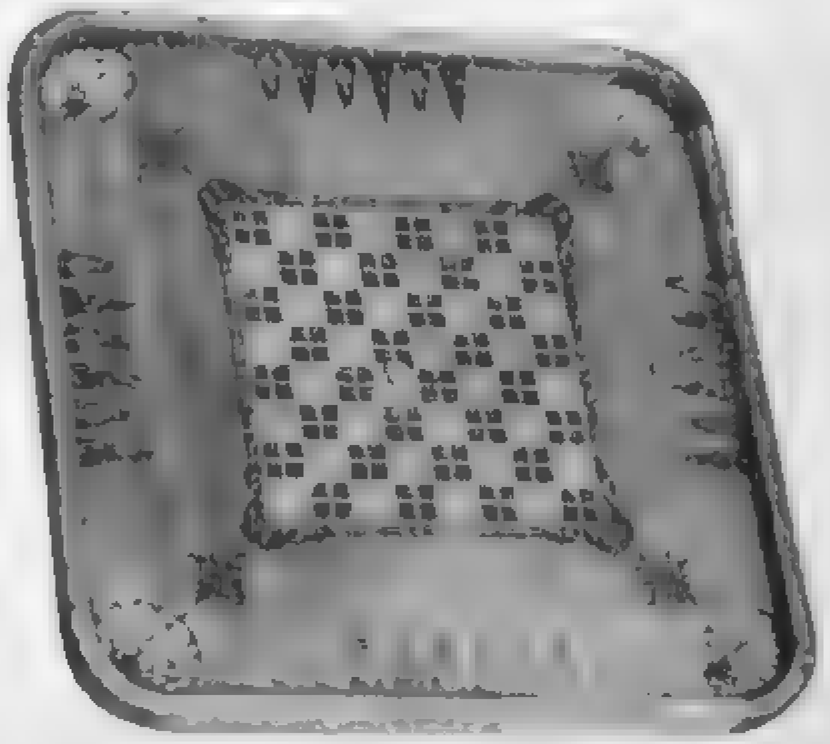


(Crokinole side)

**NONPAREIL CROKINOLE — 10 Games**

Entirely new this season. Remarkable because no nails are used in its construction. Most durable Crokinole board made. Complete equipment. Made in three styles.

**Prices $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00**



(Carrom side)

**DE LUXE CROWN COMBINATION — 65 Games**

Undoubtedly the most elegant board ever manufactured. Beautiful marquetry transfers. Crokinole ditch lined with fine green felt. Patent cushions. 121 pieces of equipment.

**Price $5.00**

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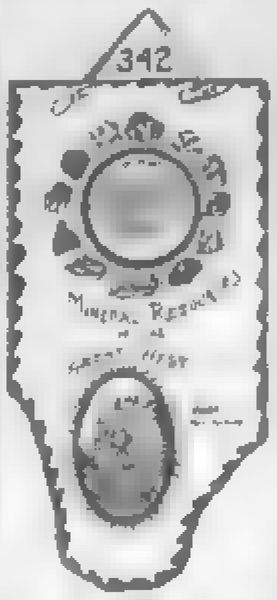

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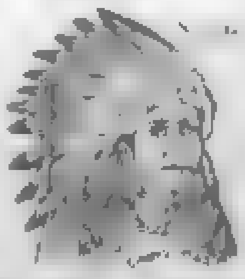

No 145 Burnt Leather Combination Book Mark and Paper Cutter 35c
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329
Pig Pen
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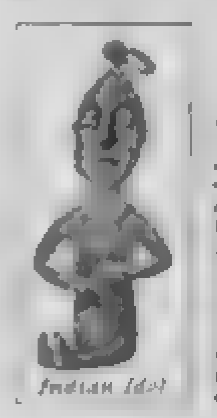
Leave Paste and Lead Pen

Cover made of Art Leather and burnt by hand blotters are attached with ribbon and so arranged that new blotters can be added. 35c, 3 for $1.00



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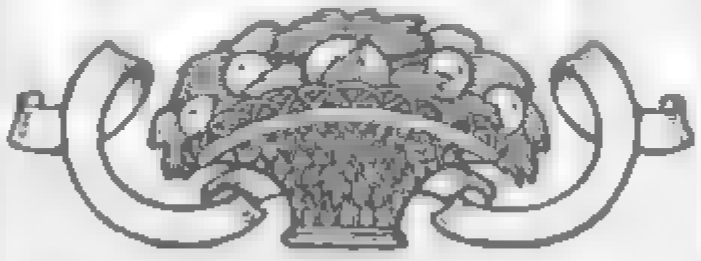
# Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science



**TABLOID VEGETABLES — They will be a boon to the tidy housewife of the Harlem flat.**

MUCH effort and money have been expended in attempts to concentrate in small bulk the flavors of vegetables. Meat extracts have been highly successful, the "taste" of a pound of beef being fully contained in a tablespoonful of semi-solid substance, but the problem has been to apply the same idea to the products of the garden-patch. The tomato may be said to have yielded to treatment, its essence being fairly represented by certain well-known sauces, but nothing worth mentioning can be said to have been accomplished with the potato, the pea, the bean, or any of the other familiar and much-esteemed vegetables.

The reason for the failure is chiefly that these vegetables are composed of substances, such as starch, which do not yield up their flavors in the shape of extractives. A potato, for example, leaving aside the water in it, is nearly all starch. How, then, can an extract be obtained from it that will retain its flavor? The best that can be done, for purposes of concentration, is to remove the water, which is a large part of the bulk of all vegetables, and this may be accomplished as is done with apples, by evaporation.

This method has been tried recently in the preparation of food substances submitted to the War Department for consideration as rations for our soldiers. In some cases meat and desiccated vegetables were mixed. The reduction of bulk accomplished by evaporation may be judged when it is stated that string beans contain 83 per cent. of water, beets 70 per cent., cabbage 78 per cent., celery 76 per cent., green corn 75 per cent., lettuce 80 per cent., onions 79 per cent., green peas 75 per cent., spinach 92 per cent., tomatoes 94 per cent., turnips 63 per cent., and potatoes 63 per cent.

Several so-called "vegetable meat extracts" which contain no meat whatever have recently been put on the market. They taste wonderfully like meat, and are utilized chiefly for such purposes as the flavoring of soups and gravies. They are made from the waste yeast of breweries, collected from the vats, on which the surplus yeast collects as a sort of scum. This yeast is subjected to heat, and its cells are thus ruptured, liberating a nitrogenous matter which is subjected to evaporation, and put up in little jars for sale.

**THE CANDLE-FISH — He makes an unwilling but serviceable illuminant for Arctic nights.**

THE marine animals of the world, according to figures gathered by the United States Fish Commission, annually yield 18,300,000 gallons of valuable oils for the use of man. Of this enormous quantity 5,500,000 gallons are derived from whales and seals, 5,300,000 gallons from the livers of cod and sharks, and 7,500,000 gallons from menhaden, herring and other fishes.

The most remarkable fish-oil is obtained from the elachon, or candle fish, which is so rich in fat that the Indians of the Northwest Coast use it instead of a candle. Stuck in the neck of a bottle, and ignited with a match, it will burn brilliantly for a long while, giving a light that one may read by. The species is vastly numerous, running along shore in schools numbering billions, so that the natives need never lack candles of this kind. But they know how to extract from the fish its oil, which is used in lamps and as a substitute for butter.

The oils of the dugong and manatee, though almost unknown in this part of the world, are of importance in Brazil, and in Australia and New Zealand also. Dugong oil, which is almost as limpid as water, is utilized as a substitute for butter and for cooking. Manatee oil is similarly employed, but is chiefly valued as a medicine, possessing properties of this kind which cause it to be esteemed superior to cod-liver oil. Without the unpleasantness of the latter, it has like virtues

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A handsomely illustrated brochure, showing fall and winter styles, gladly sent upon request.

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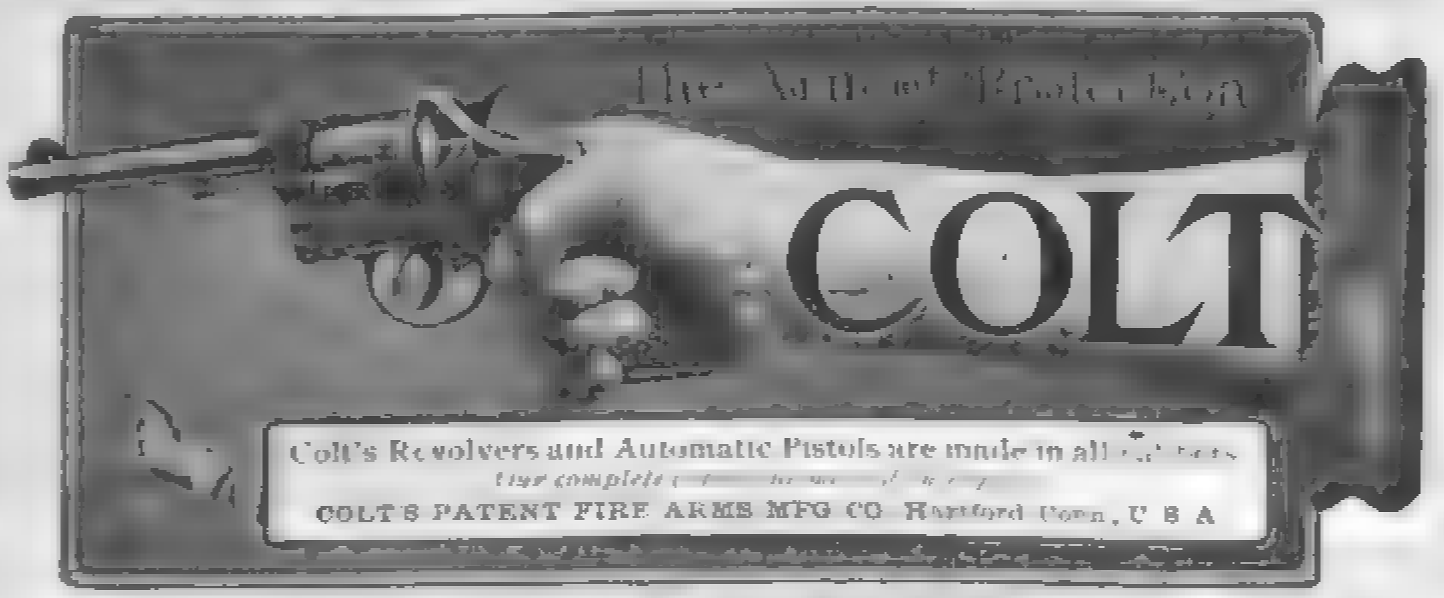

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COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG CO. Hartford Conn., U. S. A.

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cleans between the teeth

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By mail or at dealers'. FLORENCE MFG CO., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

$2,500 in Gold
to the Wearers of
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Shoes for Women

149 Prizes to be awarded as follows:

Capital prize $500.00

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| One prize | $300.00 | 5 prizes | $50.00 each |
| " " | 200.00 | 10 " | 25.00 " |
| " " | 100.00 | 50 " | 10.00 " |

Eighty prizes $5.00 each.

These prizes will be given to those ladies making the nearest estimate to the number of Kid Skins used by THE RADCLIFFE SHOE CO. in the manufacture of their celebrated shoes from [illegible] to June 1st, 1904. (In the same time the previous year 953,352 skins were used.) The one making nearest estimate to be given the capital prize, and so on. Should more than one person make the same estimate, then the prize to which they are entitled shall be divided equally between them.

In order to compete for these prizes it will be necessary to buy a pair of RADCLIFFE SHOES and fill in your estimate on an addressed card which the [illegible] the [illegible] and an [illegible]

For every pair of RADCLIFFE SHOES bought you get the *best shoe value*, and are entitled to one estimate. Competition open from December 1st, 1903, to June 1st, 1904, prizes will be paid July 1st.

Names of winners will be published in magazines coming out in August 1904.

RADCLIFFE Shoes have achieved their great reputation because of their flexibility, the support they give the foot, their style, fit, and wearing qualities.

If your dealer does not carry them write us and we will send style-book and card for estimate, also telling where you can get the RADCLIFFE $2.50 SHOES.

THE RADCLIFFE SHOE CO.
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These fine, all wool, brightly colored, genuine Indian robes can now be secured *by mail order* if not sold by *your dry goods or furniture dealer*. American goods are much more popular than the Oriental, wear longer and colors are finer. We will send you any Indian robe in our catalog [illegible] Or you can send $6.00 draft to-day, suggesting colors wanted, and we will send *our best selection*, prepaid.

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Best for traveling rugs, athletic [illegible] coats, veranda wraps, couch covers, trunk and box throws, camping blankets and cosy corners.

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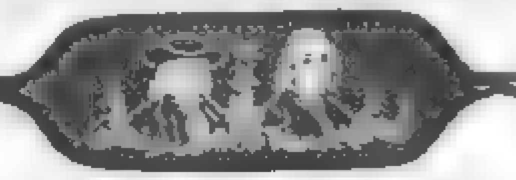

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Alligator oil is much used by hunters and "swampers" in the Gulf States as an illuminant and for softening leather. To similar purposes, especially currying, are applied the oils derived from many species of turtles, the chief supply being obtained from the Amazon and Orinoco Rivers. Along those streams immense numbers of turtles are found and even their eggs, which are laid in the sandy banks, are collected for conversion into oil. The eggs are crushed, covered with water, and exposed to the sun, the oil soon coming to the surface, from which it is skimmed. One gallon of oil is extracted in this way from 3000 eggs. Para receives 50,000 gallons of turtle oil in a twelvemonth, and more than an equal quantity is consumed by the up-country natives in the same period for cooking and for illuminating purposes.

**HORSES OF NEW BREEDS — The record of their pedigree will have to be kept by double entry.**

PROFESSOR J. C. EWART, whose experiments in crossing the zebra with the horse attracted much attention recently, has obtained another very interesting, and possibly valuable, hybrid by mating an Exmoor pony mare with a kiang.

The kiang (so-called in its native habitat) is the Asiatic wild ass, which roams the plains of central Siberia. It is extremely hardy, gracefully built and fleet of foot—about the size of a zebra, and with a stubby mane and tail. To science it is known as the *Equus hemionus*.

The hybrid referred to "took after" its father, the ass, to a remarkable extent. It was extremely lively and active, walking twenty miles on the fourth day after its birth. Indeed, its antics gave not a little anxiety to its mother, who seemed to experience the sensations ascribed to a hen with a duckling to provide for. One peculiarity of the little animal was its voice, which, instead of a neigh, was a sort of bark.

The National Zoological Park, at Washington, has sent to South Africa for a number of zebras, which will be mated with horses, with a view to carrying further in this country the experiments in this line already made abroad. It has been proved that the "zebrula," as the hybrid resulting from this cross is called, is a very valuable animal, possessing great strength in proportion to its size, and even surpassing the mule in power of endurance.

**PERFUMES FROM TREES — They have been held in high value since the days of the magi.**

A NEW and important source of perfumes has been found in a tree native to parts of Mexico, called Linaloe. It is a big tree, and, when the bark is cut, there exudes a gum-resin known as "xochiopal." The wood is reduced to small, thin chips, which are distilled by the gatherers in the forest, with the aid of primitive apparatus, yielding a light yellow essence which has an agreeable odor resembling a mixture of oil of lemon and oil of jasmine. This essence is put up in bottles and tins, and shipped to Hamburg, Havre and New York, where it is used as a base in the preparation of perfumes.

The perfumes most esteemed in ancient times, frankincense and myrrh, were both gum resins derived from trees. The latter is obtained from a scrubby tree native to southwestern Asia, and the bulk of the commercial supply to-day is marketed at the annual fair at Berbera, where it is bought up in quantities by European merchants. Much of it goes to China. In Europe and in this country it is extensively employed for medicinal purposes, chiefly to harden the gums, and is a common ingredient of toothwashes. Once a year, in obedience to an ancient custom, the King of England makes an offering of gold, frankincense and myrrh at the Royal Chapel.

Frankincense is a gum-resin from a tree that grows in Arabia and parts of India. From the bark a milklike juice exudes, which hardens in large, clear globules, and is scraped off by those who collect it. In ancient times it was believed that the product came from a region of darkness, where the trees tapped for the precious essence were defended by dangerous serpents of brilliant hues, but this notion may have been put in circulation by Arab spice traders anxious to discourage competition. In very early times, when it was supposed that the gods of many religions had a special weakness for good smells, much frankincense was used in connection with sacrifices. The Egyptians in the days of the Pharaohs employed it freely for such purposes, and one thousand tons of it are said to have been burned annually on the great altar of Bel in Babylon while yet the Assyrian power was in the ascendant.

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WITH ORDINARY CAREFUL USE WILL
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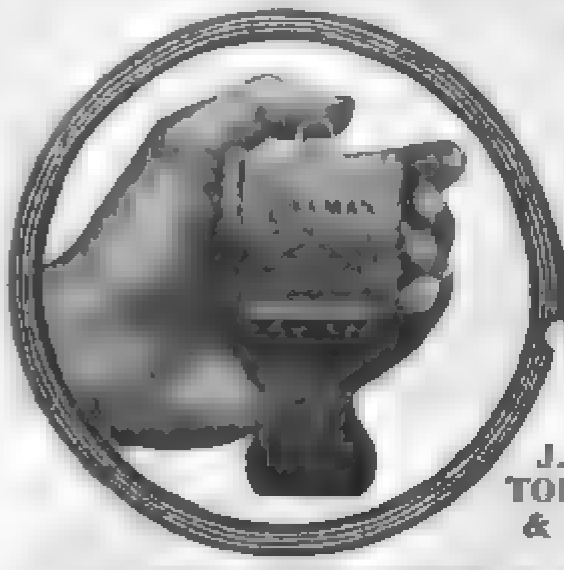

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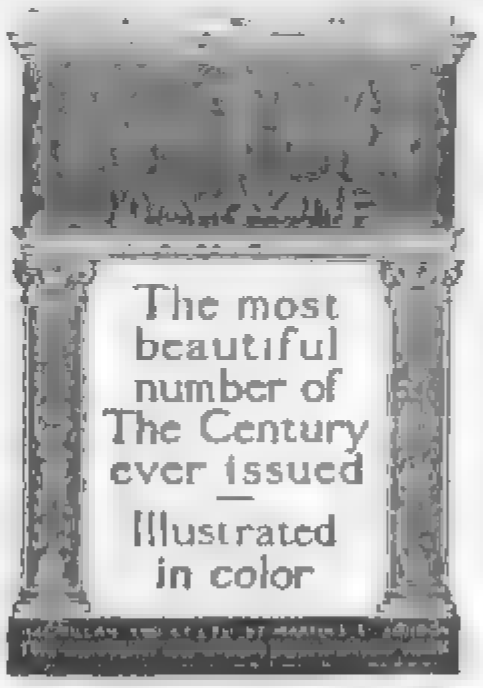
# The Christmas Century


The most beautiful number of The Century ever issued
Illustrated in color

**Greatest Magazine Issue of the Year**

**8 Exquisite Color Pictures 8**

Representing work of Maxfield Parrish, Hugo Ballin, Miss Violet Oakley, and Miss Ellen B. Thompson

**7 Complete Stories 7**

Another "Pa Gladden" story, and others by Albert Bigelow Paine, E. L. Sabin, Maurice Francis Egan, Roy Rolfe Gilson, J. J. Bell and Maarten Maartens.

**8 Strong Popular Articles 8**

Including "The Daily Walk of the Walking Delegate," "Fanaticism in America," by Dr. J. M Buckley, "Children of the People," by Jacob A. Riis, etc.

**11 Negro Songs 11**

By Joel Chandler Harris, Paul Laurence Dunbar, J. D. Corrothers, B. B. Valentine, and others, with a wide range of variety and humor

**78 Pictures in Black and White 78**

Including an engraving by Timothy Cole

**Poems in Lighter Vein, etc. Also**

*"The New Thackeray Letters"*
*"Fable and Woodmyth"*
*"Four Roads to Paradise."*

The most superbly illustrated feature that has ever appeared in a magazine will be the series on

## ITALIAN GARDENS

By Mrs. EDITH WHARTON
Author of "The Valley of Decision,"
with
**MAXFIELD PARRISH'S**
**Splendid Pictures.**
*Began in November*

## *Two Remarkable Serials to Begin Soon*

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Told in the Form of an Autobiography. By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, author of "Hugh Wynne." A daring and unique piece of historical work, written as if it were done by General Washington himself, sitting down at Mount Vernon in his old age and recording solely for his own eye the story of his youthful life. Gives one a new sense of Washington.

### Jack London's Sea Novel

Mr. Jack London, whose story "The Call of the Wild" is one of the most deserved popular successes of the year, will publish his new novel in *The Century* Magazine. It is a story of the sea, original in character and profound in motive. It has all the primitive strength of "The Call of the Wild," but, as a narrative, is even more thrilling. It will begin in January.

**All news-stands, 35 cents. All yearly subscribers who begin with this number will receive the November issue FREE. You will thus begin all the important articles and great serials of the year. $4.00 a year.**

*The Century Co., Union Square, New York*

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## The HAYNES-APPERSON CARS

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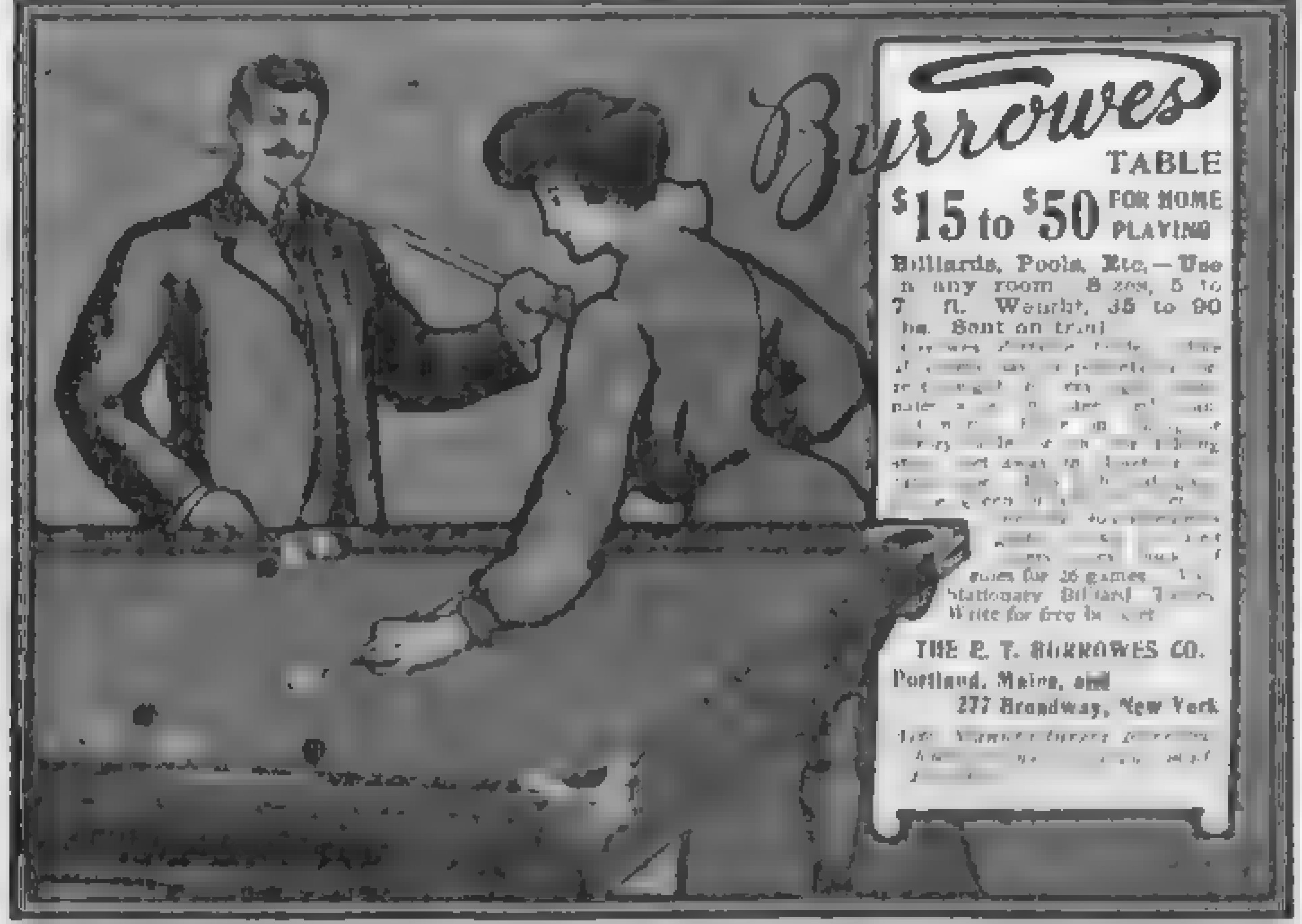

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*Mail Orders Only.*
*We have no Agents or Branch Stores.*
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**Made to Order in One Week**

**$8 to $40**

***Catalogue and Samples Free.***

Some ladies who prefer to have their garments made to order hesitate on account of the usual additional cost over ready-made dresses. Our prices are about half what is usually asked for garments made to order; besides

**We Guarantee to Fit You.**

**A Perfect Fitting Tailor-Made Costume is Essential to Every Lady's Wardrobe.**

The prettiest garment is absolutely worthless unless it fits nicely. Ready-made garments are made up by the thousands for ready-made figures. They lack individuality and rarely have either style or fit, and you are likely to find exact duplicates of them being worn by others. **We keep no ready-made goods, but make every garment especially to order.**

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**OUR SYSTEM.** We cut and make our garments according to our own original system, which is used by no other concern. This is one of the secrets of our wonderful success in making perfect-fitting garments from measurements sent us by mail. Under our method we emphasize the good points of the figure and conceal the defects. IF YOU FEAR WE CANNOT FIT YOU ASK YOUR BEST DRESSED [illegible]

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Write us fully; your letters will be answered by women of taste and experience in matters of dress, who will, if you desire, aid you in selecting styles and materials. When you send us an order, they will look after it while it is in the cutter's and tailor's hands, and will give it the same care and attention that it would have if it were made under your personal supervision.

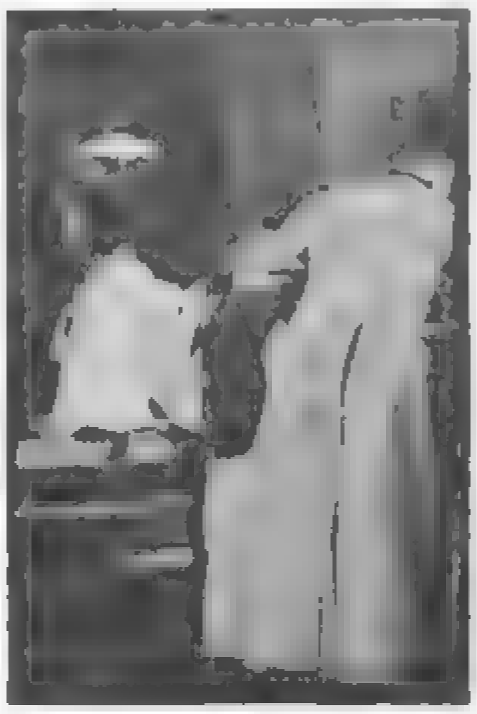
Write to-day for our Winter Catalogue No. 51 and samples of newest materials, sent **FREE** by return mail to any part of the United States. State whether you wish samples for suits or cloaks, and about the colors you desire, and we will send a full assortment of just what you wish.

**NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,**
**119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.**
*Established 15 Years.*

# How Your Picture Gets In the Paper

### The Picture Gatherer's is a Trade More than Usually Full of Tricks

### By H. J. Mahin



A NARROW ESCAPE

HERE is a picture of Miss X—— who is going to marry that French count. What a pretty girl she is." Such a remark, during the breakfast-table examination of the morning paper from the feminine members of the family is not uncommon nowadays. Meanwhile the young hopeful will be feasting his eyes on the latest views of football players or thinly-clad prize fighters, while the head of the family will be interested in a snapshot of J. P. Morgan taken just as he was leaving the big conference yesterday. So gradual has been the development of the newspaper illustrations that they are taken as a matter of course, and the really astonishing point that has been reached is not generally realized. Not many people ever stop to think where these pictures come from.

Gathering pictures has become of almost equal importance with gathering news in the modern newspaper office. The "good story," the one that gets the big heads, is the story that carries some good live illustrations. This is the case with the general run of stories, and if a matter contains good news features in itself pictures are, of course, sought and prepared to accompany it. But it is getting to be nowadays that news stories are often written to fit a picture, just as pictures are secured to accompany a news story. Nearly every big paper in New York has a corps of men who do nothing else but keep a lookout for pictures that are live and up to date.

It is needless to say that securing pictures is one of the most difficult tasks in the work of modern newspaper reporting. Naturally, the pictures that a paper is most anxious to print are those that are the hardest to get. You examine with much interest the picture of the mysterious young woman who drowned herself in the river; the young clubman who committed suicide because of his losses in Wall Street; the latest heiress to marry a foreign lord; the new beauty who is taking Newport by storm, or the most recent picture of the great financier showing just how he is losing his hair.

## The Snapshot Staff

In the first place, every big illustrated newspaper of the present age maintains an immensely expensive art department. This includes a staff of a dozen or more artists—men who can do pen and ink or brush work skillfully and, above all, quickly. There are also about half a dozen staff photographers—men who can do daring and impudent snapshot work as well as men who can make a fine big view of a yacht race, a banquet, or a view of the Horse Show. Then there is the big force who make from the pictures the metal plates necessary for use on the big printing-press. These are the nameless men—the fellows who do the general hustling. Above them, and rightly classed in this department, are the high salaried men whose pictures and cartoons you laugh over in the paper every day, and Sundays in the supplement.

Besides all these, every reporter on the staff is an especially appointed picture getter. Every assignment includes the instructions, "and, of course, get pictures if possible." In fact the reporter knows that next to an absolutely exclusive story he can please his city editor best with a good live picture. The more novel or unusual the picture is, the better. The yellow journal delights in putting a startlingly unexpected picture before its readers. A paper that has on its files a dozen different photographs of the great political leader will send its photographer out to get a view of him exactly as he appeared on the day of his latest entrance into publicity. The goal in the race is to get the unusual—your rival has just as many gallery pictures and stock cuts as you have—you must get something they will not have.

Most public characters have to become accustomed to seeing themselves pictured in all poses and connections. However much they may become accustomed to this, there are few who do not dread the snapshot man.

The snapshot man naturally lives an exciting and strenuous existence. Snapshots, of course, are only resorted to when the picture must be secured in great haste or cannot be got in any other way. The photographer must act at the favorable instant or his time and trouble avail nothing.

To be in a position to take advantage of that instant he must exercise not only cleverness and presence of mind, but often rare effrontery and a nerve that would put a confidence man to shame.

## The Luck of Some Camera Men

Snapshot artists, however, have been responsible for a good many clever illustrations. Sometimes the proper instant gives a good opening for the camera. Not long ago a big New York yellow journal printed a fine picture of Mrs. Astor. It was a splendid reproduction and gave every appearance of being a gallery photograph. It attracted much attention because every newspaper man in New York knows that until she sat for a certain society beauty book last spring Mrs. Astor had not had her picture taken for seven years, just because of her dread that the newspapers would get hold of it. The picture just mentioned had been snapped by a small camera as the lady was starting for her home in a motor-car after landing from Europe. It was an unusual example of fine results in snapshot work. President Roosevelt passed through New York on a very windy day last fall and a camera snapped on him revealed the fact that the nation's chief executive carried firearms. Mr. Roosevelt was going up the gangway of his yacht when a sudden gust of wind struck him. Just at that moment the camera snapped. The picture when developed showed the President's coat-tails high in the air and the handle of a very husky-looking revolver peeping from his right-hand hip pocket. One day last spring a private yacht blew up while at anchor at its mooring in Hudson River. A young man who happened to be going along Riverside Drive with a camera had his machine trained on the yacht, by a strange coincidence, just at the moment the unexpected explosion occurred. The resulting picture showed the disaster practically in the act, catching even big pieces of débris high in the air. It is needless to say that the young fellow received a tidy price for his negative from a morning paper.

As interesting as is snapshot photography, however, the special joy of the yellow journal is the private picture made in a regular gallery. This is always the best picture for reproducing purposes and it is usually the hardest to get. The yellow journal loves to publish a picture that seems to indicate a wonderful amount of enterprise or terms of intimacy with the people in question, especially if the latter are high in society or especially famous in any way. The greater part of the yellow journal clientèle are quite sure that their favorite paper must have a wonderful entrée into all walks of life to get such photos.

When there is no hope of getting a picture by persuasion there are several methods that may be resorted to. One may bribe the servants or the photographer; one may find an unsuspecting personal friend who has a picture and get possession on some plausible excuse long enough to make a copy, or (it is a shame to tell it) in some way secure entrance to the house and *steal* the picture.

THE TASTE TELLS

**Cudahy's Rex Brand Beef Extract**

*For Soups, Sauces Savory Sundries and* ***Beef Tea***

SECURE A SET OF THE

**Famous Cudahy A-1 Silver Plated Bouillon Spoons**

**FREE**

(Do not confuse these splendid spoons with ordinary offers.)

**The Cudahy Spoons** grace the best tables, because they bear no advertising, are made in the latest design, French Gray Finish, and are heavier than triple silver plate.

***How to Secure the Spoons***

For each spoon desired send a metal cap from a 2-oz. or larger sized jar of **Rex Brand Beef Extract,** and 10 cents in silver or stamps to cover cost of mailing, and mention this publication.

(*Made by Wm. A. Rogers, the Famous Silversmith.*)

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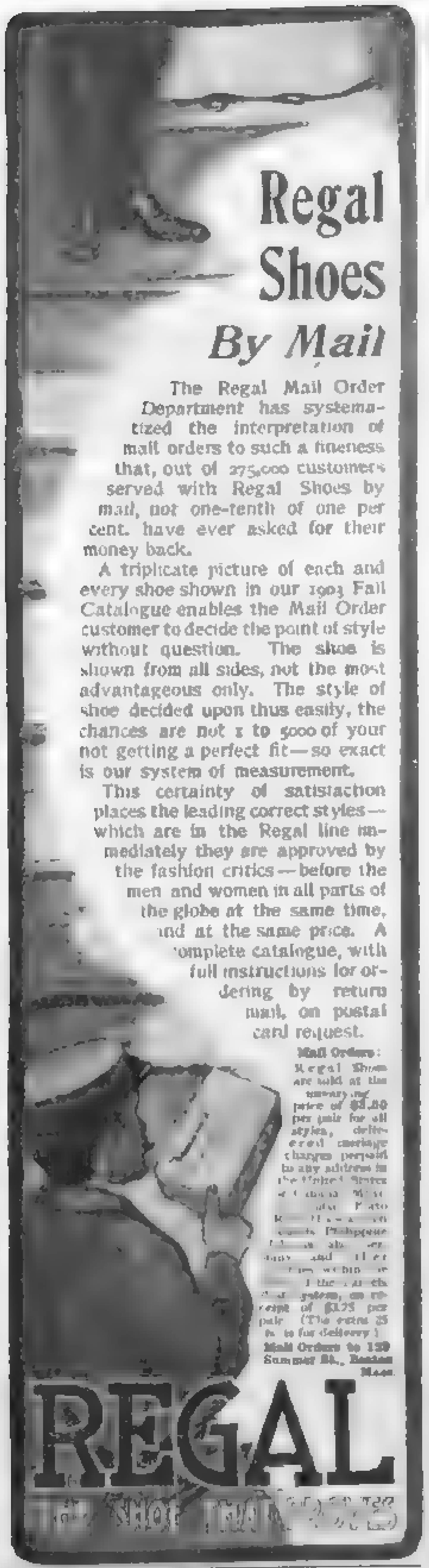
Cudahy's Rex Brand Beef Extract is sold by all druggists and grocers.



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The Regal Mail Order Department has systematized the interpretation of mail orders to such a fineness that, out of 275,000 customers served with Regal Shoes by mail, not one-tenth of one per cent. have ever asked for their money back.

A triplicate picture of each and every shoe shown in our 1903 Fall Catalogue enables the Mail Order customer to decide the point of style without question. The shoe is shown from all sides, not the most advantageous only. The style of shoe decided upon thus easily, the chances are not 1 to 5000 of your not getting a perfect fit — so exact is our system of measurement.

This certainty of satisfaction places the leading correct styles — which are in the Regal line immediately they are approved by the fashion critics — before the men and women in all parts of the globe at the same time, and at the same price. A complete catalogue, with full instructions for ordering by return mail, on postal card request.

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The Rip Van Winkle

SPRING BED is not only the most com[illegible] We **guarantee it for 20 years — your money** [illegible] not satisfactory.

[illegible] will fit any bed and will [illegible]

[illegible] dealers sell the Rip Van Winkle Spring Bed bearing our trade-mark. If yours does not, send us his name and we will send you a [illegible] Rip Van Winkle and our **written guarantee.**

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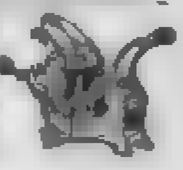


MAKE MONEY with a MODEL PRESS
[illegible] $5 up [illegible]
[illegible] Model Press, 708 Chestnut St., Phila.

If the servants are at all approachable they are the easiest and the shortest channel of approach. Let a man with a reasonable amount of persuasiveness and no scruples get the hall-way willing ear of a house servant or a personal attendant and the deed is as good as done. And the city editor will never ask you how you got the picture; he does not care. All he wants is the photograph.

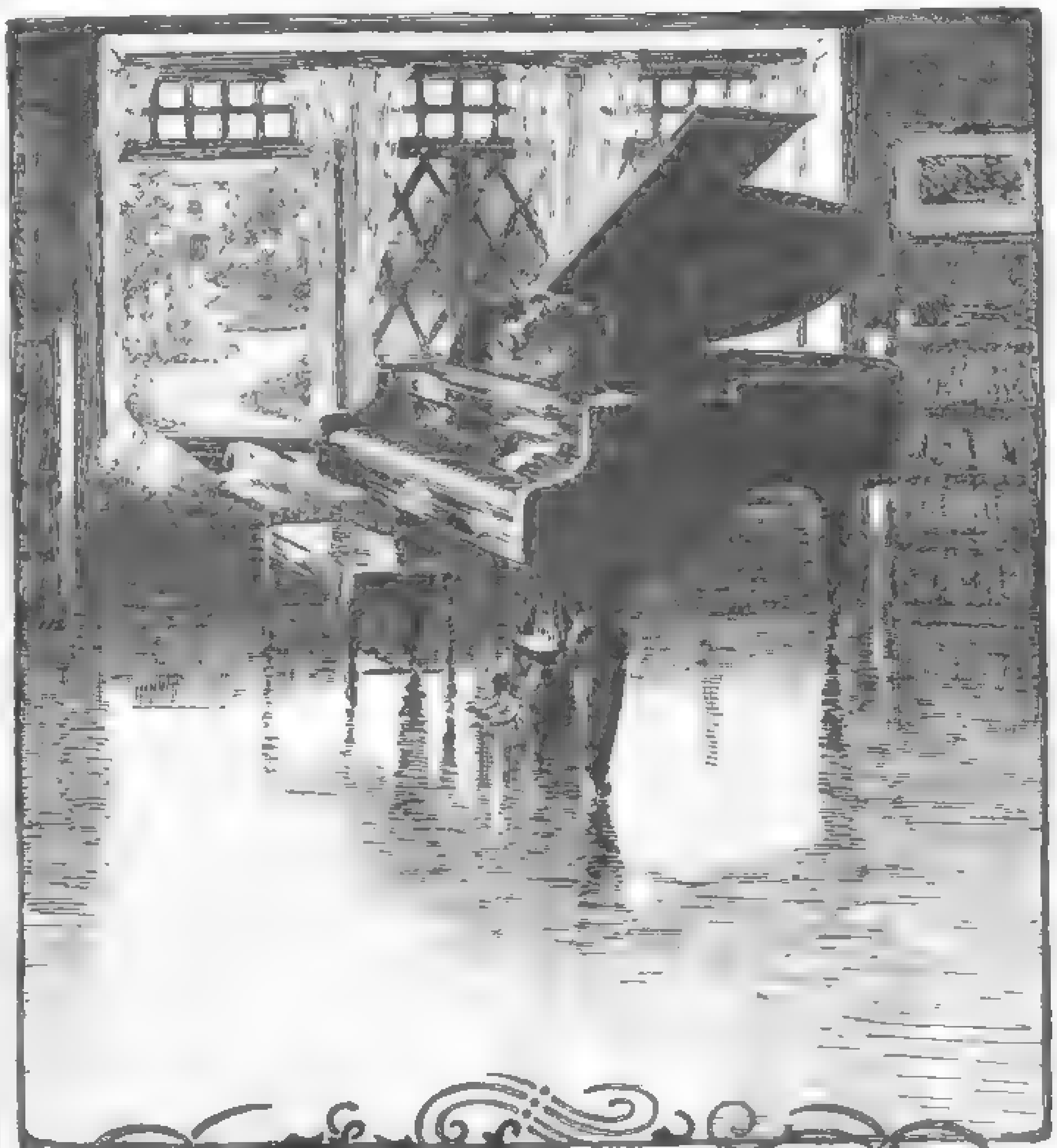
As far as you are concerned the secret is safe. Who knows but what that maid or butler may come in handy again soon. Perhaps they picked up many an extra dollar in the past in this way and are willing to do so again. This sort, however, are more experienced and apt to be more cautious. They will not give a picture outright but will furnish it so that a copy can be made. One of this kind was encountered recently when a certain sensational divorce case was announced. A new picture of the lady in the case was very desirable. Of course, under such circumstances, permission was out of the question. It was learned that a certain footman in the household of the lady's mother was approachable. The picture hunter called at the house forthwith, and was fortunate enough to be met at the door by the lackey in question. When he began tactfully to unfold his object he was invited in to "talk it over." The way was led to the reception-room; the family, explained Mr. Footman, were all out and would not be back till evening. He seemed dubious about the picture, but as he talked he reached up and took from the wall a lady's picture set in a gold frame. The reporter breathed easier and victory shown in his eyes as he felt for a ten-dollar bill. The picture was soon out of its frame and in the reporter's hands; in half an hour it was being photographed and enlarged in a certain downtown newspaper office. Inside of another hour it was back in its gold frame and reposing innocently in its old place on the wall of the reception-room in that Fifth Avenue mansion. The publication of the picture next morning was a big beat. The reporter called upon the footman soon after for some other picture, another member of the same family, but this was the answer he got: "Nothing doing just now. The folks got suspicious and asked me some pointed questions. You will have to wait till this blows over; come around in about a month."

### The More Excellent Way

The preferable and most legitimate way the newspaper has of securing pictures is to get them direct from the photographers. The fashionable photographer in New York, however, is what is known as a "hard proposition." The confidence and good will of his wealthiest customers is worth hundreds of dollars to him and he does not like to risk losing it. The best photographers have a rule, and positively enforce it, of giving out no pictures for publication except on the written order of the principals themselves. Others who appreciate the value of advertising are not so strict. And right here let it be noted that very few people honestly get past the point where they are just a little pleased by having their picture published if it is used in flattering and perfectly proper connections. In the smart set this is just as true as it is among the less fortunate "lower classes." It is the act of giving permission at which many people will halt — they don't want to be considered willing or even at all desirous of having their pictures published. Many a person would say "No" to the query, "Are you willing for us to publish your picture?" who would not say "Yes" to the query, "Do you forbid it?" It is this condition of affairs that many a clever photographer is willing to gamble on, first ascertaining in what connection the picture is to be used. For a photo secured in this manner the newspaper seldom has to pay much, probably only a nominal sum. The photographer furnishes the picture on condition that he is given credit when it is published.

One of the most prominent society leaders in the Four Hundred not long ago sued a Fifth Avenue photographer, whose name is known over the whole country, because one of her pictures appeared in a New York daily. Investigation proved that the photographer's errand boy had stolen the plates from a heap that had been discarded and were about to be destroyed and had sold them to the paper. The boy was prosecuted and punished, and when the lady understood the circumstances she dismissed the suit, but the photographer never recovered her trade.

There is a small group of New Yorkers who will not have their photos taken unless they are allowed to purchase the negatives along with the rest of their order. Very few



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*The Name has been famous for Eighty Years*

FOURSCORE Years of experience in Pianoforte building is exemplified in the Chickering Piano of to-day.

Its tone, of exquisite quality, is peculiarly its own, no other maker having succeeded in reproducing it.

CHICKERING & SONS
806 Tremont Street, Boston

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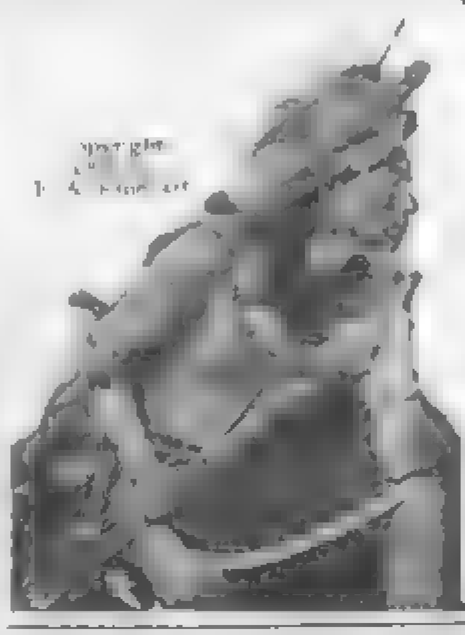

Rinehart's Indian Calendars

TWO distinct calendars for 1904, each composed of six sheets 11 x 14, on heavy art paper, tied with silk cord, portraying accurately the different American Indian costumes, artistically reproduced in colors. Either calendar to any address, securely packed, on receipt of 50 cents.

SPECIAL — Both calendars and one set of six new souvenir Indian postal cards (price 25 cents when purchased separately) sent securely packed, by prepaid express, on receipt of $1.00. Address all orders plainly

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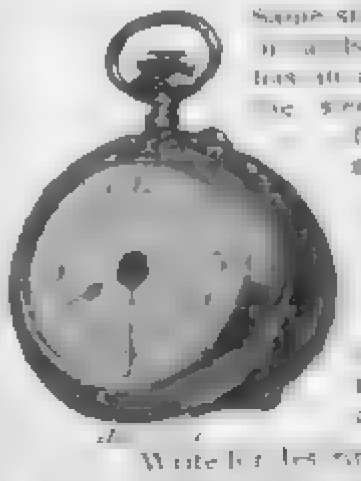

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Same size as a man's watch [illegible] Metal Case has an alarm which will wake the sleeper and remind the [illegible] of important appointments.

Guaranteed for one year. Sent prepaid anywhere for $10

Makes the most novel and pleasing present that can be given to anyone.

Write for descriptive circular.

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TO THE ORIENT [illegible] YEAR
[illegible] the Mediterranean and Orient [illegible]
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Do It Now

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Now is the time. Send for booklet, "The How and the Why." We insure by mail.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
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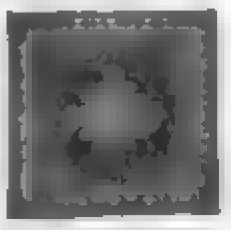

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| 9 by [illegible] ft. | [illegible] |
| 9 by 9 ft. | 4.00 |
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Beautiful and attractive patterns, woven through and through, [illegible] All colors, and more serviceable than [illegible] east of the Rocky Mountains.

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**Frost Queen Chamois Vest**

Tailor Made)

A most satisfactory garment for winter wear It means perfect protection against winter ills — in addition — comfort, ease and style.

Just the kind of a garment you need on cold — damp days. Ideal for skating — golfing — driving — or at the football game

Can be worn either as a corset cover or as an outside garment over the waist and under the coat, and taken off when indoors, if desired.

For sale by your druggist. Price, $3.00.

We also make the Frost King Chamois Vest for men. Price, $3.00.

"Health and Comfort" – a descriptive booklet — free upon request.

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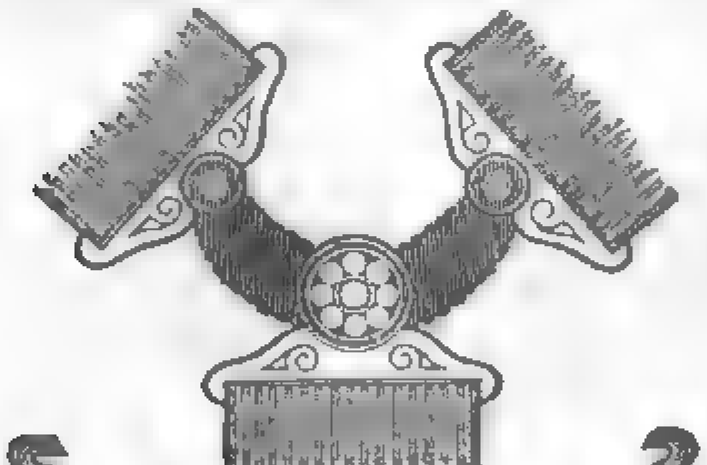

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**Cyclo**

Ball Bearing

**Suspender**

10,000,000 used in this new principle of suspender comfort

*UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED*

French gilt trimmings, will not rust. If your dealer hasn't them, sample pair, 50

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*Mothers Save*

*TIME—TROUBLE—EXPENSE*

when they request their shoeman to give them shoes with

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photographers, however, are willing to sell their negatives. They consider this the foundation of their business, and there are only a few — those who have no galleries but do their work at the patron's home — who will submit to it. And yet persons who positively do not want their pictures ever to appear in print are wise to try and buy the negatives

One way in which pictures are sometimes got direct from the photographer will work with a few of the New York galleries. That is the scheme of having the artist at the newspaper [illegible] so change the appearance by the addition or elimination of a hat or the reconstruction of a gown that no one would ever recognize where it came from. In such cases credit, of course, is never given, and the deal is usually put through because of special friendship, or for a consideration that is worth while

Photographers are sometimes hoodwinked by the unscrupulous reporter. Snapshots with a small camera have been made in galleries while the proprietor's back was turned Hasty sketches, too, have been made by the artist who accompanied the reporter in the guise of a friend. The reporter who is looking for pictures also often looks up the portrait and medallion artists. A photograph of a painting or a miniature always reproduces well

### From His Own Familiar Friend

Securing pictures from friends is done more often than one would think. The big newspaper, with its far-reaching organization of staff men and special writers, has many astonishing connections in social and professional life. In both avenues of life there are many hangers-on who would not scruple to make an extra dollar by selling a copy of a photograph given to them by a friend. Even if they will not sell the picture outright they may be vulnerable to the reporter's promise that "if you let me take the picture I will surely call up your friend and get his permission to use it"

The group picture is another trick of the trade — the picture taken in the mountains or on the steamer. No matter how small it is or how many people there are in it, it is good if it contains the person you are after. The art department with their enlarging powers and other magic can do the rest. One of the first pictures published of the new Mrs. W. K Vanderbilt was one taken from a group picture some eight years old.

Let it be truly and thankfully said that stealing a picture is, as a rule, the very last resort. Not only is it wrong, but it is dangerous and uncertain. One cannot always be sure he is getting the right picture. Not long ago a reporter for a certain famous New York yellow journal was sent over to Brooklyn to report a breach of promise story. He found the lady in the case, secured entrance to her house, and while she would talk with him she would not give up a picture. Persuading the lady to leave the room for a moment on some pretense the reporter snatched up a family album he had observed, and hastily turning the pages till he came to a picture which he thought was the one he wanted, tore it out and slipped it under his coat. When the picture was published it turned out that it was not that of the principal in the case but the likeness of a friend and neighbor, a thoroughly respectable lady, married, and the mother of two children. The scandal was so great that the lady could hardly appear on the street and her children were forced to leave school. The result was a suit for $25,000 damages which the newspaper had to compromise for a considerable sum

The general impression that a large amount of "faking" goes on in yellow journalism is largely wrong so far as pictures are concerned. It is true that if the scene of a story is far enough away pictures may sometimes be "constructed" to fit the details. This habit, however, is not nearly so common as it was some years ago

Despite the cost and worry and greatly added trouble, illustrating in daily journalism has come to stay. Though the dailies in England, France and Germany have not as yet undertaken it, nearly every big paper in the United States has its quota of pictures in each issue. A few conservatives have stood off but they must come to it at last. Already they are weakening. Newspaper readers want to know how things and persons look. The more interesting and readable the news story, just that much more anxious are the readers for the pictures

Believe me, your most fastidious citizen who assures you that yellow journalism is very distasteful to him will read the delightful and literary story of a happening in his conservative — and then buy a yellow to see how the thing really looked

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which are artistic masterpieces, being woven in one piece, and having an individuality not possessed by carpetings woven in lengths. This is particularly true of the Aubusson, which is really a tapestry applied to floor covering. The French Savonneries, and Chenille Axminsters from Scotch looms, command attention because of their rich tones, and where stronger styles are desired, the Berlin Carpets, woven to special designs exclusively for us, commend themselves. All of these carpets may be woven to order to fit any room of irregular outlines.

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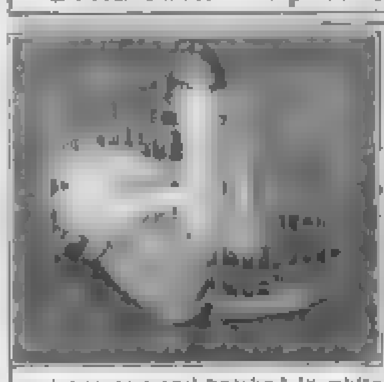

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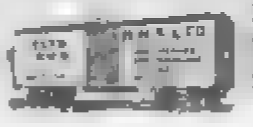

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# SHELDON SCHOOL of Scientific Salesmanship

A. F. SHELDON, President

As founder and president of this school I submit the following claims:

1. That underneath the **Art of Selling** there is a science, the **Science of Salesmanship.**

2. That this **Science of Salesmanship** consists of basic laws, truths and principles governing great success in the practice of the art of selling, these being thoroughly correlated, systematized, logically arranged and severely tested.

3. That while the art of selling is very old, indeed, ours is THE FIRST INSTITUTION OF LEARNING to so thoroughly organize the knowledge pertaining to salesmanship as to reduce it to a science and put the subject into studiable form.

4. That a study of the **Science of Salesmanship,** as formulated by us, will accomplish the following for the student who will master and apply the principles we teach.

*(a)* It will make him an expert in self-analysis and character building. It will enable him to stamp out the negative qualities which hinder power and to develop those positive qualities from which naturally springs the power to influence others.

*(b)* It will make him proficient in character reading or the art of "sizing people up."

*(c)* Its comprehensive yet simple and practical studies in logic will enable him to analyze that which he has to sell and so arrange its salient selling features that they will naturally and forcefully appeal to the human mind

*(d)* It develops an expert knowledge of practical psychology, an understanding of important laws of the human mind.

*(e)* The course of study as a whole will bring the student into mental contact with many of the twentieth century's greatest, most practical and successful men in various lines of trade, thought and industry.

5. I claim for this school that it is pre-eminently a **school of practical experience.**

6. I claim that its teachings will make the strong stronger, even as it will make the weak strong.

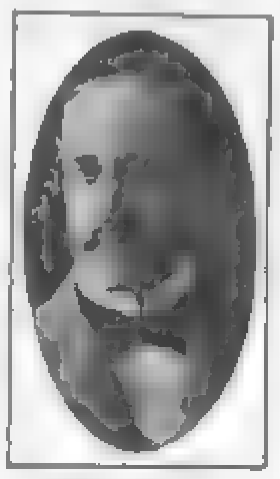
7. While fundamentally designed for those engaged in commercial life in all its various branches, I maintain that its teachings are of practical benefit to all who are engaged in any line of intellectual effort.

Hon. John V. Farwell

Rt. Rev Bishop Samuel Fallows

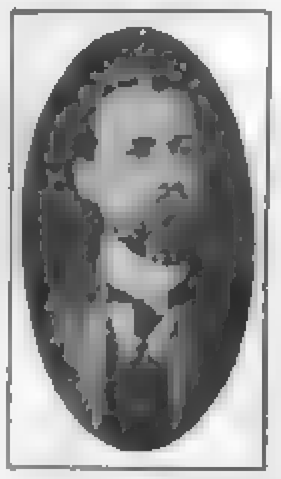
Horace B Parker

Cassius M. Paine


Alexander H. Revell

Rev Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Col. Wm. C. Hunter


Prof. L. A. Vaught

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These are comprehensive claims. The scope and possibilities of this great science justify their broadest interpretation. In considering them please remember that while the art of selling is as old as humanity itself, the correlation of its underlying laws and the arrangement of them into logical sequence, is a twentieth century achievement [illegible] every day life is a personal matter with each individual. The power of these facts has called forth the active support of leaders in the fields of commerce, thought, culture and human progress. Such men as Hon. John V. Farwell; Alexander H. Revell; Horace B. Parker, of Marshall Field & Co.; Cassius M. Paine, a Professional Promoter; Edward M. Skinner, of Wilson Brothers, ex-President of the [illegible] Men's Association of [illegible] Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D.; Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones; Dr S. M. Pearman, of the New York Life; Prof. L. A. Vaught; Col. Wm. C. Hunter, Secretary of the W. D. Boyce Company, and David K Clark, Secretary of the Northwestern Traveling Men's Association. These are practical men. Each in his chosen field has succeeded to a marked degree. In addition to the general science of salesmanship which applies with equal force to all engaged in every branch of commercial life, each of the above-mentioned men has crystallized for our students the basic principles of his success in specific form on special subjects. Please remember, this is in addition to the direct course of Instruction, which is further supplemented by a series of most helpful side-lights on vital points. Now, what does all this mean? Regardless of your present position, be that high or low, this advertisement is really an open door of opportunity for the acquirement of broader knowledge. This is true whether you are a commercial traveler, a specialty salesman (who sells anything and everything to individuals), an office man, a retail clerk, a merchant, a promoter who wields vast interests or creates new enterprises, a professional man, or an employer in any branch of industry, whose will may control thousands in their appointed tasks.

This Science of Salesmanship is no light toy for a passing hour. There is nothing of the hypnotic or sensational about it. There is no mystery, no so-called "mysterious forces" involved in our teachings. It is all concentrated common-sense. It is a correlation of natural laws governing success. While it may be mastered in your leisure hours at home or on the road, it is vital [illegible] not be otherwise, for it is founded on the bed-rock of immutable laws and is vital with the force of eternal truth. Let those who know help you to weigh its possible value to yourself. You will note that our students range from the Retail Clerk to the Promoter. We can send you letters just as strong from veteran commercial travelers, professional people, bookkeepers, sales managers [illegible] professional [illegible]

### A RETAIL CLERK

MR. A. F. SHELDON, Chicago, Ill. New Harmony, Ind., Aug. 31, 1903

Dear Sir: I have finished your course. It has made me a fifty per cent. better clerk. I will cheerfully recommend the course to others. Yours respectfully, F. W. M[illegible]

### A PROMOTER

PROF. A. F. SHELDON, Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Oct. 17, 1903

My dear Prof Sheldon: It may interest you to know that since I became a student of the Sheldon School of Scientific Salesmanship, I have promoted successfully a five-million-dollar corporation. This [illegible] is now running in excellent shape and bids fair to be one of the [illegible]

Had any one told me a year ago that I would [illegible] been very much surprised. I have always had the greatest [illegible] ability to do "big things" but never knew just exactly how to [illegible] letter and regular instructions have furnished [illegible] general make up.

After mastering the instructions formulated by you, it seemed as though the necessary argument in connection with the promotion of the Schwa[illegible] Reduction Company came naturally. Suffice it to say, I should never have been able to accomplish what I have without your aid.

With kindest regards, and wishing you and the school the success which it deserves, I beg to remain, Yours very truly, F. D. MAYER

### FIFTY-ONE YEARS—YOUNG

My dear Mr Sheldon: Greenville, Miss. April 24th [illegible]

If I could have had this lesson course thirty years ago when I began life as a retail clerk or later when engaged in the sale of Specialties, the map of the world would be a little changed so far as I am concerned. I would not take one thousand dollars for this lesson course, and if I value the lesson course that much at this age in life (51 years), the value to a young man at the beginning of his business career is to my mind beyond computation. value[illegible] whether he intends following salesmanship or not. I am, yours very obediently, B. F. H[illegible]ES

### A LARGE EMPLOYER

MR. A. F. SHELDON, 215 Wabash Ave., Chicago. Chicago, July 16th, 1903

My dear Sir: After careful investigation, I have come to the conclusion that your School marks a new epoch of progress in the business world. You make plain the eternal principles [illegible] ophy of true success in life. I cannot see how anyone who is selling goods, or who ever expects to, can fail to appreciate the work which you are doing. I wish to say to you that I am glad I purchased the course for my son. Every salesman, whether a clerk, a d[illegible] a specialty salesman or a promoter, every proprietor and every manager who can be made to realize the genuineness of your claims and the value of what you have to offer, will take your course. The price you ask for it is a mere nothing compared to its real value. I predict for your enterprise a most successful future. I shall endeavor as far as possible to induce our salesmen to study with you and shall appreciate the favor if you will refer some of your [illegible]

**The case has been stated, the evidence** (a trifle of that which could be presented) **is in, and the plea has been made.** You are the judge and the jury, too, and the case will be in your hands for decision after a brief summing up. This is a very personal matter. Many very, very successful men who are students with us state that this science is opening a new horizon to them. Many in the past have been working in obedience to many of the natural laws **unconsciously.** They are now enabled to work in harmony with those laws, and more of them **consciously,** thus insuring not only greater success but permanent success. Our students are of all ages, from all walks and conditions of life, but the results [illegible] **Progress;** [illegible] broader fields of action. The progressive individual realizes that he **is never too old to learn.** One of our students was recently advanced from a position paying $2,000 per year to one paying $5,000. Another has just successfully promoted a $5,000,000 company. High salaries are waiting for the men who can fill executive positions of trust, for those who are equal to opportunities. The question is, are you awake to and ready for opportunity? Ambition surely has a place in your make-up. You desire to progress. You want something better no matter how successful you may be now. You know there is no such thing as luck or chance in great business success. There is no such thing as standing still. We are either going forward or going backward. Success, great success, permanent success, is governed by laws. Come to a clear understanding of these laws through study of this Science, then you will work in harmony with them, and success, not just of the make-a-living sort, but truly great success, is certain. It will become a natural result. It can't help but come. We will plant your feet upon the solid rock of these laws. Our instruction is entirely by correspondence. It covers fully and completely every point necessary to insure success for each individual student. In addition to the regular instruction course each student has the privilege of special correspondence with our institution for one year, thereby making his instruction just as personal as he chooses. The president of a great university recently said, "The correspondence method of study is intended for those who have the ability—the backbone—to work without the constant prodding of a teacher. Half the students in a university need the constant attendance of a teacher day by day. It is the best class of students who do the work by correspondence." Are you in this class? Is real big success worth the effort, think you? Will it justify the effort, first, of, filling out **now** and mailing the coupon on the corner of this advertisement? **I know** what a study of this Science will do for you, what it is now doing for hundreds of our students in this and other lands. We hold out to you the key to progress. **Will you reach for it?** The decision to even ask for our 32 page book, entitled "The Science of Salesmanship" (the careful reading of which may mean thousands of dollars to you)—this decision is yours to make. **What is your verdict?**

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President
[illegible] Chicago

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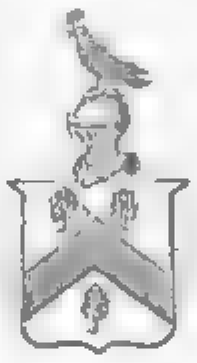
# The House of the Red Shield—By Vance Thompson

## The Rothschilds in Europe To-Day



THE fortune of the Rothschild family is estimated at two thousand millions of dollars. Imagination boggles at these figures. It is almost impossible to translate them into realizable terms. Such a fortune is a lever wherewith to move the world. In no limited degree it entails the privilege of distributing war, peace, famine, abundance, life and death. Ministers and sovereigns are spun around in the orbit of this fortune. By family ties world-over the Rothschilds are far more powerful than even their wealth would augur. The charge of their golden cavalry decides any battle, economic or political, waged "from China to Peru." And yet 'tis like an army in a fog, marching unseen

It was Mommsen who said that the history of the Rothschild family was more interesting than that of any royal dynasty; and he was quite right. Born in the troubled days of the French Revolution, its growth has been coincident with the new civilization, the basis of which—at the present stage—is money

### The Beginnings of the Family

The old gabled house—the nest of the family—still stands in the Boerne-Strasse, once the Jews' street of the Ghetto of Frankfort. With natural pride the descendants of the old Mayer Amschel have left it as nearly as possible as it was in 1796. The red shield (whence they took the title of their nobility) still hangs on the old façade. You may see the room, which formed the shop where everything was bought and sold, of the founder of the house. Easily enough you can picture to yourself the old pedler, a bearded, bent, shrewd-eyed man, setting out at dawn, his pack of ribbons and silks and woolens glass beads and gilt rings, spectacles and buttons on his back; easily, too, picture his homecoming, his entrance into the dingy living-room where his good wife, Guta Schnapper, awaited him, his displaying with pardonable pride his harvest of old clothes, old metal or new coin. His five sons were busy, too, those days turning what honest pennies were to be turned in the highways and byways of Frankfort town and the lands thereby. A frugal, hard-working family, their fortune grew. The money old Mayer Amschel made be lent at fructifying rates of interest. Still his fortune was a mere nest-egg. His opportunity came with the French Revolution and the advent of Napoleon whose edict freed the Jews wherever the French flag flew. He financed the Elector of Hesse, who was then renting his Hessian soldiers to England. Wellington came into touch with him and it was the Rothschild money that fed the Peninsular wars. By 1800 he had originated a system of state loans that was to lead to incalculable fortune. Denmark came first; then England; then Russia; then the other Powers leagued against Napoleon. In 1813 Mayer Amschel and his sons were the chief bankers of the Allies. His affairs had outgrown the dingy shop in the Judengasse. Like Noah, like Charlemagne, the old money-king divided the world among his heirs. There were five of them. Amschel, the eldest son, chose Germany; Solomon took Austria; Karl took Italy; Nathan, England, while France fell to the youngest son Jacob.

For a little while Jacob's adventures were the most interesting. He was an agent of the Allies and his position in France was not without danger. There exists in the Paris archives of police many documents which show the risks he ran in sending out information. At one time Napoleon ordered a search of the house in Frankfort, but thanks to a timely warning Mayer Amschel was able to conceal his papers. There exists even a note, signed by one of Napoleon's marshals, ordering Jacob's arrest; but the Emperor's end was drawing near; Talleyrand and Fouche were getting ready to betray him, and, thanks to their protection, Jacob was not taken. Out of such troubled waters did the Rothschilds fish up their fortune

While Jacob risked his life at Paris, Nathan was no whit less brave in his efforts. Time and again the story has been told; endlessly it will be retold. It marks a dividing-line in history. A frank violence ruled the Old World. Its heroism was the naive bravery of Horatius at the bridge, of Danton in the Assembly, of Murat at Wagram. Since Waterloo, violence has given way more and more to craft. To bold and stupid courage, to unthinking valor, has succeeded the wit that labors and combines, that weighs the human passions and makes them pay [illegible]

It is crude, in its way, the picture of Nathan Mayer, but it sums up an epoch. The battle of Waterloo was being fought. Nathan had followed the English army from London. At Brussels he awaited with feverish anxiety the result of the battle. It was heads or tails

a victory the stocks went up; defeat would bring them tumbling down; either way a fortune was to be got for him who knew in advance of others. Nathan was the shrewdest of the family. To him had been intrusted the three million dollars of the Elector of Hesse. In five years he turned that capital over twenty-five hundred times. That was in the golden years of his friendship with the Duke of Wellington. A swift courier brought Nathan news of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo. At full speed he rode to Ostend. A tempest raged in the channel. No boat would put out. With a bribe of four hundred dollars Nathan persuaded a fisherman to venture out to what seemed certain death. He, too, ran the risk, for he saw a fortune beckoning on the other side. Safely the boat that carried Rothschild and his fortunes came to Dover. Nathan posted to London. The Stock Exchange was open. He leaned up against his favorite pillar. A woeful-looking man was he, but he bought while every one else sold. The next day came official news of Wellington's victory—and Nathan was the richer by six million dollars

Amschel in Frankfort, Karl in Italy, Solomon in Vienna turned over their gold coins no less nimbly. The Emperor of Austria ennobled them all. This was in 1815. Seven years later he made them Barons of the Empire. The golden key had opened for them the doors of courts and society. They gave their hands to princes and sat down with kings

### A Ninety-Million-Dollar Week

Since that time the fortune of the family has increased steadily, and, now and then, by leaps and bounds. Thus it was the house of Rothschild that negotiated the loan that paid the war indemnity of France after the Franco-Prussian war. In one week this transaction gave them a profit of ninety million dollars. Ninety millions in seven days—'tis a satisfactory week's wage even in this opulent age. Neither is it extraordinary that the wealth of the great banking-house should be translated into multiple forms of power

At times a swift raid on the wheat market shows that Rothschild has spoken at Chicago or Buda-Pesth. In France, the railways, those that are not owned by the state, the coal mines, the iron and steel industries, the copper and nickel supply, oil, coffee, all the prime interests, are directly or indirectly controlled by the old Baron who lives in that mansion in the Rue Florentin, which once, by an odd irony, belonged to Talleyrand. Austria, Hungary and Italy tell the same story—a story of great financial acumen, of broadcast investments, of social prestige and immense political authority. In England, the fact that Lord Rosebery, once Prime Minister of England and winner of the Derby, married a daughter of the house is sufficient warrant of the standing and authority of the English Rothschilds.

The red shield of the Ghetto has become a blazon as proudly borne as that of the Howards.

On the road to wealth, as on the road to celebrity, it is only the first step that counts.

The two million dollars that Jacob of the House of the Red Shield brought into France a hundred years ago have bred six hundred millions. His wife, when she passed away not long ago in extreme old age, left out of

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**American Spirit**—[illegible]
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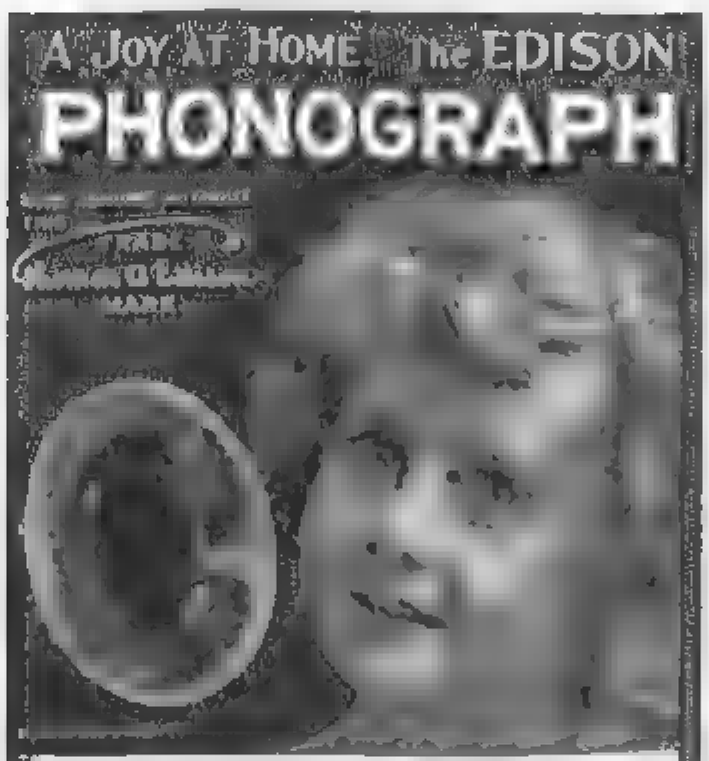

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"Force-thoughts"
By SUNNY JIM

DO you know that you get a new skin every month or six weeks—from four to twelve new skins for every gown or new suit of clothes you buy?

Do you know that your finger-nails are completely renewed every six months, and your toe-nails once a year, and that your eyelashes last about a hundred days?

I grew up with the popular notion that one's body was completely renewed every seven years; in reality, the change takes place within about thirty months; and the only part that undergoes but little transformation is the enamel of your teeth.

No wonder, then, that the food you eat is the all-important thing. From it was made all you are to-day—and to-morrow's breakfast has a mighty big bearing on the way you'll decide an important matter two months from now!

And you know it's not the amount of nutriment in the food but the amount that is available that counts. "FORCE" is a food containing the highest percentage of nutriment so far as materials are concerned, and the scientific cooking process renders all this nutriment ready for immediate transformation into brain and muscle.

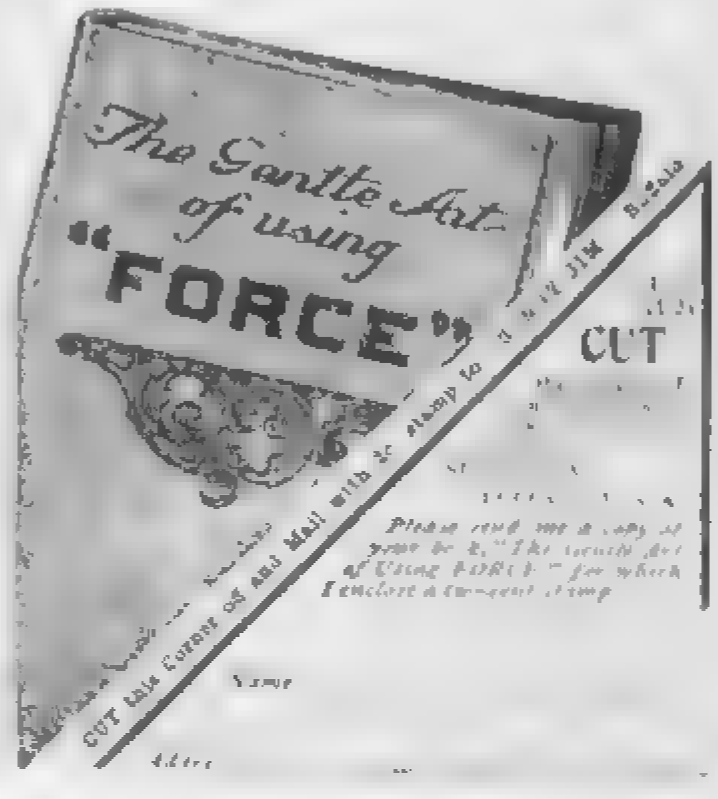
It's because it is so easily digested that it helps us to

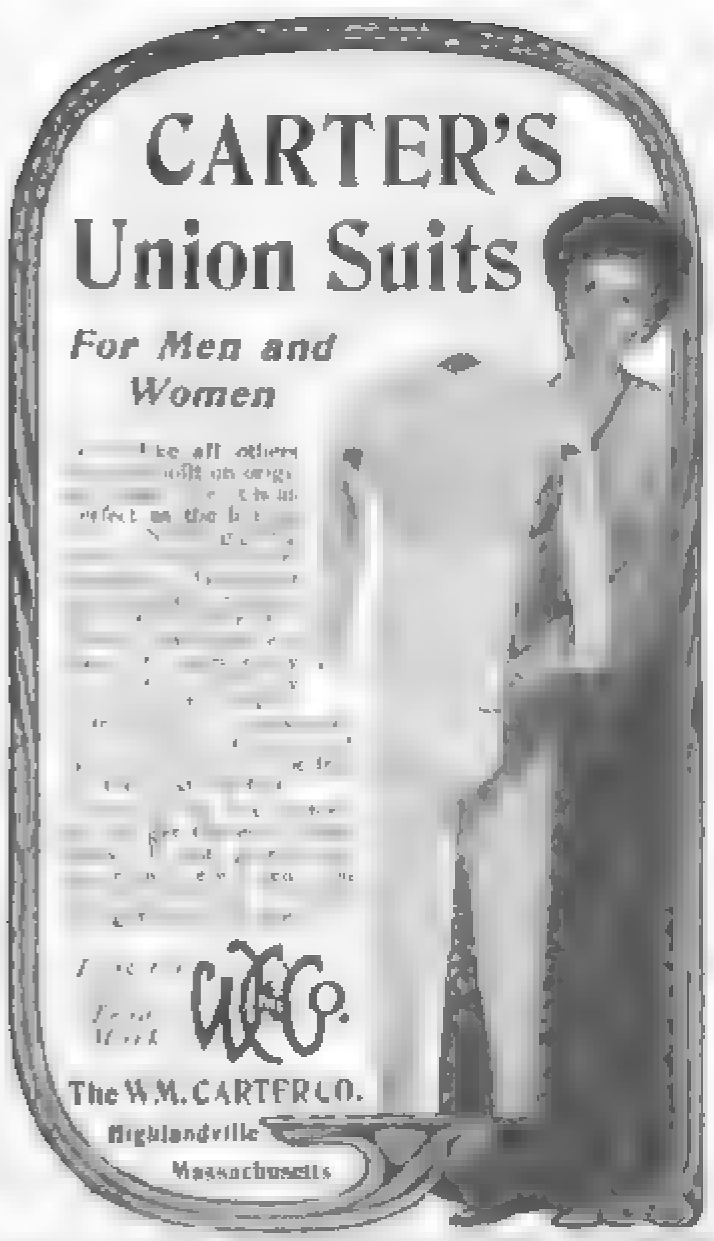
Be Sunny.

Perhaps my book would help you—it's about "FORCE" and something else. I wrote it myself.

Yours truly,

Sunny Jim


The Gentle Art of using "FORCE"
CUT this Corner off and Mail with 2c stamp to SUNNY JIM Buffalo
CUT
Please send me a copy of your book, "The Gentle Art of Using FORCE," for which I enclose a two-cent stamp
Name
Address

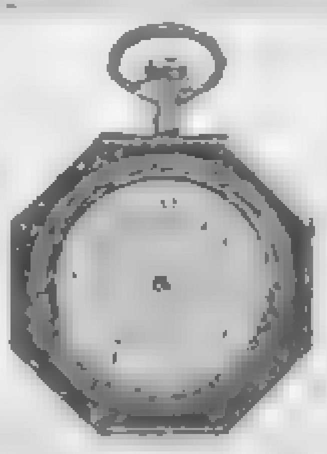


CARTER'S
Union Suits
For Men and Women

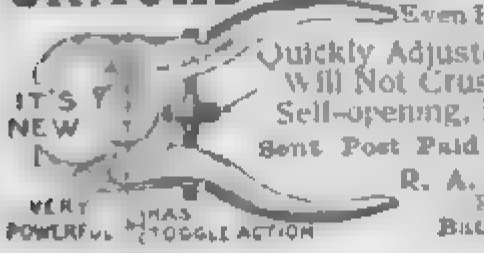
The W.M. CARTER CO.
Highlandville
Massachusetts

The Overland Limited
EXCELLED BY NONE
Only three days CHICAGO to CALIFORNIA, via
UNION PACIFIC
and
SOUTHERN PACIFIC
Finest train. Shortest route. Smoothest roadbed. Daylight ride through Echo Canon, Weber Canon, skirting GREAT SALT LAKE, down the Humboldt Valley and over the wondrously beautiful Sierra Nevadas
To California
E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.
UNION PACIFIC
Omaha, Neb.

New England Watches
LEAD THE WORLD
In Diversity of Styles and in Quantity of Production
Unique Novelties in Watches for Ladies' Wear
For Sale by all Jewelers
Catalogs on Request
Solid Gold, Enamels, Silver, Gun Metal or Gold Filled Casings
Open Face or Hunting Cases
New England Watch Company
Offices: 137 39 Maiden Lane, New York. 131 137 Wabash Ave., Chicago. Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco.



CRACKS ANY NUT WITH EASE
Even Bul. Hickory Nuts
Quickly Adjusted to All Sizes.
Will Not Crush the Kernel.
Self-opening, Nickel Plated.
Sent Post Paid for One Dollar.
R. A. GLEASON CO.
P. O. Box 1A
Bath Beach, L. I.



her pin-money one hundred and twenty millions. When Helen Rothschild, of that branch of the family, was married her *dot* was seventy-five million dollars, a sum on which one may set up housekeeping with a tolerable degree of confidence. Alice, who married the Hindu merchant Sassoon, brought him almost as rich a dowry. But so swiftly and so ceaselessly does the fortune turn itself over, gathering increase like a snowball, that these drains upon the bank in the Rue Lafitte (once Fouché's palace) are almost negligible

I have never visited that grim mansion in the Rue Florentin. Passing in the street one may see the gray, prisonlike front, the heavily barred windows, the huge black gateway, flanked with smaller doors for the domestics and tradesmen; beyond one may get a glimpse of the great court of honor and the house There Carnot, the "Organizer of Victory lived in 1793; Talleyrand died there in 18 and now it displays the Red Shield. I have never, I say, crossed the threshold, but I know a man who—with what pride—visited the kitchens and talked to the cook. Ever since he has walked the world with a justifiable sense of superiority to the rest of us. These facts he has made known

The supreme chief of the Rothschild kitchen is Monsieur Léon Barre, pupil of the famous Trompette whose *ragoûts* were the true cause of Gambetta's political success. For twenty years he has directed the brigade of the Baron's kitchens—the one hundred cooks and how many bakers, dishwashers and scullery-maids I know not. This honest man knows the Rothschild stomach. The Baron, it seems, likes homely dishes—sausages and lentils, string-beans in butter, boiled fowls but his favorite dish is sauerkraut and champagne, stewed together. The recipe of this dish is preserved in the archives of the House of Rothschild; it is an heirloom. But Barré has revealed the secret. Hear ye, then

### Sauerkraut for the Gods

The sauerkraut comes from Hamburg; it is boiled up with ham and bacon, with carrots onions, sage and bayleaves and pepper corns, then for ten hours it stews away on the furnace while a knowing cook moistens it with ladles of chicken-fat and the broth made of snipe, quail or lark. This is the first operation. Secondly, the fat is drained out and the dish is reheated and two or three bottles of extra-dry champagne are stirred into it; then the jellied gravy from an entire rump of veal is added and stirred in, with also a bit of fresh butter; lastly, the dish is garnished with strings of pork sausages and on top of it is posed a whole pheasant. Of this dish—as Goldsmith's friend of the tripe—the Baron "could eat seven days in the week."

On guest days the menu is more elaborate. At the dinner he gave not long ago to the King of Portugal (the only Continental monarch who could play Falstaff without padding) fifty-seven dishes were brought to the table

Luxury more than *Cardinalesque;* quasi-royal magnificence.

Now of all this what interests the thinking man most is the probable outcome of it. This is beyond all others the age of great fortunes; it is also the age of great social and economic changes. France, for instance, is governed by Socialists, and in Germany they hold among the parties the balance of power; and everywhere in Europe there are revolutionary parties prowling around organized society as wolves go hungrily around a sheepfold. The Baron Alphonse von Rothschild, head of the branch which is settled in France, has himself studied the problem and, in his way, disposed of it. You may see him in the streets of Paris any day—an old, slim man with white side-whiskers and mustache and shrewd eyes, dressed carelessly—his black clothes flecked with cigar-ashes—sombre and silent, and this is what he thinks:

"The great agglomerations of capital are really the fortunes of the people—always in circulation, breeding, fructifying. It circulates like the blood in the body. Capital represents the energy, the thrift, the labor of the nation. Capital is labor.

The Socialists, Monsieur le Baron, say the labor of others."

Barring a few unfortunate exceptions," says the *roi des rois,* "every one has that share of capital which he merits by his intelligence, his energy, his own work. And this is true of every class. Unquestionably the profits are not equally divided; some get more; some get less; why not? It is only just that he who brings not only capital but his trained intelligence, his faculties of organization and invention, should be better paid than the less intelligent workman who contributes only the labor of his hands."

Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcases
A System of units

The above is but one of several interior views showing the variety of arrangement to which the "Elastic" Bookcases are adapted. Other views, sent with catalog, show them in various artistic arrangements in library, parlor, den, hall, etc. The "Elastic" Bookcase is the original and only perfect sectional case made. The doors are non-binding, dust-proof, operate on roller bearings, and positively cannot get out of order. The base units are furnished either with or without drawers. Made in a variety of woods and finishes and carried in stock by dealers in principal cities—or direct from factory, freight paid.
Ask for Catalog D-103
An Ideal Holiday or Anniversary Present
The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati
NEW YORK 380-382 Broadway
BOSTON—91-93 Federal Street
CHICAGO 224-228 Wabash Avenue
LONDON—44 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

Make Money Making Ads

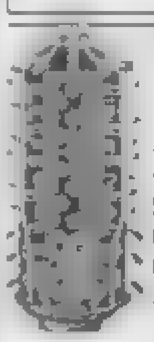
We Know How To Write Good Ads
Any one familiar with the rise of the
"Advertising Booklet"
International Correspondence Schools
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

LEARN TACT, TASTE, GOOD FORM
Good Manners
AND SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINING BY MAIL
The seventeen most famous social writers, including: Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. John Sherwood, Mrs. Burton Kingsland, Adelaide Gordon, Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, Mrs. John A. Logan and Marion Harland, have just prepared a course of instruction in social usage, deportment and
The Art of Being Agreeable
manners are to-day essential to success.
FREE BUREAU OF ENQUIRY
supplies special information and explanation. Keeps members in touch with changing social forms.
Our Illustrated Free Book, containing complete description of the course of instruction and membership privileges, mailed to you on request
The New York Society of Self-Culture
Dept. 26, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century
PREPARED BY
J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

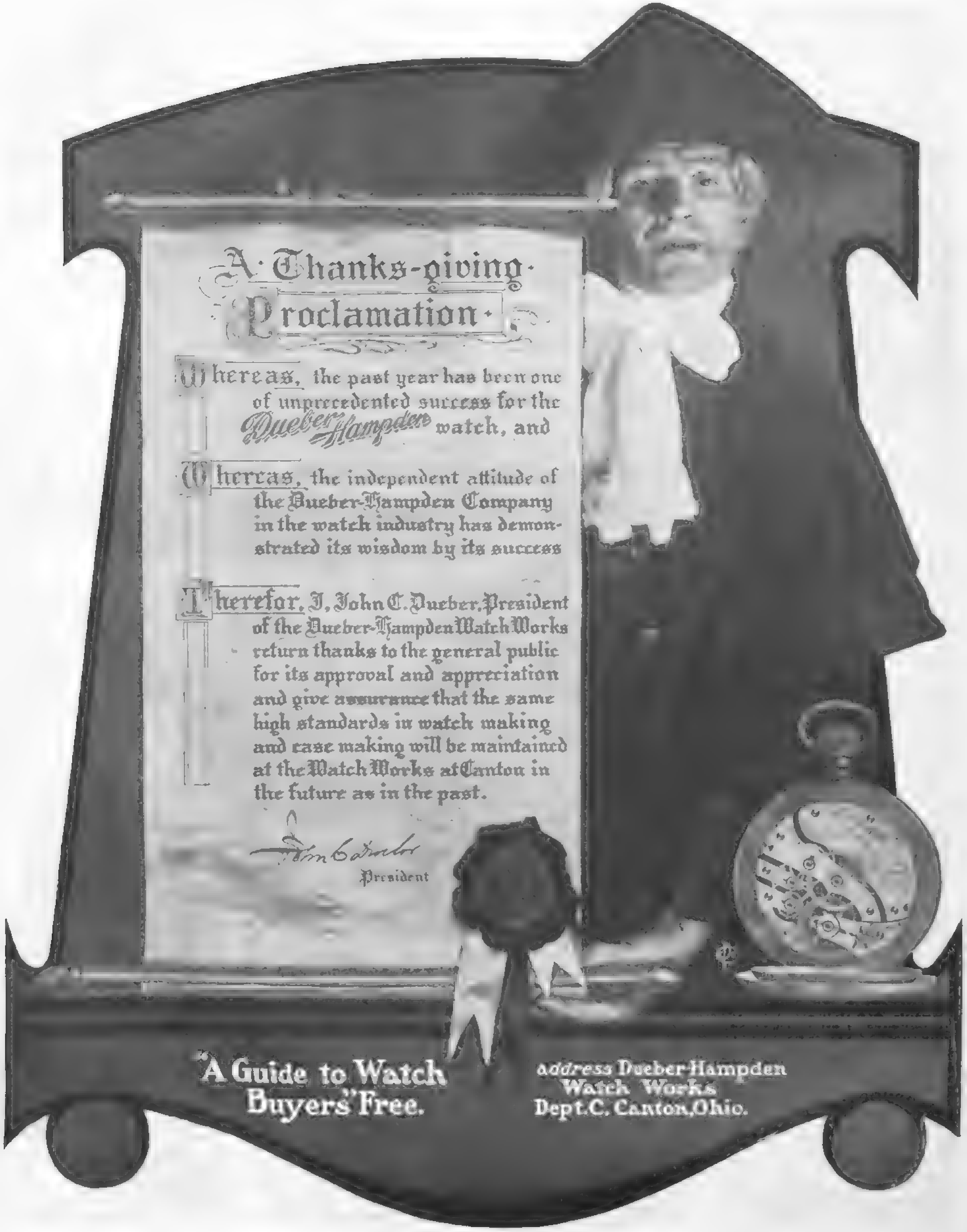
CANTON Incandescent Gasoline LAMP
100 Candle Power 3c Week
Agents wanted. Write for catalog
Canton Incandescent Light Co.
Box 501, Canton, Ohio

LIGHTS INSTANTLY WITH ONE MATCH



SAVE ½ YOUR FUEL
½ is now wasted up chimney. Our Stove-pipe radiator insures your fuel at ½ price for 10 years.
Fully Guaranteed
Write for
ROCHESTER RADIATOR CO.
79 Furnace St., Rochester, N. Y.

SQUABS
them; a flock try life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, labor, no young stock to attend; parents do this. Send for our FREE book how to Make Money with Squabs and learn this rich industry. Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 8 A Friend Street, Boston, Mass.



# A Thanks-giving Proclamation

Whereas, the past year has been one of unprecedented success for the Dueber-Hampden watch, and

Whereas, the independent attitude of the Dueber-Hampden Company in the watch industry has demonstrated its wisdom by its success

Therefor, I, John C. Dueber, President of the Dueber-Hampden Watch Works return thanks to the general public for its approval and appreciation and give assurance that the same high standards in watch making and case making will be maintained at the Watch Works at Canton in the future as in the past.

President

"A Guide to Watch Buyers" Free.

address Dueber-Hampden
Watch Works
Dept. C. Canton, Ohio.

# MEN Who Do Things

*"The great want of the day is the man who can put his ideas into practice."*

**This thought in an editorial of The Saturday Evening Post of February 28 is the basis of a series of articles on men who have learned how to put their ideas into practice. This is the fourth article of the series**

WHEN a man has gone along until he is thirty-five years old without developing any great business qualifications most people are inclined to think that he is in a rut and will never get out.

Two years ago Wm. S. McMath was a printer, thirty-five years old. He had his own little shop in which he set type, ran the press, took proofs, kept his own books and did such other work as the ordinary printer in the ordinary little print-shop is to do. He employed one man and one boy. They all worked from seven in the morning until six at night—hard, grinding, weary work it was, too. At the end of the month McMath paid his paper bills, his ink bills, his rent, etc., and the salaries of the man and the boy who helped him. Sometimes there was something left for McMath—sometimes there wasn't—but never more than from $15.00 to $18.00 a week.

Up to this point McMath's story is much like the story of the life of almost [illegible] printer who runs his own shop, but this printer was not satisfied. He felt that he was capable of filling a greater place in life—that he could make himself of more importance to the community.

Most of the business of his little printing office was for man who advertised. Some of the copy was well gotten up, but most of it was very poorly prepared. McMath noticed that the fellow who had his advertisement well prepared,—who knew just what he wanted, seemed to have more printing done than the man who did his work in a haphazard sort of a way. A careful study of the situation seemed to argue that he had more printing done because he did more business and therefore needed more printing. McMath reasoned that careful preparation of the advertising matter must have something to do with the increased business.

Another thing he noticed was, that he could do work more cheaply for the man who had his copy carefully prepared than he could for the man who was not sure about what he wanted.

Putting these two facts together, McMath decided that if he knew more about advertising he could, in the first place, help his customers prepare their copy in such a way as to save a great deal of the printer's time. That meant that he could do their work more cheaply than other printers could, and that he would thus get more business than he had been getting strictly on a price basis.

In the second place, he figured that if he knew more about advertising, he could help his customers to prepare their copy in such a way as to bring more business, and if the customer did more business, that of course would mean more printing and McMath would get it.

With these ideas in mind he began to study the advertising magazines. They increased his desire to know but did not give him much definite information, and such information as they did give was fragmentary, designed only to help a man who already knew something about advertising. But one day he turned from the editorial pages of a magazine to the advertising pages.—There was a bold head line of white letters on black which caught his eye and stared at him from the page

"LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS."

It did not stop there. It told him where and how to do the work and wound up with: "Write for our large prospectus. It tells all about our thorough, practical course of personal instruction in advertisement writing by mail," and was signed—

"THE PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY,
The Original School of Advertising, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago."

He wrote to the Page-Davis Company, received their prospectus, studied it thoroughly, communicated with a number of people to whom they referred him and finally decided to take their course of instruction in advertisement-writing with the idea that it would help him in his printing business. Right here is where Wm. S. McMath took the step that separated him from the ordinary printer and made it possible for him to become a recognized factor in the business world of Houston, Texas.

As fast as he completed a part of the course he applied it to his own business, with the result that before he had covered the entire course he had a largely increased business and there was a demand among advertisers for his services and his advice. He visited Chicago and consulted with Mr. Davis. He then went to New York and there met Mr. Page, who gave him some good advice. On his return to Houston he opened a sort of a local advertising agency and advertisement-writing bureau.

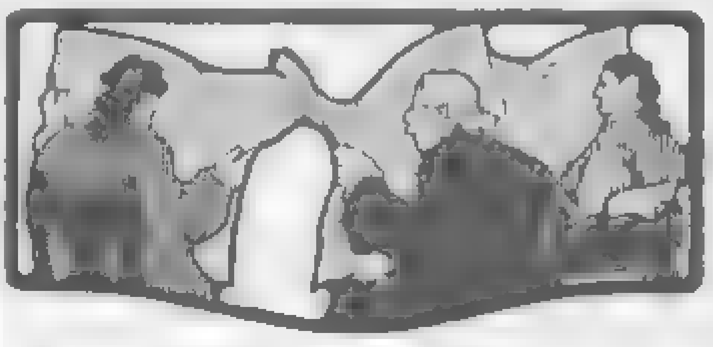
Within six months he wired the Page-Davis Company as follows:

*"Can you furnish competent assistant in my office? Will pay $40 a week. Wire answer."*

At this time he was handling the advertising for a number of firms in Houston and adjacent cities; among them was the firm of Ed. Kiam & Co., leaders in the department store line in that part of Texas. About six months ago they made Mr. McMath a very flattering offer to give his entire time to their business. He accepted their proposition and to-day that one step, ta[illegible] idea of improving his printing business, has placed him in a position where, without any investment of his own money, he draws a weekly salary that more than equals his net profits for a month in the old printing business. It pays to take the first step in the right direction, even though the immediate benefits one may reasonably expect are insignificant; for who can tell what great things are obscured by the curtain of the future, only waiting for that first step that they may begin to materialize?

**NOTE.** If the readers of The Saturday Evening Post write to the original school of advertising, PAGE-DAVIS CO., Suite 1305, 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, they will receive free an interesting prospectus setting forth the advantage of an advertising education. A most profitable and fascinating business for ambitious men and women.

# The New York Curb Market



## By Charles E. Marks

THE gathering of street brokers known as the "Curb market," or "Broad Street curb market," which meets each business morning at ten o'clock sharp in the street outside of the large Broad Exchange Building, never fails to attract the attention of the visitor to Wall Street.

The curb is of comparatively recent origin. It started in the early nineties, when eight or ten men met regularly at the steps of the old Stock Exchange building in Broad Street, to buy and sell securities that were not listed on the Exchange proper. These securities became known as "unlisted," "outside" or "curb" securities. For the first few years of its existence the curb made little headway, but during the past five or six years its members have increased in number to about two hundred.

An incident which occurred on the opening day of the new Stock Exchange building (April 22, 1903), will serve to throw some light on what kind of law governs this body of men, who have no regularly authorized organization or ruling committee. During the erection of the new building the curb brokers moved farther down Broad Street to avoid the disturbances incident to building construction. Their new position proved to be as good as, or possibly better than, the old, and when the building was completed many of the brokers favored remaining in the new quarters, while others preferred to return to the old. A division took place and two equally sized groups were formed, one stationed about a block from the other. A curious result followed; a few of the keener traders, noticing that the differences in the prices in the two crowds varied at times from one-eighth to one-half a point, quietly started an arbitrage arrangement between the two which enabled them to "scalp" these differences by buying stock in one crowd and selling it in the other. The other brokers soon saw that this action could not be prevented under the circumstances, and for their own protection decided to reunite in front of the Broad Exchange building.

What correspond to "seats" on the curb are free. No initiation fee is imposed, and no rent, tax or interest is charged for the use of the pavement. (Though why a shouting mob is allowed to block a busy city thoroughfare has always remained a mystery.)

It is therefore often supposed that the curb broker chooses his apparently rough-and-ready calling because he does not possess the wherewithal to buy a Stock Exchange seat. Though this is undoubtedly true in some cases, it may surprise many to learn that several curb brokers own Stock Exchange seats; others are ready at any moment to buy large amounts of valuable securities on their own account, and not a few of them own costly city residences as well as expensive summer homes.

### Why the Curb Exists

Why, then, do these men transact their business on the street instead of under a roof which will protect them from wind and weather? A member of the fraternity answers this question as follows: "Any meeting-room or hall at once presupposes the idea of restriction or closed organization which is contrary to our purpose. We have several times been offered quarters by various interests and refused them. What we want is freedom of access to all, and no place is so characteristic of this as the public street. 'Weather-harassed but free' is our watchword."

The wardrobe of the curb broker contains many special garments necessary for his comfort in all kinds of weather. It includes a complete rubber outfit—hat, coat and boots for drenching rains, long heavy ulster and high waterproof leggins for winter storms, and suits of alpaca and other light materials for the sultry summer.

"JUST THE BOOKS I NEED"

What Abraham Lincoln said
of the several volumes of the
"Makers of History"
Published before he died

"To these books I am indebted for about all the historical knowledge I possess. I have not education enough to appreciate the profound works of voluminous historians, and, if I had, I have no time to read them. But these books give me, in brief compass, just that knowledge of past men and events that I need. I have read them with the greatest interest."

32 Vols. like this in the set

And You?

If you want to know intimately the Makers of the World's History, the men and women who have made and LEFT their mark, now IS your opportunity.

To the busy man or woman these 32 delightful volumes come as a veritable gold mine, for they entertain while they instruct; they hold your attention like the most absorbing novel, while brushing away the cobwebs which obscure your view of the great events of the World's History, events every one needs to be familiar with. These are books you will eagerly read and enjoy at the end of a day's work, or between times. Not the kind you put on a shelf to look at, hoping to read some day for improvement without pleasure.

That is why for over forty years Abbott's "Makers of History" have been household words from Maine to California. Why over 200,000 people in this country treasure them in their homes. Why Boards of Education in almost every state have adopted them as an authority. Why their sale to-day is greater than ever before.

32 Grand Books SENT ON APPROVAL If satisfactory, less than 49 Cents a Volume

Believing in the books, and knowing your delight in them, we offer to send you a set on approval for a week's inspection, taking all the cost of their return, and to clear up the small remaining stock we have on hand accept the prices named in the coupon (less than half the regular selling price).

TITLES OF BOOKS
Alfred the Great
Margaret of Anjou
Richard I
Richard II
William the Conqueror
Alexander the Great
Cyrus the Great
Darius the Great
Genghis Khan
Peter the Great
Xerxes
Hannibal
Julius Caesar
Nero
Pyrrhus
Romulus
Charles I
Hortense
Josephine
Madame Roland
Marie Antoinette
Henry IV
Hernando Cortez
Joseph Bonaparte
King Philip
Louis XIV
Louis Philippe
Charles II
Mary Queen of Scots
Queen Elizabeth
Richard III
Cleopatra

The workmanship of the books is excellent. They are well printed, profusely illustrated, durably and artistically bound. The cloth book is dark [illegible] special Library Binding—leather back, stamped in gold, with cloth sides is less than 73 cents a volume. The [illegible] opportunity an exceptional one, and all who enjoy good books of the most interesting nature should not neglect to request us to forward the work for their inspection. Do not send any money until the books have been received and you are satisfied with them.

That Coupon Brings the Books Free for Examination
D. A. McKinlay & Co.
36 East 22d Street
New York

CUT OFF AND MAIL

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY (OR A COPY OF IT)

D. A. McKINLAY & CO.
36 East 22d Street, New York

You may send me for inspection and approval one set of the
"Makers of History"
32 volumes, bound in the style indicated by having the "X" beside it

Cloth Binding. I [illegible] if I decide to keep [illegible] after [illegible] and $2.00 a month for 15 months.

Half Leather Binding. I will pay for same if I decide to keep the books as follows: 50 cents after I examine them and $1.50 a month for 15 months.

It is understood you send the books to me on approval, charges prepaid, and if I decide not to keep the books I am to return them to you promptly, charges collect.

NAME
STREET
CITY OR TOWN
STATE

SAT. EVE. POST, Nov. 21

van Houten's Cocoa

A Healthy Stimulant.
An Invigorating Food.
A Delightful Beverage.

Best & Goes Farthest

A BOOK CONTAINING A
PHYSICAL CULTURE COURSE
Given
With Every Subscription to
HEALTH

Send $1.00 for one year's subscription to Health—America's foremost magazine. THE PHYSICAL CULTURE COURSE is self-instructing, beautifully illustrated and by New York's leading Physical Culture Director, Prof. Anthony Barker.

*"It tells you things you ought to know."*

It will save many a doctor's bill. On the staff of HEALTH are the most brilliant writers and authorities on the preservation and restoration of health, strength and vitality, by natural methods, without drugs.

Sample copy free. Address Dept. 85 I
HEALTH PUBLISHING CO., 1562 Broadway, New York

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief
For
CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.

Get Mennen's (the original). Sample free. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

I Print My Own Circulars, Cards &c.
$5 PRESS

[illegible] press for book, newspaper $18. Full instruction sent [illegible]. Write for catalogue [illegible] to factory. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

**MISS DAISY EAGER**

Expert Stenographer and Shorthand Reporter. Salary doubled by our correspondence instruction in expert shorthand.

"Success Shorthand, taught by Walton, James & Ford, is the only successful shorthand taught by correspondence." DAISY EAGER.

What we have done for Miss Eager we can do for you.

Our graduates are successful because they are taught by successful shorthand reporters.

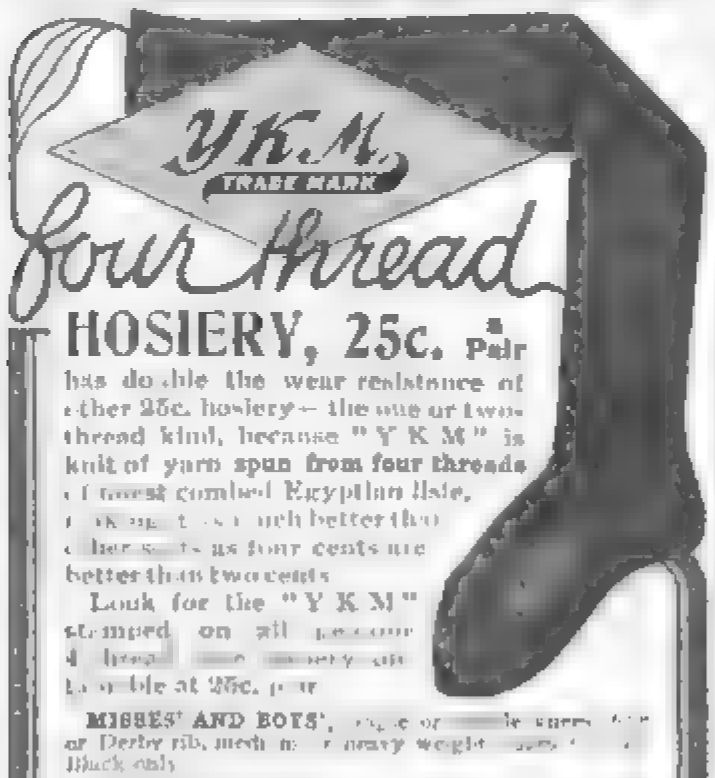
W. E. CURTIS, in Chicago Record-Herald, November 2, 1902, writes:
"Walton, James & Ford is the largest shorthand firm in Chicago, and does more business probably than any other shorthand firm in the world. They do a business which approximates $100,000 annually"

**STENOGRAPHERS**—Why not procure this improved system of shorthand by experts who have devoted years to the perfection of stenography? Our course is the result of broad experience, and stenographers writing any standard system will write in one-half the outlines now used after [illegible] of our course

**BEGINNERS**—Start right [illegible] as easy [illegible] you years of [illegible] enrolling with us is given our written agreement to return money in case of dissatisfaction

*Send at once for our book "Success Shorthand System" [illegible]*

**WALTON, JAMES & FORD**
Suite 21 77-79 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.



**HOSIERY, 25c. a Pair**

has double the wear resistance of other 25c. hosiery—the one or two-thread kind, because "Y K M" is knit of yarn **spun from four threads** of finest combed Egyptian lisle, [illegible] much better than other sorts as four cents are better than two cents

Look for the "Y K M" stamped on all [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] at 25c. [illegible]

**MISSES' AND BOYS'**, [illegible] or Derby rib, medium or heavy weight [illegible] Black only

**MEN'S HALF HOSE**, two weights—medium a[illegible] heavy. Colors: black, tan, pearl, mahogany, Tourist and Cadet blue, sizes [illegible]

[illegible]

Sample pair, 25 cents; 6 pairs (one or assorted colors), $1.50, delivered free

[illegible] *The Reasons Why* [illegible]

YORK KNITTING MILLS, King Street, York, Penna.

**Travel in Comfort**

Trunk and Dresser Combined

"Young" TOLEDO O. [illegible] "STANLEY D[illegible] TRUNK," with [illegible] No Rummaging [illegible]thing. All articles in their proper place. Bottom just as accessible as top. Finest, strongest [illegible] Cost no more than others [illegible] able if not satisfactory. Ask for Catalog A 1811.

THE HOMER YOUNG CO., Ltd., Toledo, Ohio

**Wanted—Oil Agents**

Reliable, energetic men to sell on commission our High Grade [illegible] also Roof, Barn and [illegible] especially [illegible]

THE LION OIL & GREASE CO Cleveland Ohio

The lack of ceremony with which business is transacted by the brokers in the street makes it difficult to believe that some of them represent the wealthiest brokerage houses in the world, or that hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of securities are often marketed among them in a single day. (Over $100,000,000 worth changed hands during 1902.) But the composure of the curb broker under the most trying or unusual conditions is characteristic. A few days ago a fire broke out in a building next to the curb market, and many fire-engines and hose-carts soon appeared on the scene. Though the air was rent with tooting and clamoring, the curb brokers lost but little time, for hardly had the first engine settled down to pumping than the brokers mounted the machine and used it as a rostrum for shouting their bids. The other intruding vehicles were likewise used as temporary trading-posts, and though the fire raged, business on the curb continued as usual

In spite of the apparent "helter-skelter" fashion of trading, and notwithstanding the absence of erect trading-posts and stock-tickers, it is astonishing how much real system and order exist.

The curb crowd may be easily separated into four parts—traders, commission men, assistants (including messengers) and reporters; and their functions, though not quite so sharply defined, are very similar to their counterparts on other exchanges

Although no posts are erected in the street to indicate where certain stocks are dealt in, custom has provided a systematic arrangement of trading *spots*. In general the high-grade securities, such as Standard Oil, bank stocks and bonds, are at the north end of the crowd, while the lower-grade stocks, as Bay State Gas and the copper stocks, are at the other end. In exciting times, however, such, for instance, as occurred at the announcement of the Northern Securities decision (April 9, 1903), the usual order is abandoned, and the crowd dealing in the active stock often surges in a body through the whole line of brokers, swaying from one side of the street to the other in their anxiety to buy or sell stocks. Smashed derbies and torn clothes often result from these raids, but all is taken in true sportsmanlike spirit, and no grudges are harbored.

### Substitutes for Stock-Tickers

In the absence of an official stock-ticker, it has been asked how it is known at what prices stocks are selling or what present quotations are. This information is circulated in the following ways: One of the morning newspapers, which devotes particular attention to financial affairs, employs two men in active times to remain among the curb brokers during the market hours, carefully jotting down all transactions and publishing on the following morning an accurate table of all quotations. Many of the daily journals send representatives to the curb more or less frequently each day, and on the average their reports are fairly correct. The Wall Street news agencies using the electric printing machines report curb quotations every half-hour or so over their service and thereby furnish a frequent record of fluctuations especially valuable to New York Stock Exchange houses. In addition to these regular sources of information the distinctly "curb" idea is illustrated by one broker whose representative on the curb chalks down on a large slate quotations as they change from moment to moment and holds them up to be viewed through a pair of field-glasses from the broker's window on the sixth floor of an adjoining building; another broker unceremoniously shouts quotations and sales to his associate similarly located.

The fact that the curb market is open to all comers makes it seem remarkable at first glance that high-priced securities, or indeed even moderate-priced ones, can be traded in with facility. It is an exceptional occurrence, however, for a broker not to live up to his agreement, even though no written contracts are signed. In all the hurly-burly of an active market the broker knows exactly with whom he is dealing, and a newcomer must prove that a stock-exchange house guarantees his contracts, or that he is financially responsible on his own account, before his verbal contract will be accepted.

The initiation of the new broker is usually celebrated with vim. Often he will be given large orders in some imaginary stock and will accumulate thousands of dollars for himself in the course of trading, only to find that the company never existed

"Western Union Rights" and "Greene Copper Debenture 6's" were some of the issues thus formerly traded in, which now are

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[illegible] a student nurse: "In clearness, conciseness and going straight to the point they surpass anything I have yet seen. The lecture on the nervous system is the finest thing on the subject that I have ever read. I don't see how anyone can fail to understand them perfectly."

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generally discarded in favor of "International Bicycle," common and preferred, and "Brooklyn Tunnel Rights."

Owing to the absence of an authorized ruling committee to pass upon the eligibility of securities to be traded in on the curb, there naturally gravitate thither a larger number of worthless issues than to the average board. The operations of the Webb-Meyer syndicate, which temporarily wrecked two Stock Exchange houses about a year and a half ago, furnish an instance in point not to be forgotten. The principal stocks controlled by these people were those of the Dominion Securities Company, Hackensack Meadows Company and North American Lumber and Pulp Company. In the early part of May, 1902, Dominion Securities sold at $118 a share; within three days after at $30, and later at $6. Hackensack Meadows sold at 79, and within a few days at 15, and then as low as 3½. North American Lumber and Pulp dropped from 40 almost to zero within a fortnight. More recently we have had other instances of the same character, as, for example, the Kitchener Mining Company and the Universal Tobacco Company deals.

### The Pot and the Kettle

The curb market per se, however, is not to be condemned on account of such cases. To a person who has perused the newspapers lately it is perhaps unnecessary to remark that the securities dealt in on the best exchanges are not always so secure as the word implies. So far as stock-jobbing schemes are concerned, the curb market is hardly more open to criticism than most exchanges.

It is also a fact that many, if not a majority, of the securities now dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange started their existence on the curb, and it is not unusual that the stocks of a company (as the General Electric Company and Erie Railroad) should be dealt in on the large exchange and the bonds of the same company in the outside market. The curb is even exceptional in that it trades regularly in a stock (Standard Oil Company) which is now quoted over 400 points higher than any of those actively dealt in on other exchanges.

The close relation of the curb to the large exchange is well shown by the very recent suspension by the New York Stock Exchange of three board members of a large firm for alleged illegality, involving over $100,000, in trading in a bond issue dealt in on the curb. The Board of Governors of the Stock Exchange took cognizance of the affair and severely disciplined the offending members.

The large increase in the number of curb brokers during the past two years is no doubt due to the need of additional men to assist in marketing the stocks of the ever-increasing number of syndicates and new corporations of all descriptions which have flooded the country. Since the great tumble in stock prices during the past six months and the realization that the public would not swallow the "indigestible securities," the activity of the curb brokers has considerably subsided, and their numbers have proportionately diminished.

That the curb brokers have become an important and financial feature of the machinery of Wall Street is no longer questioned. Though the odd picture their gathering presents often causes comment, they continue to practice their calling in their unique way, and to transmit their peculiar methods and unwritten laws year by year from ever-changing group to group.

* * *

## The Letter of the Law

A. J. EARLING, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, changed his name early in youth by reason of rather an odd circumstance. He was then employed on the Milwaukee in a subordinate capacity and on the pay-roll his name was recorded correctly as A. J. Oerling. Young Oerling happened to catch the attention of S. S. Merrill, who had risen from the ranks to general manager of the Milwaukee system. Merrill one bright day issued the following order: "A. J. Earling is appointed trainmaster with pay from date." Young Oerling went in to thank the general manager and mentioned the fact that his name had been misspelled in the order issued by Mr. Merrill. "That name goes just the way I spell it or you go off the system," retorted Merrill. Not only did young Oerling change his name, but by legislative enactment the names of his father, mother and brothers were changed and ever since the family name has been Earling.

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by writers who know what healthy boys like. It helps the boy to work well and to play well, inspires manly tastes, stirs ambition and does more towards healthy development than any influence that can be brought to bear. The best paper in the world for boys, gained over 110,000 subscriptions in 3 years.

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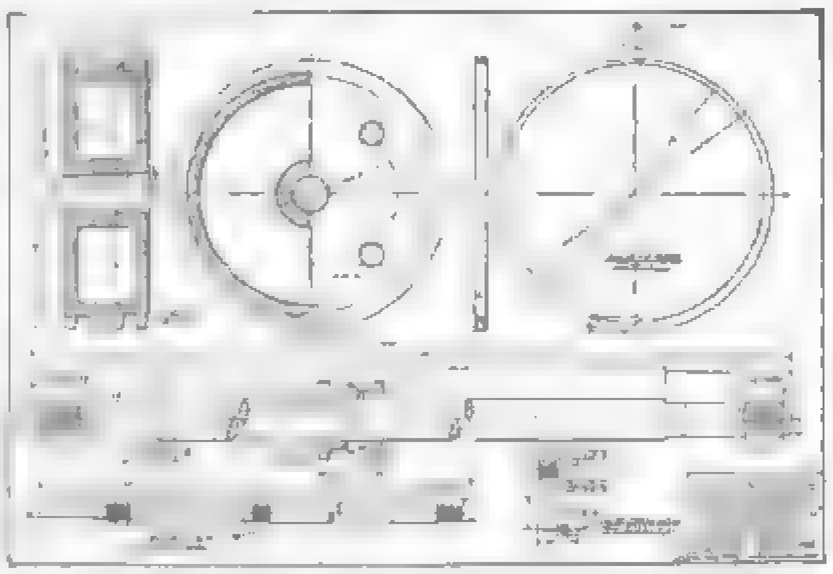

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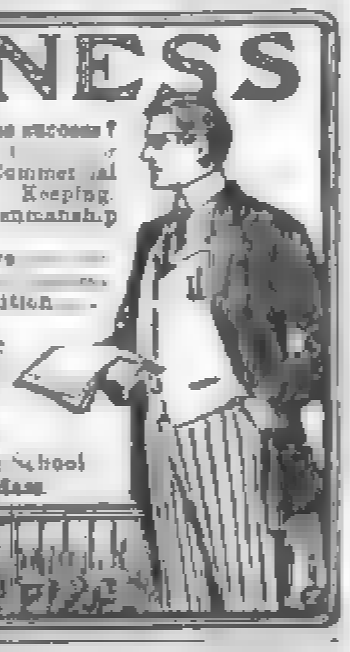

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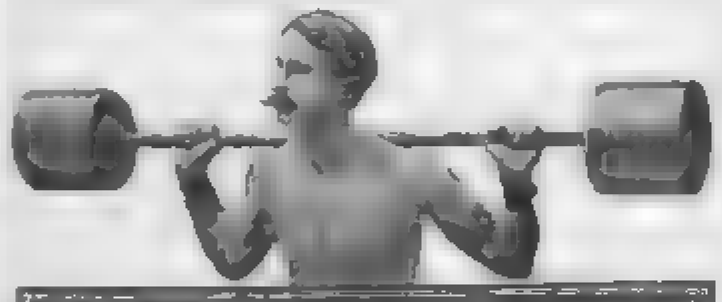

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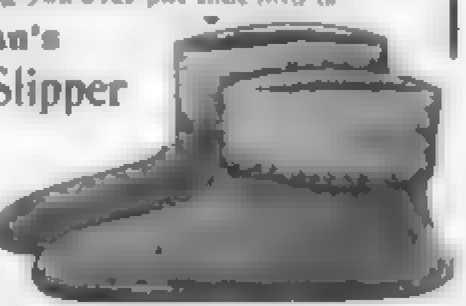

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*The Great Home Magazine of America*

## Editorial Announcement for 1904

### *BUSINESS STORIES*

AMONG many stirring stories of love, heroism, adventure and world conquest, our "business stories" stand out unique. They are a "Success Specialty," with some imitators but no equals. The following are soon to appear:—

***The White Car,*** *by Samuel Merwin.*

***The Making of Connor,*** *by J. George Frederick*

***An Artist in Publicity,*** *by Howard Fielding*

***How the Governor Won,*** *by Elliott Flower*

***A Fight for the Snow Sheds,*** *by Alvah Milton Kerr.*

*Other stories by Frank H. Spearman, Cy Warman, Hamlin Garland, Frank Fayant and* [illegible]

### *MUSIC AND ART*

SUCCESS has always been fortunate in securing from great singers, actors and artists the fruits of their life experience, and their continued wise counsel to those who are trying to gain a foothold in music, art and the drama. Among many coming contributions are:—

***The Life Story of Mme. Melba,*** *by William Armstrong*

***My Struggles for a Standing in the Musical World,*** *by Madame Marchesi, teacher of many of the great operatic stars.*

***Working under J. McNeil Whistler,*** *by Walter Fenn*

***The Upbuilding of the Stage,*** *by E. H. Sothern*

### *NATURE STORIES*

THE [illegible] wild animal, bird and plant life is most fascinating [illegible] old and young alike. This has always been a "Success Specialty," and among the contributions already arranged for are the following:—

***The Freedom of the Black-Faced Ram,*** *by Charles G. D. Roberts.*

***A Mother in Michigan,*** *by William Davenport Hulbert*

The story of a black bear and her cubs.

***A Kingly Fisherman,*** *by William Davenport Hulbert*

The story of a [illegible]

***After a Grizzly Bear with a Camera,*** *by S. M. Downer.*

*More delightful Nature Stories by Martha McCulloch-Williams and others.*

### *HOME LIFE*

SUCCESS is pre-eminently a *home* magazine, and among our most important departments are the following:—

***Etiquette,*** *by Mrs. Burton Kingsland and Christine Terhune Herrick*

***Correct Dress,*** *by Marion Bell*

***Talks with Young Men and Women,*** *by Orison Swett Marden*

***Child Culture,*** *by Marion Foster Washburne*

***How to Decorate the Home,*** *by Josephine Wright Chapman*

***Health and Its Relation to Beauty,*** *by Alice B. Stockham, M. D.*

***New Cures for Old Diseases,*** *by Dr. Cyrus Edson.*

### *THREE GREAT SERIALS*

We believe in serial stories, but not in long-winded ones. The following stories are brilliant, snappy, full of life and action, original in plot, and masterly in execution. They will command your attention from the start and keep it clear to the end; *and they will make you think.*

#### GUTHRIE OF THE "TIMES"

By [illegible] A. Altsheler

G[illegible] political circles [illegible] being waged in the legislature over public and private issues, and he fights sturdily for his friend, the speaker of the house [illegible]

#### THE DUKE OF CAMERON AVENUE

By [illegible] Kitchell Webster

IF you have a drop of fighting blood in your veins you will [illegible] Mr. Webster [illegible] as a lesson in [illegible] will put new [illegible]

#### THE CONFESSIONS OF A POLITICIAN

By David Graham Phillips

[illegible] "Golden Fleece"

TH[illegible] moved. No such story has ever before been told with the faith[illegible]

### *THE SUCCESS PORTFOLIO*

WE are pleased to announce what we believe to be one of the most interesting and important features which will appear in any magazine during 1904. Each issue of *Success*, commencing with that of December, 1903, will contain a large four-page supplement beautifully printed on delicate, toned, proof paper and entitled "THE SUCCESS PORTFOLIO." It will be so arranged as to be removed and bound with others in portfolio covers, which we will furnish *free* on receipt of 4 cents (stamps accepted) for postage and packing. The whole set will form a beautiful art book.

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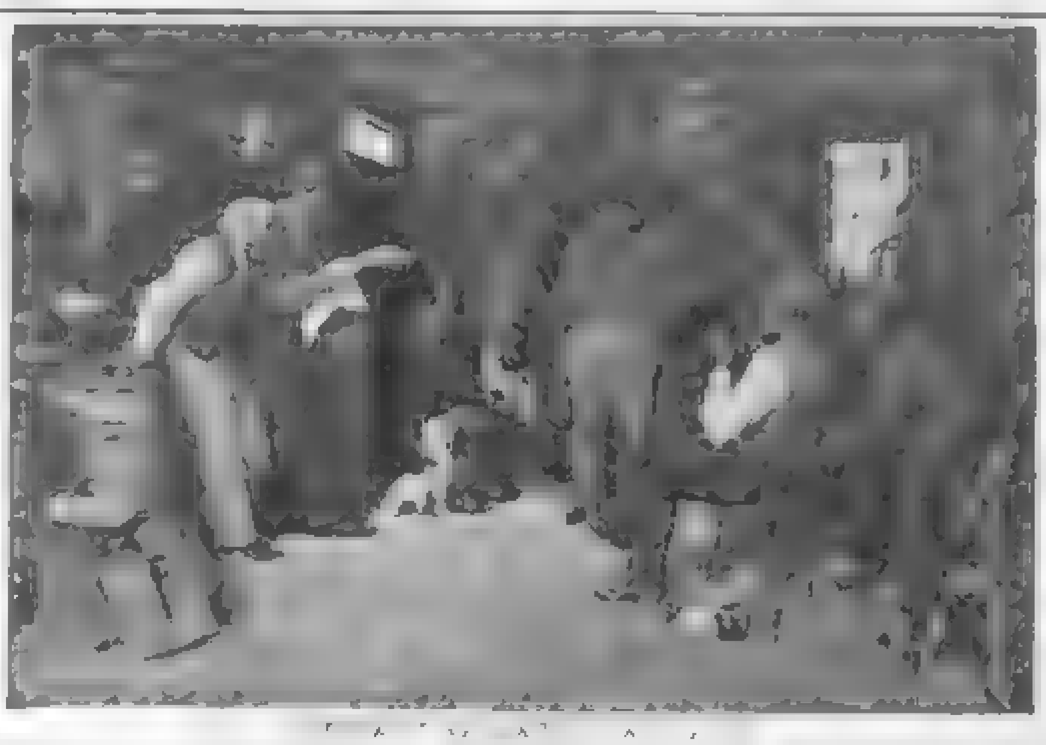

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### *A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM SUCCESS*

THIS fine engraving entitled "A Market Report," represented in reduced *fac-simile* above, forms the first feature of "The Success Portfolio" [illegible] from a drawing made expressly for *Success* by R[illegible] country store was the only village news bureau.

***OUR OFFER*** We are producing [illegible] engraving is copyrighted by us, and can be obtained only on [illegible] once in order to secure earliest copies taken from the plates when in the best state [illegible]

### *WORLD TOPICS*

OUR efforts to put *Success* readers in close touch with the great world of work and achievement are well illustrated by the following notable articles and series of papers:—

***Diplomatic Mysteries,*** *by Vance Thompson.*

A most interesting and important series of papers, containing revelations of the inner history of recent [illegible] time made public [illegible] the foremost [illegible] Europe.

***Great Journalists of the World,*** *(De Blowitz, Sala, Smalley, Stevens, Ralph and others), by W. S. [illegible], of the London Times*

***Some of the Great Men of Europe,*** *by James Bryce, author of the "American Commonwealth," and "Studies in Contemporary Biography."*

***The Latest News of the Heavens,*** *by Sir Robert Stawell Ball, formerly Astronomer Royal of Ireland.*

***The Early Days of Noted Congressmen,*** *by Walter Wellman.*

***Women I Knew in Washington,*** *by Mrs. John A. Logan, once the leader of Washington Society.*

***My Apprenticeship with Farragut,*** *by Admiral Dewey, U. S. N.*

### *LITTLE LESSONS IN POLITICS*

A NUMBER of short, practical papers, giving the civic and economic phases of municipal, state, national and international politics. A series of priceless value to our young men, by

***Seth Low***

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***Max Nordau***

***Lyman J. Gage***

***Carter Harrison***

***Tom L. Johnson***

### *"WHAT CAREER?"*

THE problem of "what career" is in every home where there are growing children, and *Success* throws light upon this problem by securing from leaders in the great professions and mercantile life, articles and interviews on the best ways to "enter and climb." Among many coming articles are:—

***The Future of the Mining Engineer,*** *by John Hays Hammond*

***What Chances Did the Railroad Business Offer Me?*** *by George H. Daniels.*

***The Law as a Profession,*** *by Chauncey M. Depew.*

***The First Steps in a Business Career,*** *by Pres. James J. Hill.*

One Dollar per annum SUCCESS University Bldg., New York

# THE COST

*Continued from Page [illegible]*

"I should say not!" he echoed emphatically.

"But you have such a queer way of expressing yourself. At first I thought you were talking of upsetting everything."

"I? Mercy, no. I've no idea of upsetting anything. I'm only hoping I can help straighten a few things that have been tumbled over or turned upside down."

Gradually, as they walked and talked, her own affairs—Dumont's and hers—retreated to the background and she gave Scarborough her whole attention. Even in those days—he was then twenty-three—his personality usually dominated whomever he was with. It was not his size or appearance of strength, it was not any compulsion of manner; it was not even what he said or the way he said it. All of these—and his voice—contributed, but the real secret of his power was that subtle, magnetic something which we try to fix—and fail—when we say "charm."

He attracted Pauline chiefly because he had a way of noting the little things—matters of dress, the flowers, colors in the sky, or the landscape, the uncommon, especially the amusing, details of personality—and of connecting these trifles in unexpected ways with the large aspects of things. He saw the mystery of the universe in the contour of a leaf; he saw the secret of a professor's character in the way he had built out his whiskers to hide an absolute lack of chin and to give the impression that a formidable chin was there. He told her stories of life on his father's farm that made her laugh, other stories that made her feel like crying. And—he brought out the best there was in her. She was presently talking of the things about which she had always been reticent—the real thoughts of her mind, those she had suppressed because she had had no sympathetic listener.

When she burst in upon Olivia her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks glowing. "The air was glorious," she said, "and Mr. Scarborough is *so* interesting."

And Olivia said to herself: "In spite of his tight clothes he may cure her of that worthless Dumont."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * *

# The Modern Muse

R. K. MUNKITTRICK, the humorist, is said to have turned out more verses, paragraphs and short sketches than any other living writer. He has always been a believer in quick sales and small profits. His favorite plan has been, from his New Jersey home, to send manuscript to a dozen different New York periodicals, wait twenty-four hours, and then journey to the city and go about from office to office gathering the checks or manuscripts as the case might be. He calls this "beating the financial bushes."

One day several years ago Mr. Munkittrick saw displayed in a clothing shop window a pair of trousers that he greatly admired—and needed. They were marked, "Five Dollars." The hunt that day had been fruitless. He walked around the block twice in a thoughtful attitude, stepped into a protecting doorway, took out a pad of paper and wrote a set of verses. He took them to a near-by editorial office, sold them for five dollars and returned to the clothier's.

"But, see here," said the salesman as he started to roll up the trousers, "you ought to have the coat, too. Eight dollars—great bargain." Munkittrick looked at it and agreed with the man. Going out he again circled the block and sought the doorway. Approaching the editor a few minutes later he said:

"Really, I didn't finish that poem. Don't you see how abruptly it ends? Here's some more to round it out and give it point. Twice as much as before, but you can have it for eight dollars."

The editor read the verses, and with some show of hesitancy wrote another order on the business office. Munkittrick hurried away and made the coat his own.

"That's all right for now," said the clerk, "but when cooler weather comes on you'll need the waistcoat. Three dollars—easy worth four."

"See here," answered Munkittrick with some indignation, "do you think I'm going to stoop to grinding? Good literature isn't produced that way. Besides that, I [illegible] and he walked out with the [illegible] trousers, [illegible] the clerk in a state of [illegible]."

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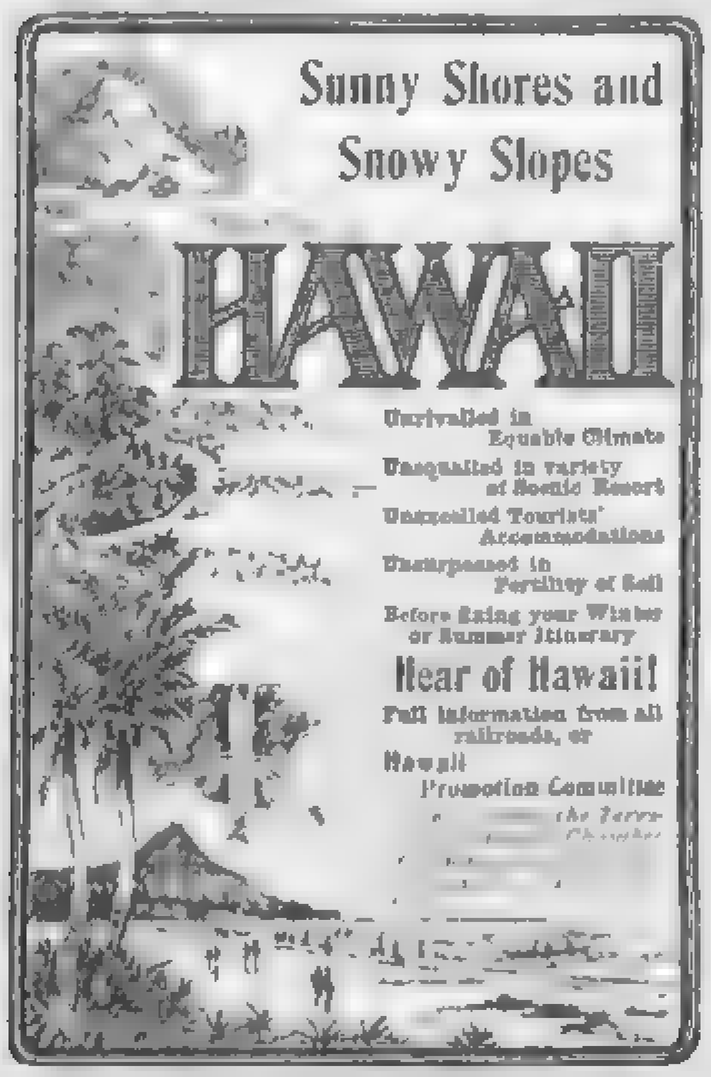
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Unequalled in variety of Scenic Resort
Unexcelled Tourists' Accommodations
Unsurpassed in Fertility of Soil
Before fixing your Winter or Summer Itinerary
Hear of Hawaii!
Full information from all railroads, or
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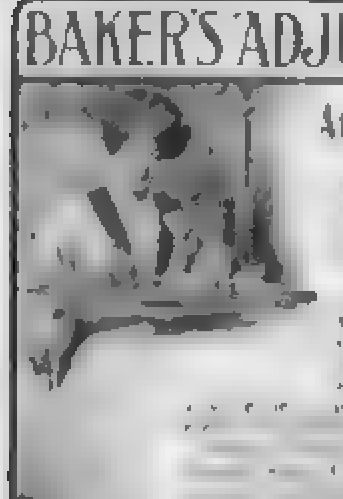
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This table provides every [illegible] to those partaking of meal, writing, reading, etc.

The Baker is the original and only perfect table of its kind. [illegible] height or angle and [illegible] the middle of [illegible] steel, frame durably enameled [illegible] ornamented [illegible] $4.50, in white $5.50. Freight [illegible]

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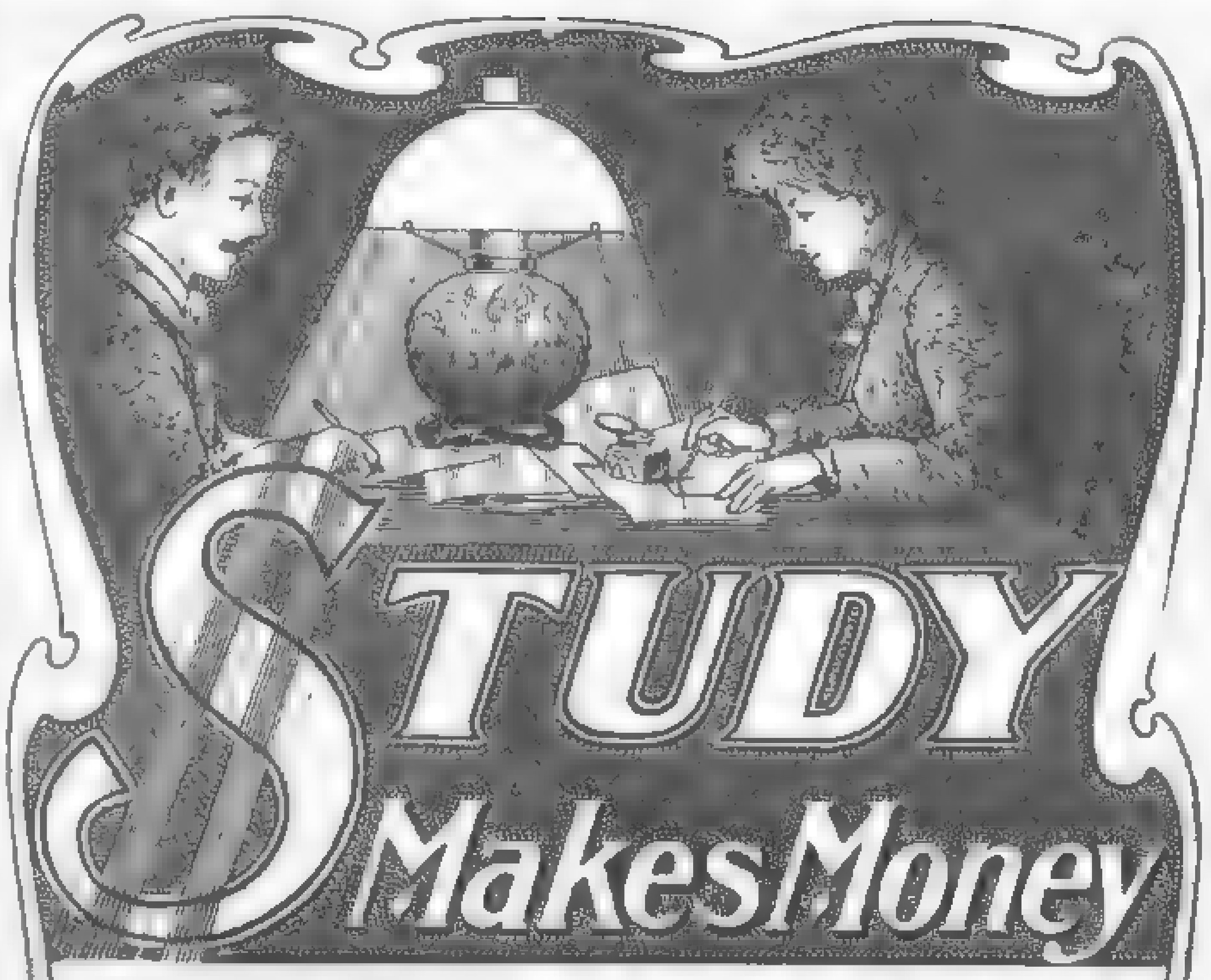
The Penn Publishing Company, 921 Arch St., Philadelphia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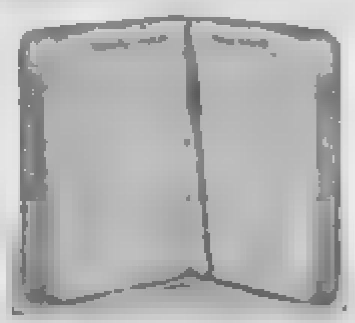
"Now go, write it before them on a table, and note it in a book."—ISAIAH xxx, 8

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If you are engaged in business, in a profession, or in no occupation whatever, you should

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## Johnson's Prepared Wax

For sale by all dealers in paints—1 and 2 pound cans, 60 cents per pound; 4, 5 and 8 pound cans, 50 cents per pound.

This book shows latest ways of finishing old oak, ash, birch, maple and pine floors.

Remember, please, this book is absolutely FREE. Don't put this announcement aside without first writing us for it. It's invaluable.

**S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin**

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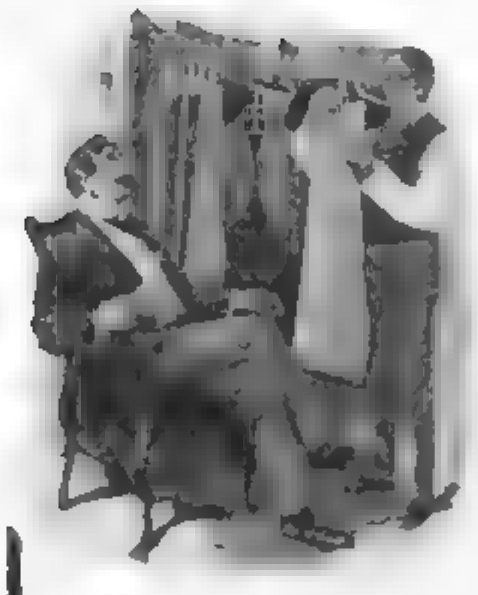
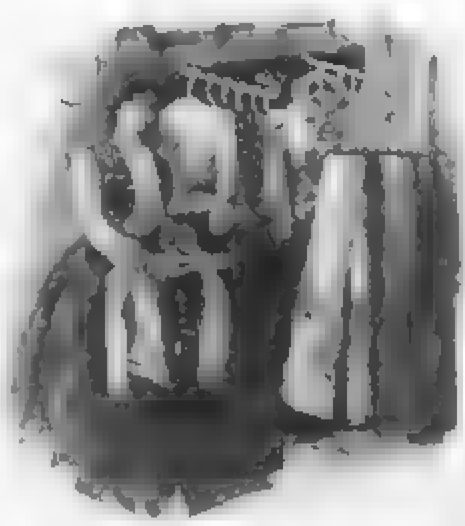


Corrects the form and fit by proper hanging.

***They Double the Closet Capacity***

Millions use GOODFORM EQUIPMENTS; all satisfied. You will be elated when you get your set, or we will give your money back. Remember it's the GOODFORM that's guaranteed.



"Imitation is flattery," but it won't flatter you to be deceived by it. If a dealer, seeking a larger profit, offers you a "just as good" kind, ask him to get the "real thing" or ask us where to find it.

***The GOODFORM SYSTEM is a good system for the Clothes Closet***

## The Equipments in sets, delivered, are sold as follows:

***Men's Sets, $2.25***
Six each trousers and coat hangers; one each shelf bar and door loop.

***Ladies' Sets, $1.75***
Six each skirt and coat hangers, one each shelf bar and door loop.

PATENTED

Goodform Trousers Hanger (like [illegible]), [illegible] postpaid 25c; six Trouser Hangers and one Door Loop, $1.50, delivered.

The GOODFORM is the *only* perfect device for men's and women's attire. Sold everywhere at furnishing stores, or by us.

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**Chicago Form Co., 511 Garden City Block, Chicago, Ill.**

P S.—WE WORK ALL THE YEAR—ADVERTISE SPRING AND FALL

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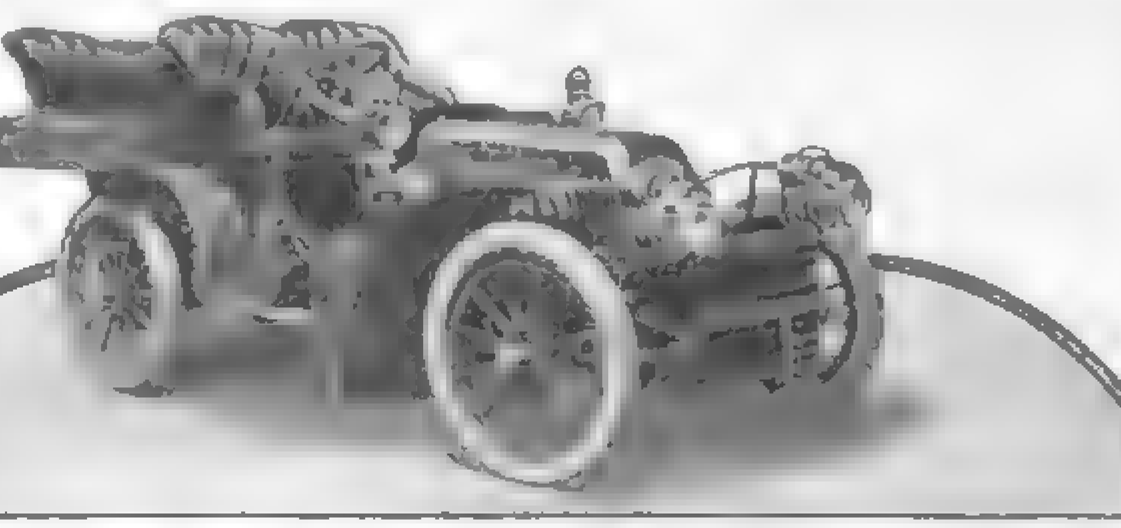

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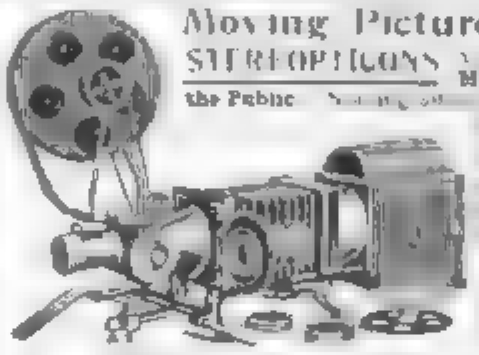

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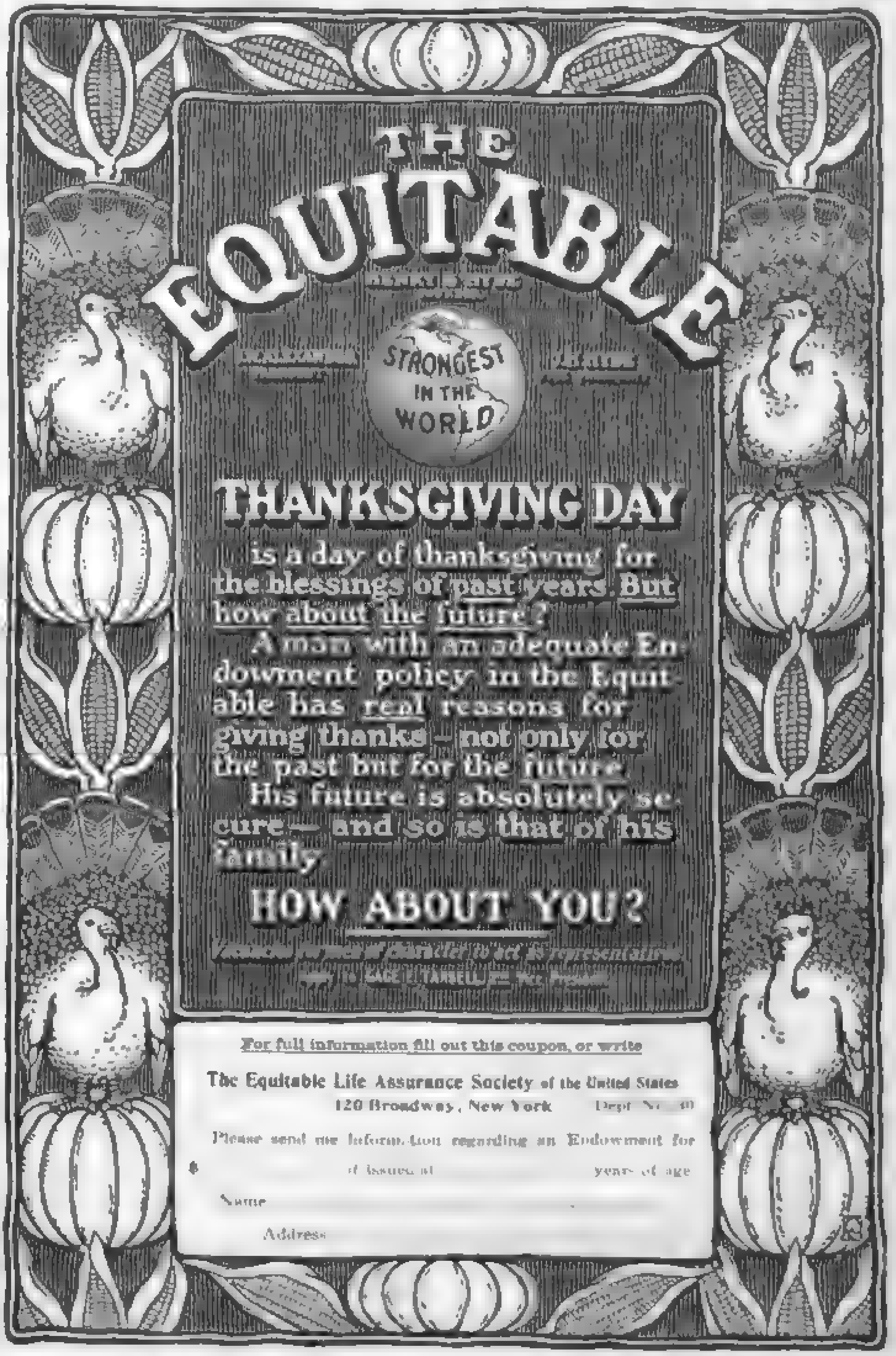

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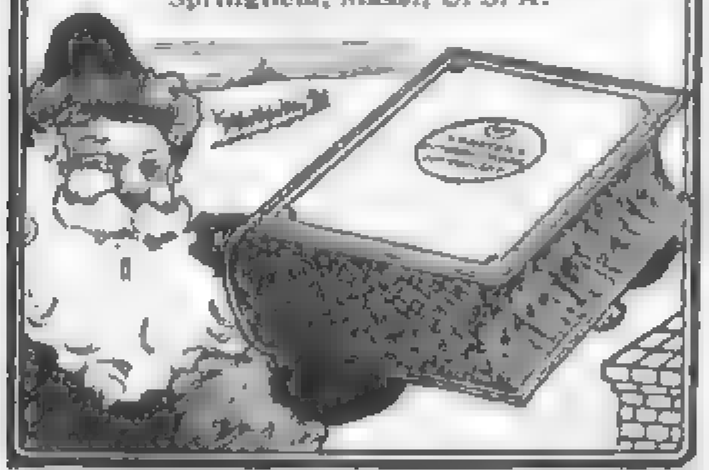

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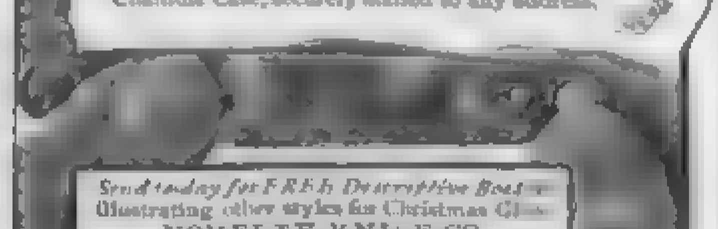

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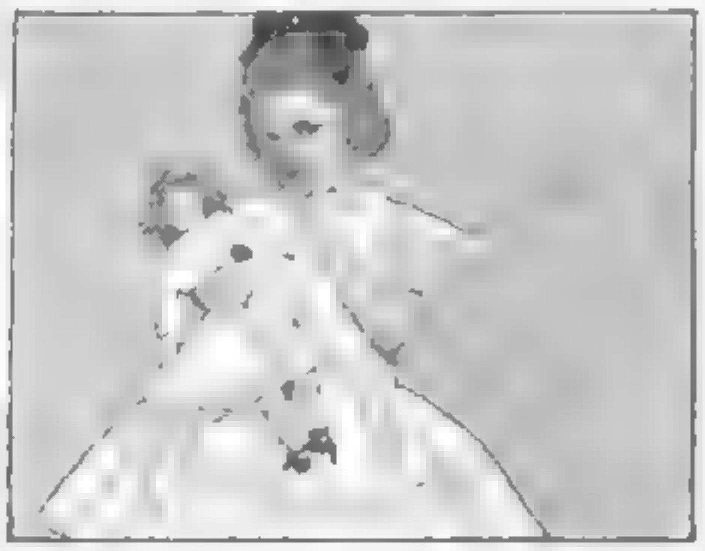
# Chronicles of the Little Tot

By Edmund Vance Cooke



## The Moo-Cow-Moo

My pa held me up to the moo-cow-moo
So clost I could almost touch,
En I fed him a couple of times, or two,
En I wasn't a fraid-cat — *much*.

But ef my papa goes into the house,
En mamma, she goes in, too,
I just keep still, like a little mouse,
Fer the moo-cow-moo might moo!

The moo-cow-moo's got a tail like a rope
En it's raveled down where it grows,
En it's just like feeling a piece of soap
All over the moo-cow's nose.

En the moo-cow-moo has lots of fun
Just swingin' his tail about;
En he opens his mouth and then I run —
'Cause that's where the moo comes out!

En the moo-cow-moo's got *deers* on his head
En his eyes stick out o' their place,
En the nose o' the moo-cow-moo is spread
All over the end of his face.

En his feet is nothing but finger-nails
En his mamma don't keep 'em cut,
En he gives folks milk in water-pails
Ef he don't keep his handles shut.

'Cause ef you er me pulls the handles, why
The moo-cow-moo says it hurts,
But the hired man he sits down clost by
En squirts en squirts en squirts!

* * *

## The Intruder

He is so little to be so bold!
Why, he came to the house (so I've been told)
And his very first call
Sufficed to install
The waif on our premises, once for all.
Somehow or other the rogue got in
And claims to be of our kith and kin!

He is so little to be so loved!
He came unbooted, ungarbed, ungloved,
Naked and shameless,
Beggared and blameless,
And, for all *he* could tell us, even nameless!
Yet every one in the house bows down
As if the mendicant wore a crown.

He is so little to be so loud!
O, I own that *I* should be wondrous proud
If I had a tongue
All swiveled and swung,
With a double-back-action, twin-screw lung,
Which brought me victual and keep and care,
Whenever I shook the surrounding air.

He is so little to be so sweet!
You can see that he wouldn't count much as
*meat*
Seven pounds or eight
Isn't very much weight
To be sold on the hoof, yet I dare state
Some extravagant buyer might be found
To offer as much as a dime the pound.

He is so little to be so large!
Why, a train of cars or a whale-back barge
Couldn't carry the freight
Of the monstrous weight
Of all of his qualities, good and great.
And though one view is as good as another,
Don't take my word for it. Ask his mother!

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Uniform Edition of all
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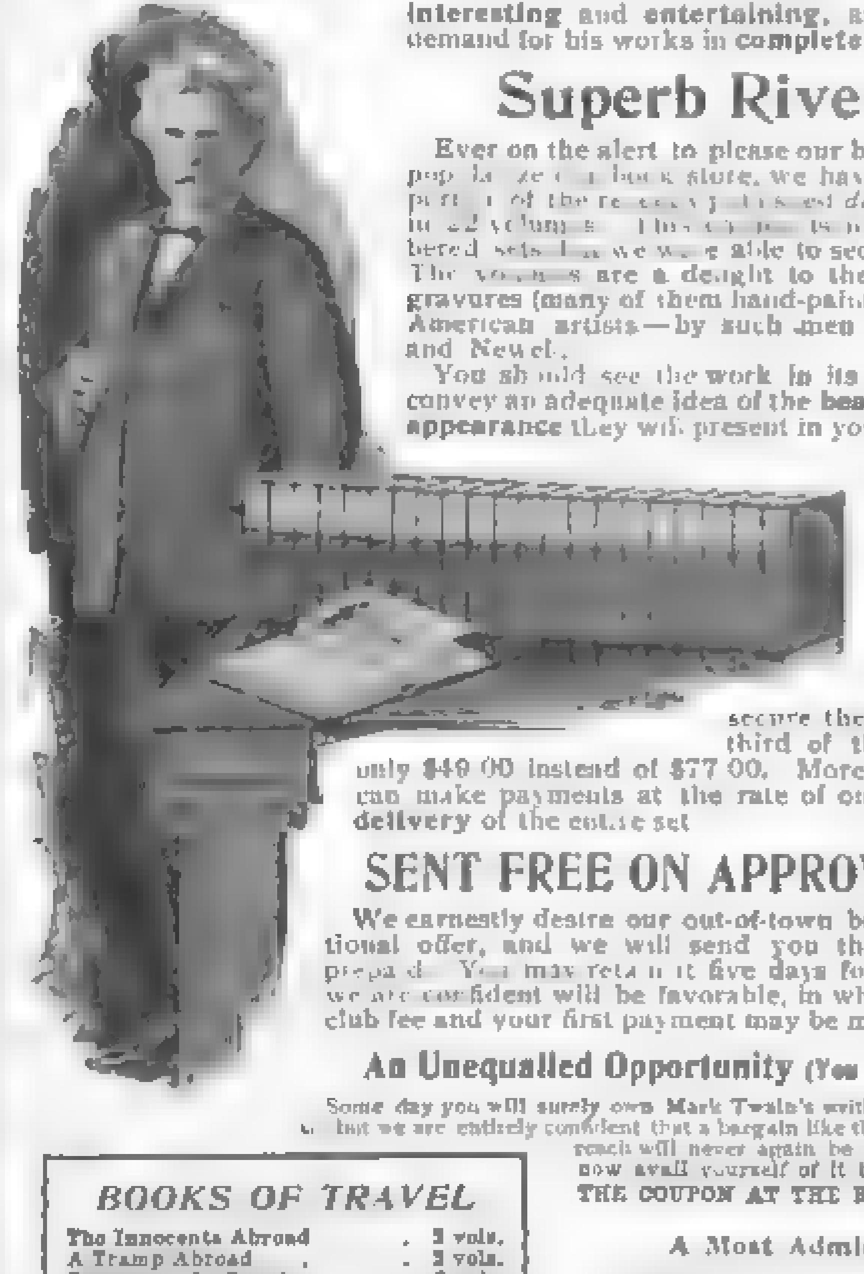

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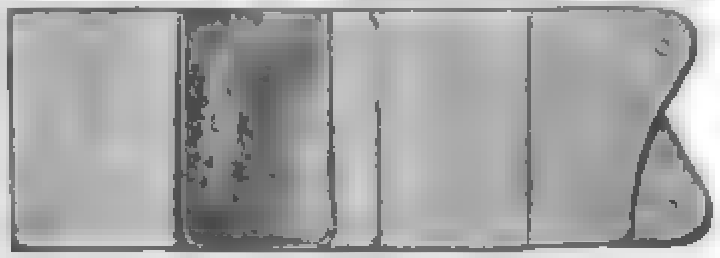

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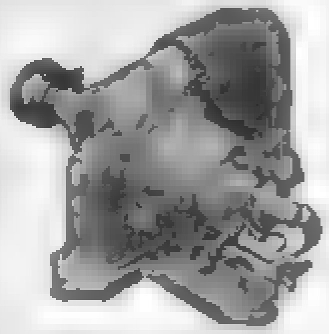

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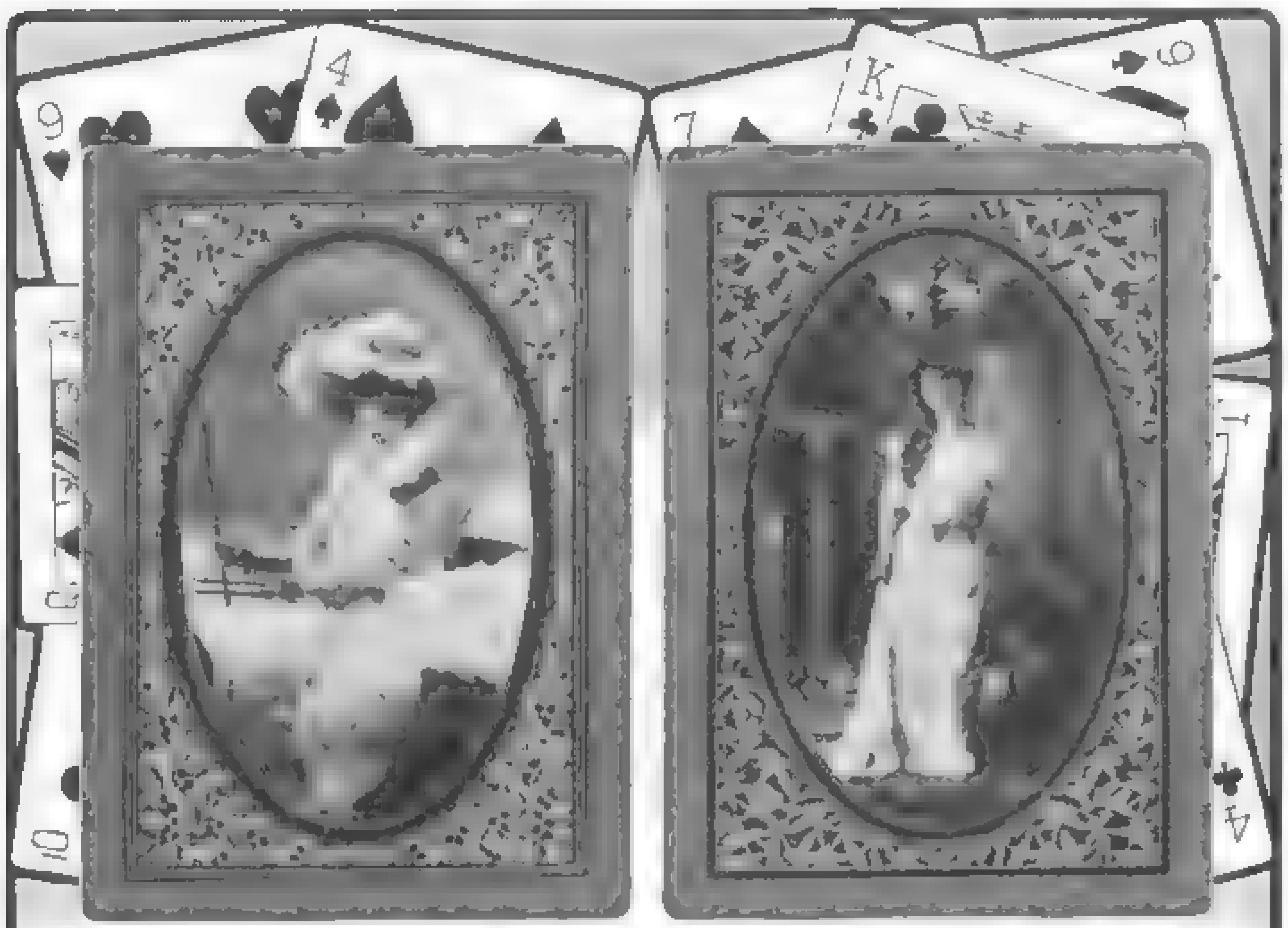

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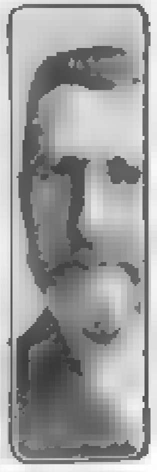

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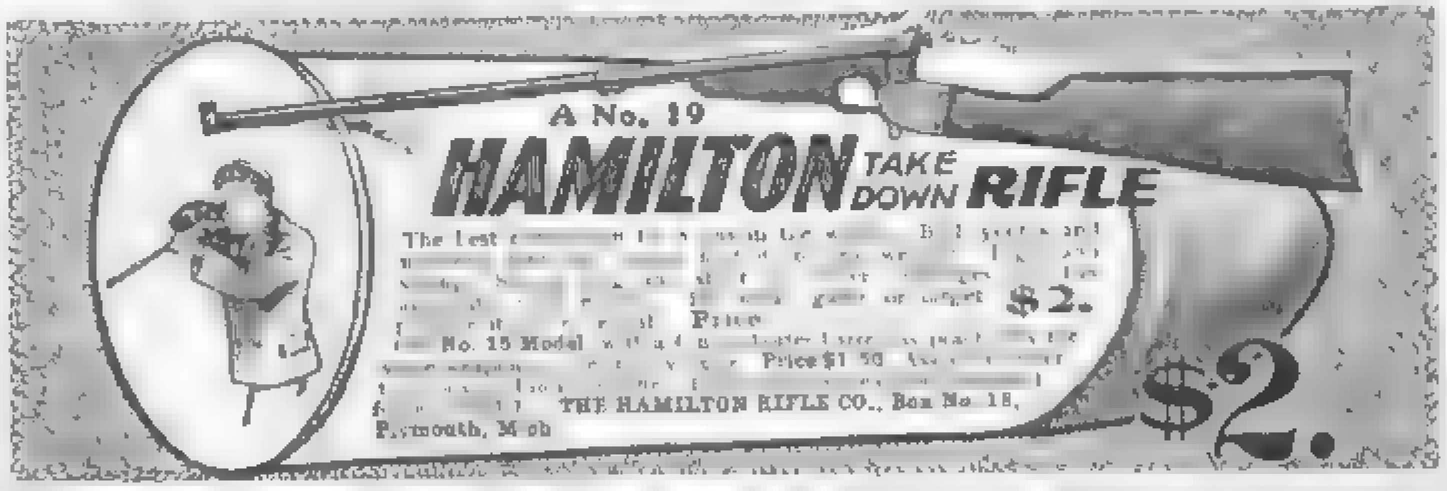

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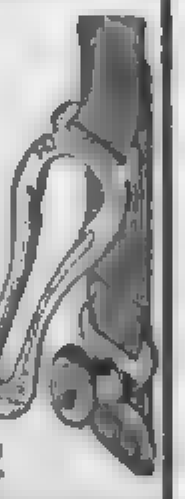

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# The County Fair

### An Autumn Holiday with "Pap" and the Boys

### By Holman F. Day

THERE is one bright morning in the fall when "pap's" stentorian "Rout out, boys; time for the chores!" brings the youth of the household out of bed "all [illegible]

That is the opening morning of the Cattle Show and Fair down at the Corners. It makes no difference what Corners. There is not a county in all New England so far behind in enterprise that it doesn't have its own fair. After these are over the towns have their fairs, and many of these events are far more interesting and more picturesque than the more ambitious State and county shows.

A crisp morning, the rising sun quivering in mellow warmth through the yellowing maples on the eastern hillside, savory scents from the ripeness of autumn's gardens just over the old stone walls, the girls on the back seat of the beach wagon, "dad" and "marm" on the front seat [illegible] between their knees, plenty of hard-boiled eggs, apple pie, tarts, plum cake and pickles in a big basket under the seat—these are the elements of an auspicious start for the day of the annual fairing.

There is never a moment of the whole fair that is "more titrivating" to mother, the girls and son than while the team is halted at the gate so that "pap" can buy the tickets at the little hole in the fence.

Mother and the girls and son are precious glad when father has completed his negotiations at the ticket window, exchanged greeting and handshakes with two or three rugged agriculturists who are standing around the gate with whips in their hands waiting for the hired men to arrive with the stock, and has counted his change twice to be sure that it is all there.

"Come, father, do hurry up," says one of the girls. "We are missin' the whole show."

"Hain't nothin' special goin' on at eight o'clock in the mornin'," grunts "pap" as he clambers in over the wheel. "I guess ye won't have any trouble in seein' it all 'fore sundown. I'll leave ye at the hall while I go down and take a look at the stock."

And this style of family division is the rule for the day.

The excitement of the "hoss trot" is reserved for the afternoon. During the forenoon the pulling matches come off on the green sward of the inner inclosure of the half-mile track. Most of the crowd of sturdy farm toilers that stand around are spacking peanuts between thumb and forefinger and tossing the brown "meats" into their mouths. In late years at the New England fairs popcorn has run peanuts a good second in favor.

The judges are busy loading up the "stun' bo't" and measuring off the course. The sun is mellow, and it seems good to be alive and lounging here with the consciousness that the cellars are full and the haymows heaped and the hardest of the season's work over.

"Them Her'fords there of Cy Britt's is quite a stocky pair," says one of the bystanders, the corners of his mouth full of peanut "chompin's."

"Yas, I sh'd say they'd girt"—here the estimator squints his eye judicially and takes in the proportions of the oxen that stand stamping from one foot to the other to dislodge the bothersome flies—"I sh'd say they'd girt seven foot eight, all easy. Cy feeds well. Them hain't no skim-milk cattle he's got. Cy allers hems an' haws an' makes out that he don't feed no extry, but his hired man let out that he meals 'em right up to the handle."

"'S he goin' to beef 'em or keep 'em through?" asks another.

"Keep 'em through, I hear. Goin' to git up his wood with 'em."

"'F I's goin' to keep oxen through I'd ruther have Durhams, seems to me. Don't take so much fodder to keep meat on 'em, an' by the time ye git to March Hill with 'em they hain't ga'nter'n a taller candle."

The judges run their tapes around the body of a pair of brindled oxen and shove the chain close to the fore shoulders.

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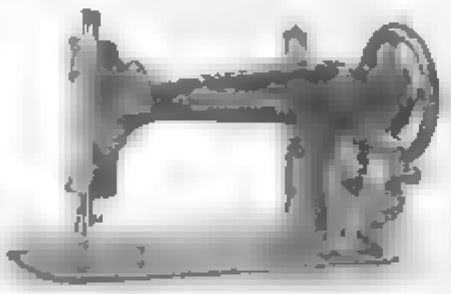

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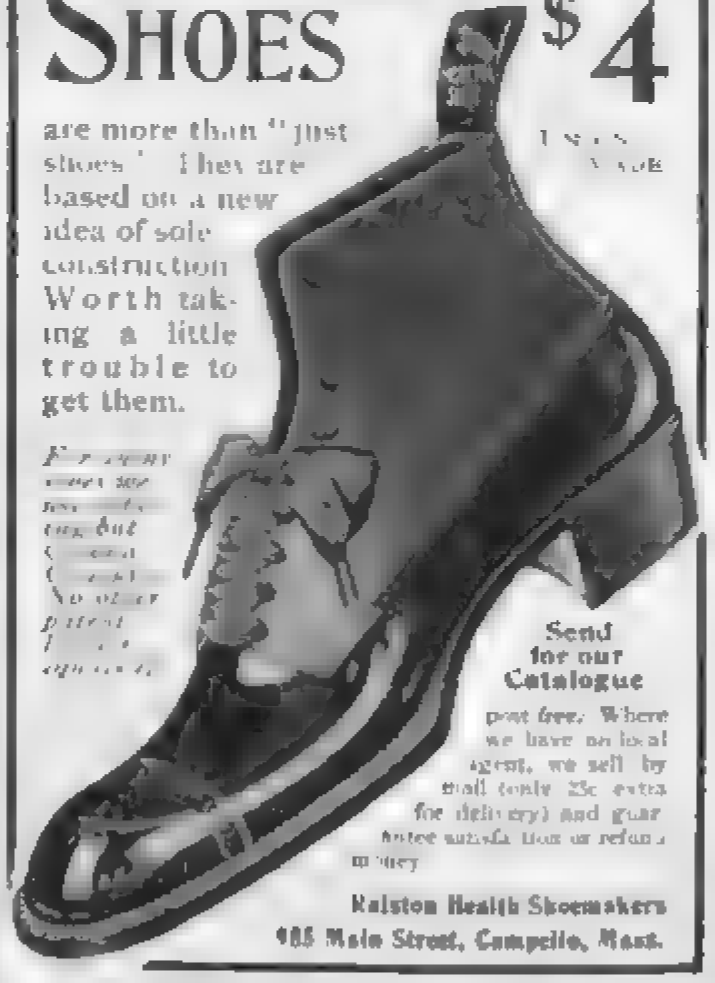

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THE TERRY MFG. COMPANY, 146 Michigan Street, TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A.

"Seven, six and a half," is the verdict "Hook on, Mr. Crowley."

Uncle John hands back to a neighbor the remnants of a plug of tobacco from which he has borrowed a "chaw" and with a circular switch of his goad-stick wheels his oxen. Then with a none too gentle "tunk" on the echoing nose bone of each he backs them toward the loaded drag. The oxen blink apprehensively at every wave of the stick.

"Where ye goin' to fetch up after ye start, Uncle John?" asks one of the wags in the crowd with a cackling laugh.

"She'll prob'ly keep goin' to Kingdom Come," says Uncle John humorously, "unless ye git in ahead of me with that face of your'n an' skeer the oxen."

The bystanders "haw-haw" hilariously.

"Better tie knots in their tails," says another humorist, undeterred by the fate of the first. "They'll slide clear through the bows if ye don't."

"I've rosumed their necks an' they can't," retorts Uncle John. "It's some of the rosum that I borried off'n your father the time when he earnt his livin' fiddlin' for barn sociables."

The crowd bellows jovially.

"Don't fergit to stop when ye git started once," drawls another joker looking at the pile of rocks heaped on the drag.

"I hain't so absent-minded as I heerd ye was t'other day," chirps Uncle John in his falsetto staccato. "I heerd, fellers an' men, that he lost his chain fid" (bit of wood to hold together hooked links) "and 'fore he thought he stuck his thumb in and hollered to the oxen to pull."

While the crowd is laughing Uncle John has hooked his chain into the staple and crawls out past a fly-lashing tail. He rolls up the sleeve of his knitted jacket and grips the goad-stick in his corded hand.

"Whorh, whorh hysht!" he shouts. The oxen come up into the yoke.

"Hee-yah, Star. Hur-roop, there, Bright!" The cattle hump their backs, their tails squirl, their eyes bulge, and the yoke creaks and settles into their necks until the shrugged-up skin almost conceals the wood of the bows.

"Star! Bright!" With each exclamation down comes the stick—crack! across the straining backs and then each rump is bored with the brad.

Away go the oxen stumbling, humping, digging their splay feet into the turf, and the crowd following hoorahs its acclaim.

There isn't anything of the sensational about a pulling match. The zest of the affair consists as much in watching the methods of the teamsters as in seeing the distance the oxen pull the load. In some towns there are drivers whose agility and flow of language are so picturesque that admirers will come for miles just to see them "operate the gad." Horse-pulling contests have never been very popular at the New England fairs. Victory has depended more on the make-up of the horses than in the science of the driving. But an old-fashioned ox teamster, leaping and screaming and dancing, with his goad stick waving like the wand of a crazy band leader, addressing Star and Bright with a vocabulary that printed words cannot render—he was and still is a feature of the fair that always draws a crowd.

Since the days of the Chicago World's Fair no New England cattle show has been complete without its "Midway." Here is "Hi-Ge" the wild man, "just as ferocious and wild, ladies and gents, as he was the day he was captured by five able-bodied men and brought to this country at an expense of twenty thousand dollars. Step right up and see this great marvel of nature, the only 'Hi-Ge.' Here is the only place where you get your money's worth."

"Hi-Ge's" dinner, or the remnants of it, hangs conspicuously on a post at one side of the platform—a huge bone with shreds of raw meat hanging to it. It is hardly necessary to say that the "wild man" is only a mild and amiable colored individual who finds his life in a cage easier than the job of dodging baseballs with his head through a canvas—the fair-time occupation of our African brothers for lo, these many years. The same people pay each year to walk up and gaze in on this innocuous fake, and come down and stroll away knowing that they have been fooled but happy in the knowledge that they have seen it all. There is never so amiable a concourse as the crowd at a typical New England fair.

The unsympathetic soul that fails to grasp the true meaning of a fairing sometimes wanders glumly over the peanut-shell-strewn grounds and marvels to see ordinarily sane people spending money for certain diversions.

The hired man with his back muscles still sore from the heroic tussle of the hayfield and

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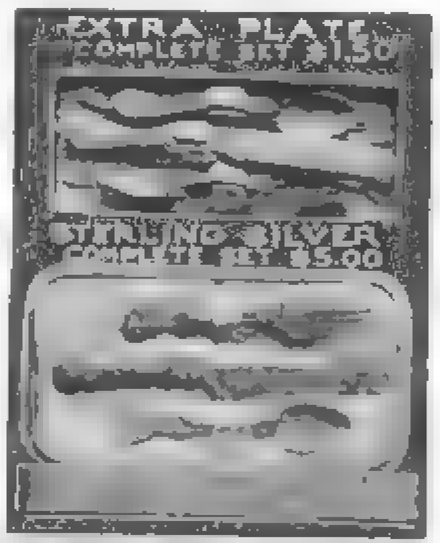
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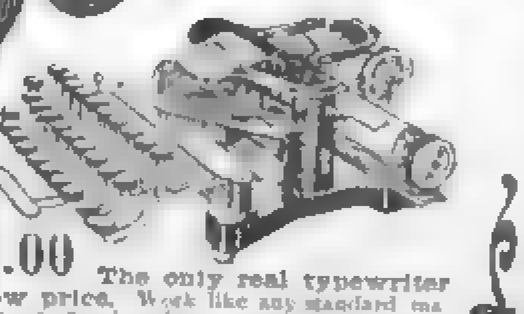

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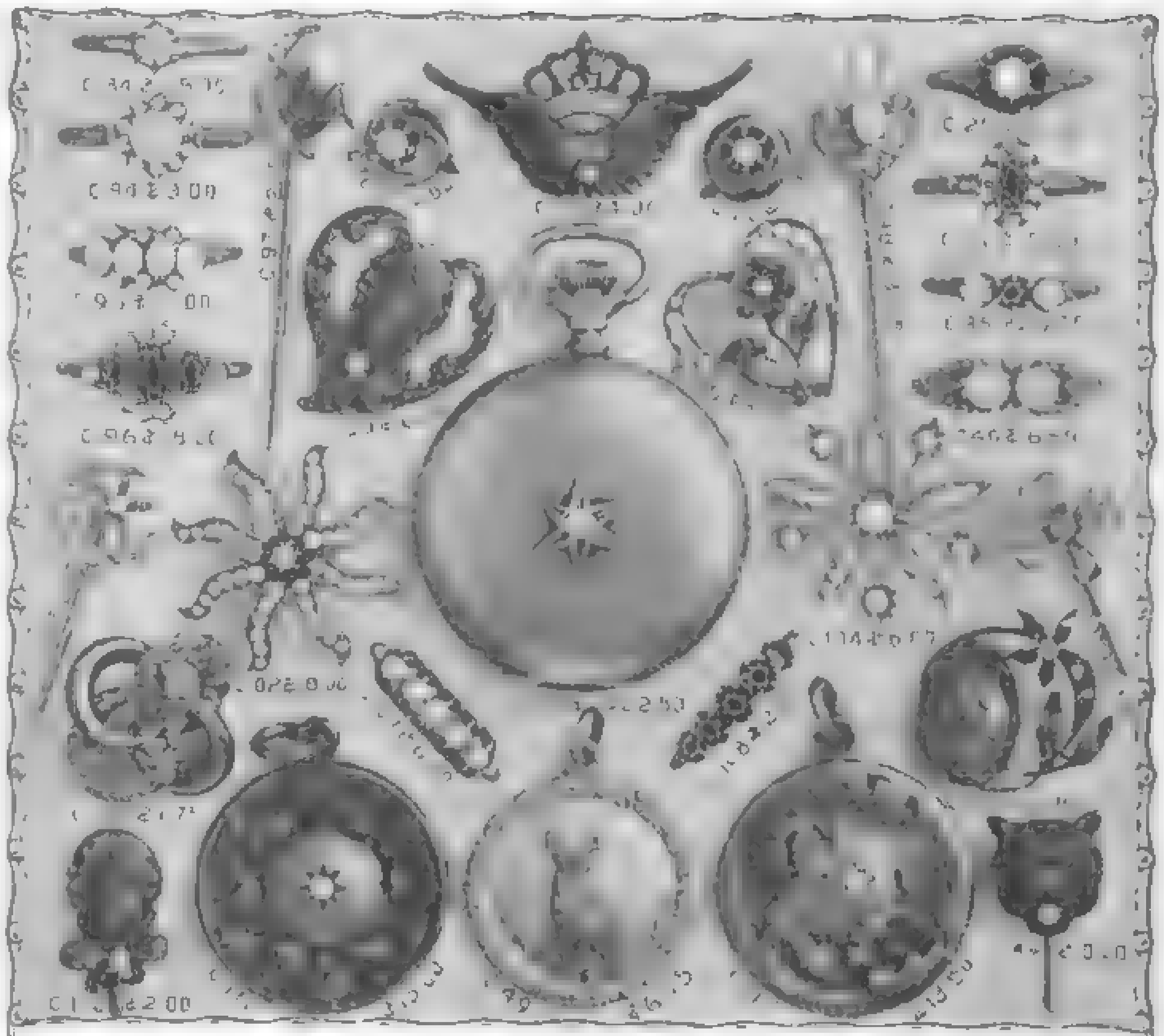

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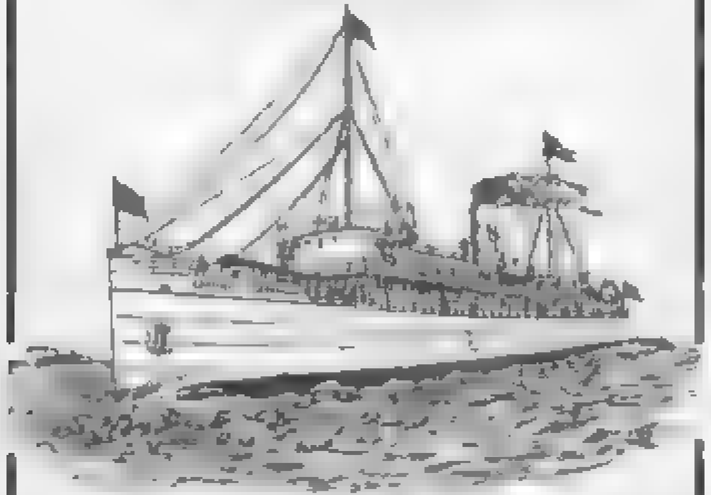

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the "stow-hole" will cheerfully fork over his coin in order to be allowed to heave the mighty "pessle" of the striking machine. He huffs and whooshes and pounds till the perspiration soaks his paper collar, in an effort to ring the bell.

Why any one should hanker to throw baseballs at the woolly head of "Old Smoko, the Champion Dodger," isn't clear to many people who are not in sympathy with the fair spirit, and as to twirling a spindle over a numbered board, or ringing canes, or trying to knock over dummy dollies on a rail, or performing other animated stunts in order to win a few cigars that even the most rugged bucolic taste cannot endure once they are lighted—all that is a mystery to the persons who go home and say that the fair didn't amount to much.

But all the folks that did those things, and did them the year before and will do them next year, they are the ones who kick off their dust-covered boots at night and shake the few remaining pennies out of their trousers pockets and go contentedly to bed with the satisfaction of a well-spent day.

One interesting New England genius understood this trait of his country-folk so well that in the course of years he cleared twenty-five thousand dollars out of a dancing turkey and an "infant anaconda" and was never mobbed. No one took the fraud enough to heart to make trouble over it. It was all in the course of the day's fun. The infant anaconda was merely an angle worm in a mustard bottle. Once in a while some one coming from the tent would urge the mild objection that "the darned thing wasn't very large." The showman always invited such persons to go right back and wait till the anaconda grew, assuring them that there would be no extra charge. His dancing turkey was made to dance by a lamp flame held under a sheet of tin on which the longsuffering fowl was placed. When a cracked fiddle furnished music the spectacle of the turkey picking up his feet and jerking his neck was certainly worth ten cents of any one's money.

Of course the "main-stem" of all the New England fairs is the "hoss-trot." People sit patiently all the long hours of the afternoon on the crowded grand-stand, uttering no word of protest at the long delays and the tedious scorings and the backings and fillings for a start. They pay rapt attention to the starter's bellowings of "Take back there, Betsy B on the outside." "Don't come down ahead of the pole-hoss," "Keep your position there, Ben Bolt," and sigh resignedly when the "Clang, clang!" of the bell calls the field back for the tenth time.

Picketed all over the inner oval are dozing Dobbins and umbrella-shaded sight-seers. All around the track the weather-worn rails are kneaded by the elbows of the gazing throngs. Fully half the crowd sees only the dizzy procession of sweating horses as they "racky-tack" past in a cloud of dust and disappear around the turn. But that portion of the spectacle is satisfactory enough, apparently.

And during all the long day the womenfolk crowd in procession through the aisles of the hall. They finger the log-cabin quilt, they speculate upon the number of stitches in the embroidery, and comment on the fact that Mis' So-and-So has brought that same old afghan to get another prize on it.

There are savory odors in the wing of the hall devoted to the cheeses and the honey and the butter and the home cooking. All the scents of Araby are there where the pears and the red apples and plums glow on their clean plates. As for squashes and pumpkins and cabbages and all the prizes of the gardens, what would a fair be without them?

Down in the long sheds the wondering cattle hold court all day long and stick dewy and sweetly odorous noses out to meet the caressing hands of the passers. Even the pigs, snuffling in their troughs and grunting in mellow diapason, roll up their little twinkling eyes and hump up their backs, sociably inviting a scratching when some jovial old farmer makes the rounds with a bit of shingle.

There isn't much at any New England fair that is novel and interesting if a person is looking only for the marvelous. One fair is much like another, and year after year, so long as they live, the same cows, the same oxen, the same horses fill the exhibition sheds, and yet the people come every year with just as keen zest. The explanation is that the people come to see each other. It is the annual congress when the toilers can put away the cares for the day and meet with hearty hand grasp, exchange the jovial shoulder clap and swap stories—and above all else, "hosses." And no one knows what the women talk about. They are all talking at once.

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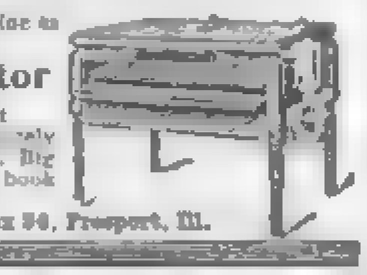

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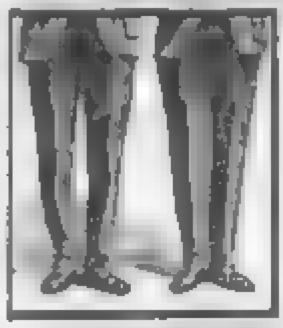

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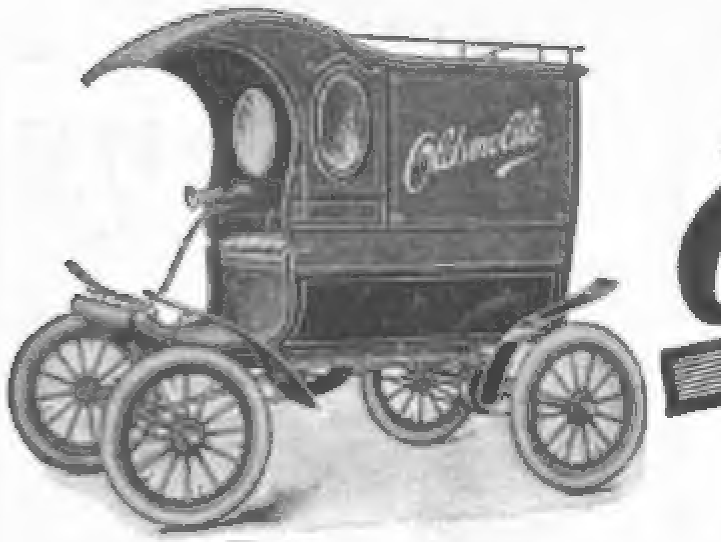

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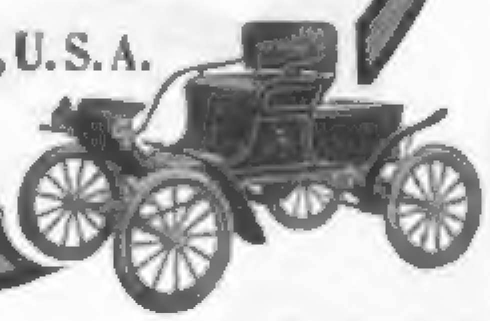

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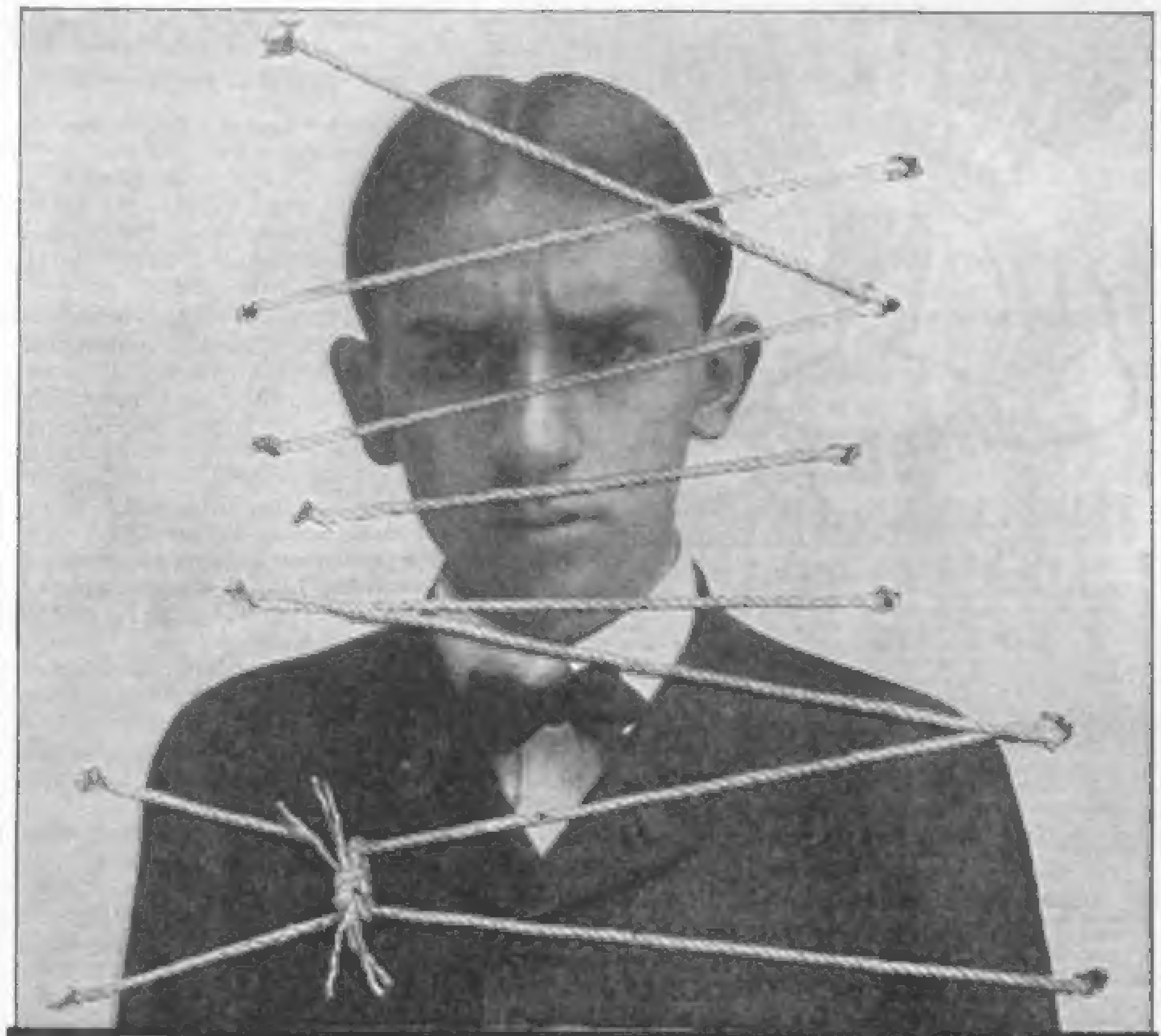

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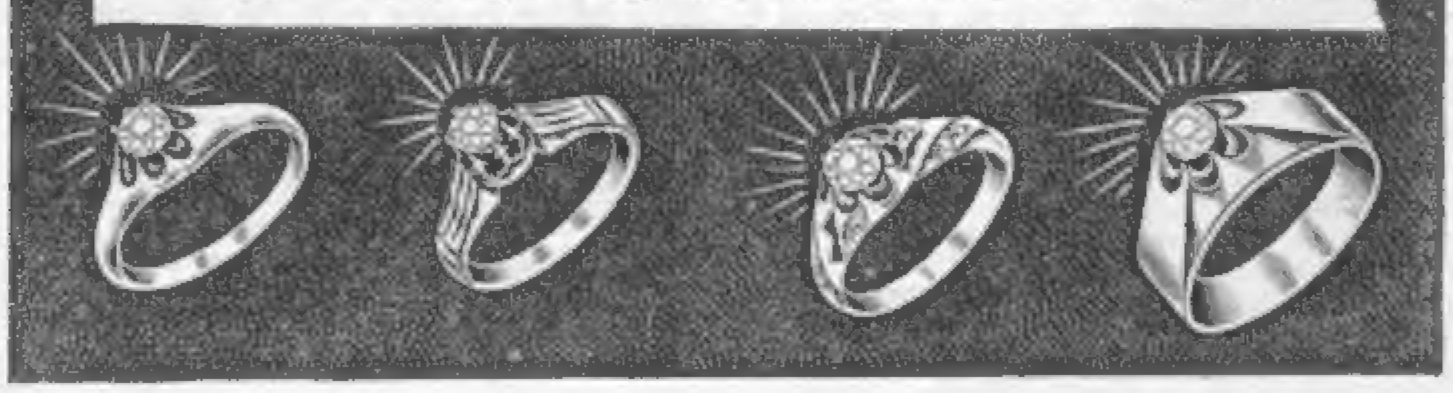

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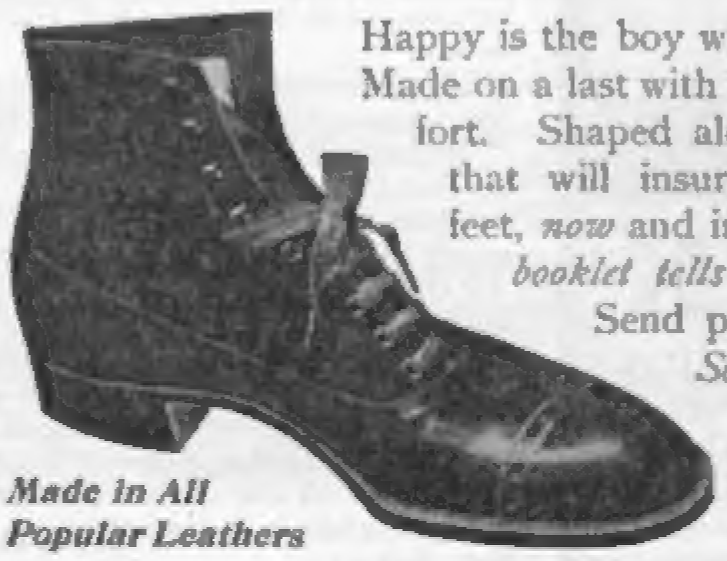

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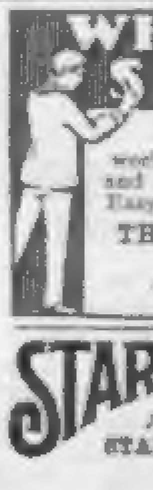

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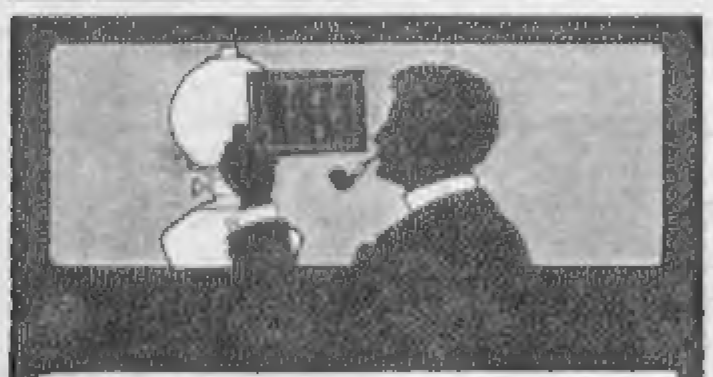

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# The Price to Pay

*(Concluded from Page 17)*

"Oh, I feel such a brute! You—you——"

"I am surely doing what you wished," he interposed gently. "I'm being beaten."

"Ah, that's it!" she sobbed. "I did wish it. But I never thought—— Don't you see I can never forgive myself if they beat you? I'll feel as if I helped them!"

She looked at him miserably. He suddenly smiled with a return of his old confidence.

"Then you don't want me to fail, Eleanor?"

"I'd do anything in the world to make you win!" she answered in brave surrender.

Alden paid no heed to the impatient tinkling of the telephone bell. "At least I've gained one big victory, little girl," he said. "But what about young Wilson?"

Eleanor's contrition held no reserves. "I hate the thought of him!" she declared.

Her father merely smiled as he turned back to the clamoring telephone.

"Returns from five wards," called the erstwhile sugary voice with unexpected tartness. "What's the matter with you, anyway?"

Alden gasped as he took down the figures. There was something like awe in his face when he turned to his daughter.

"Why, Eleanor, here are five of the blackest wards—and they've gone white!"

Eleanor rose to the occasion with enthusiasm. "Father, you'll win yet!" she cried.

She stood behind him, her eyes shining, her face flushed, as the record of the most remarkable mayoralty contest in the history of Chilton wrote itself down in the figures the telephone supplied to Alden's pencil. It was more and more manifest, as ward followed ward, that if Myers had nearly swept Alden's strongholds, Alden himself had scored overwhelmingly in the fields that by all logic and precedent should have gone to his opponent. There was not a word as the returns added one syllable after another to the sentence of victory. The air was charged with feeling, and only Eleanor's quick breathing gave articulate form to the hopes reborn, the zests reawakened, the power redeemed, as the tense moments passed.

Finally Tom Mayell burst in from the other room and slapped his big hand on Alden's shoulder. "Man, you're a winner!" he shouted.

Alden rose to meet his old friend's ardor. Then he drew forward his daughter. "Behold the goddess of Victory!" he said tenderly, and Eleanor, blushing, ran off to tell her mother.

Half an hour later, when Alden was the smiling centre of a group of excited committee-men in the library, Eleanor again appeared at the door.

"Just a moment, father," she commanded, and Alden, going out to her, found Jack Wilson standing beside her in the hall.

"Mr. Wilson has come to congratulate you," she announced, as calmly as if it were customary for young men to make congratulatory calls at midnight. And the young man held out his hand frankly, though with some embarrassment.

"My father's son cannot be unreservedly glad at the success of even Eleanor's father," he said, "but he can say that you've deserved to win."

Alden clasped the outstretched hand heartily. Again his smile enveloped his daughter.

"It was not until Eleanor joined forces with me that the tide turned."

"Speaking of conjunctions," suggested young Wilson boldly.

"Only of political combinations, my boy," interrupted the mayor-elect.

"But when even your victory could not keep me away!" the young man pleaded.

"And when it was the first condition of my surrender!" supplemented Eleanor.

"You think the victor can afford to be generous?" smiled Alden, glancing from one to the other.

The voice of big Tom Mayell floated out to fill the pause that followed. "The Senator will eat humble pie for a while," he was saying, "and Heaven knows he deserves it!"

Alden laid his hand gently on the arm of the Senator's son. Again he was stirred by his sense of the dramatic. His daughter and Wilson's son!

"I wonder if you realize, boy," he went on at last, "how generous you want me to be?"

The young man lifted his head and looked at Eleanor.

"No one else realizes so well," he answered.

Alden turned away from the light in his daughter's eyes. It was not for him. He sighed as he went back to the congratulations of his committee-men.

"It costs to be mayor of Chilton," he said.

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Never has the stability of Real Estate been more forcibly emphasized than by the sharp contrast of values which these market convulsions reveal: Over against the purely speculative, fluctuating and fictitious, stands Real Estate, solid, substantial,—a very Gibraltar of stability—the most pronounced example of a commodity unaffected by the gusty winds of Wall Street or the unscrupulous manipulation of over-capitalized corporation jugglers.

It is in these periods of panic that the "*reality* of realty" is especially conspicuous—when the "water" is squeezed from inflated securities and fortunes from those whose reliance they were. Today as never before, the country over, is money being transferred from this class of investment and placed in *real property.* And today as never before, New Yorkers themselves are recognizing the opportunities which lie at their own door in this safest of all and most profitable of all *secure* investments.

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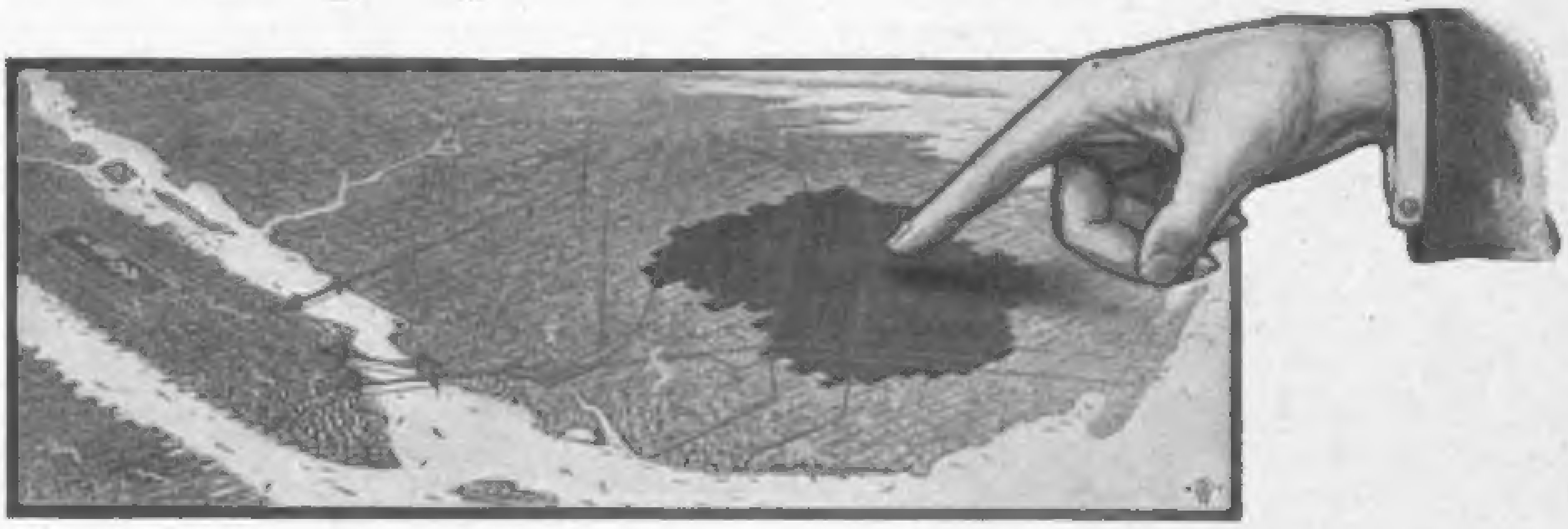

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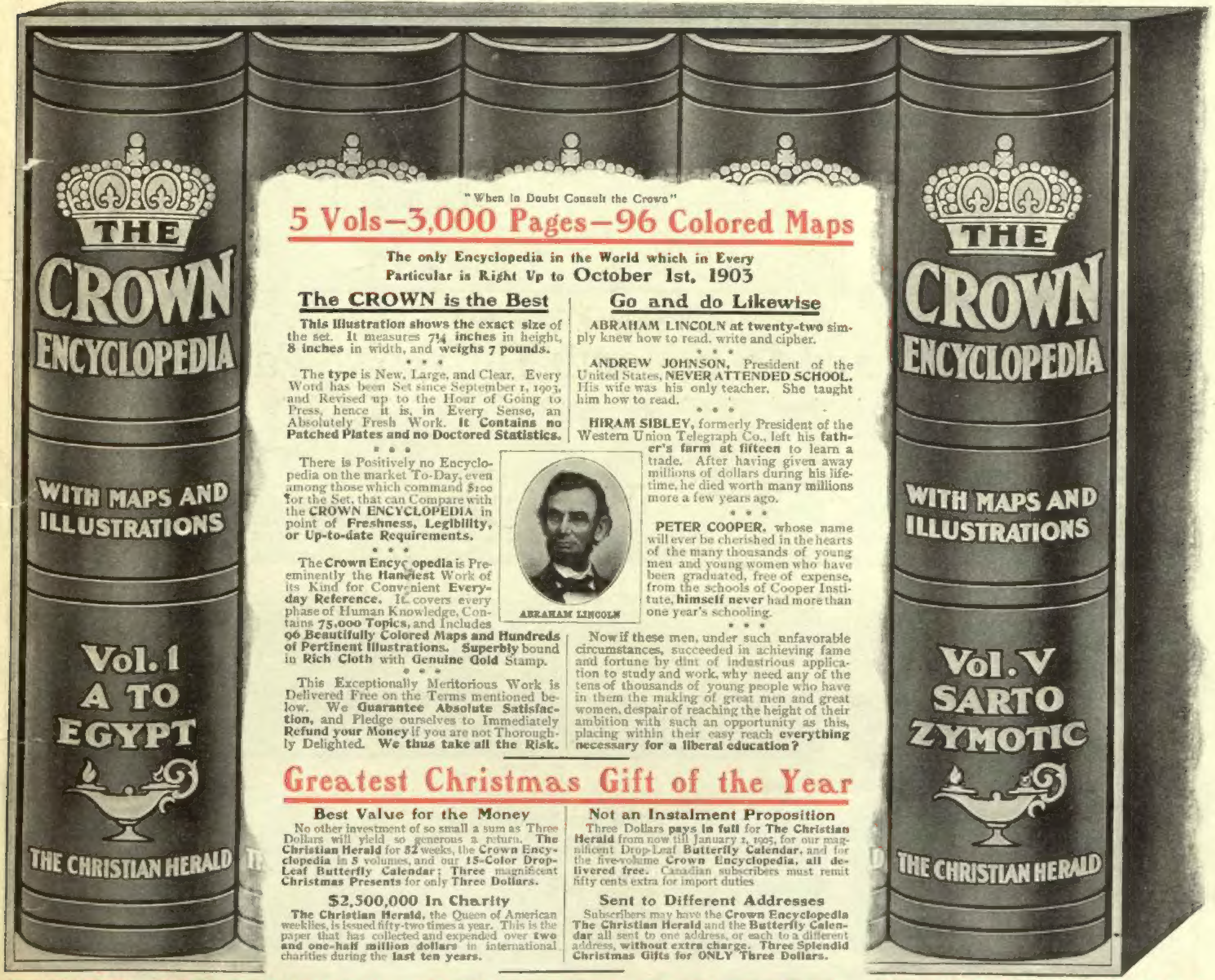

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